

Bald Head Nut

C-Bo

"Get down, get down"

My AK is puttin in much work
Poppin the clip a little voice in my head said "Murder"
Stuck the tip out the window and fucked em all
Took they ass to the ho like basketball
Hit the club got drunk but they better start gettin off
OGs kept they fuckers from my sawed off
I know they meant but I gives a f**k
What goes around comes around, they should have ducked
We open fire on the whole motherfuckin crowd
Jumped out started beatin motherfuckers down
Then I'm sideways comin off the speed bump
I'm standin up in the drop with the ride pump
My name is Cowboy C-Bo fo' sho'
When niggas hear Cowboy they hit the flo'
Cause they know I'm a god damn psycho
And I always bust caps at the night yo
Young punks want funk but they don't
Shoot once, if they gas, and then they gone
Little ho tried to pick Bo like an afro
Didn't know I just gotta press triple O
I'm a mobster, killin make my dick hard
You wanna lay you better have a bullet proof card
Cause the shit that we packin ain't ? gun
So when we kick listen up hoes better run
I don't like shootin hoes, I like to f**k
You don't rub you car windows gettin fucked up
Roll them seven-deuce coplers can't touch this
Vogue smoke like dope when I say f**k this
Wound my windows down still smoke tinted
Shotgun mad glocks all up in it
And we all pack heat, cause we all family
So watch your back motherfucker understand me
So if you rollin through this state fair
Hope you got the gat in the trunk, cause we gon' start funk
We hit the out of town clubs, like nuts
We in the drive by, fo' schools in the cut
I watched niggas get jealous when they hoes jock
That's when I go and take the finest ho and take a walk
Cause I'm the motherfuckin bomb
And gold nosed hoes, like to get fucked on triple gold
That's why I keep a sheet in my back seat
And sheeps gettin on my dick so she go leap
And I hear the virgin hoes be scared to meet me
Cause I dig the pussy hoes out so deeply
Straight mob, straight the fuckin club up
And make the jackers put they gloves up
And one times can't f**k with me
Cause they 305s can't f**k with the 350
Every corner I hit I'm gettin side ways
Have em lost by the time I hit the high way
C-Bo the bald head nut
Fish tell them in the cut
House parties, I cut the motherfuckers out
And bust caps at the end, without a doubt
I grab the mic and start kickin the gates and shit

Hoes know C-Bo make niggas click
I start talkin bout glocks, and mack 10s
And how I pulled my jack from the kingpin
And the niggas know better to f**k with me
The head hunter of the M-O-Double B
I ain't the richest but they say I'm the loc'est
And the one who keeps the mouth in the showbiz
And at the concerts I'm keepin the crowd hype
Cause I kick the kind of shit that everybody like
I take a mobster beat, do a mobster rhyme
Have mobsters kickin up dust all the time
From the window baby showin me much love
Let me squeeze the sharmin everytime I get a hug
Only time they get to rub on the bald head
Is if her legs is on my shoulder and we in the bed
And ya know the hoes don't let me hit em sideways
For the fact that's how I came off the highway
C-Bo the bald head nut
Fish tell it in the cut