

Yeaahh

Bow Wow

Yeah, real shit

Woke up early, had no weed, I had to smoke me a roach
Call up pimpin' for the plug, I know just where to go (nigga, w
here you at?)
Give a fuck about no hater and I'm all about my paper
Hit my nigga Gucci up, I'm 'bout to slide right through Decatur
(skrrt)

We at Liv on a Sunday, then hit Magic City Monday (lit)
And this ain't no #BowWowChallenge, got the jet on the runway
And my niggas get it back (woah) you don't want no action (no)
Off-White sneakers (woo), Michael Jackson jacket
So many stones in the watch, don't know what time it is
And my bitch is steady trippin', got no time for the shit
So many bands in the safe, look like I robbed the bitch (stick
it up)
Baby daddy trippin', askin', "What the problem is?"
Got two twin sisters, make 'em lip-lock (mwah)
Two twin Glocks, they go click-clock
Half a pound of Jumanji in a Ziploc (kush)
I got the Rover smoked up, that's a hotbox (woo)

She like, "Nigga, is you high?" Bitch, yeah
Break it down and roll a whole zip, yeah
And we ain't fuckin' with that fake shit, yeah
I bet my ex-bitch hate this, yeah

You don't need no diamond tester, know the stones is real (yeah
)
Fuck two bitches at a time, boy, that's overkill (yeah)
50 million dollar contract, that's a Hova deal (yeah)
I got the baby face, hoes love the sex appeal
Can barely hear the bitch speak 'cause my dick in her throat (w
oo)
Say she turn into a freak if I give her some coke (woo)
Snort a whole fuckin' mountain, bitch gone off the dope
Put that bitch in an Uber, I just fuck 'em and go

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(w00)