

Bow Wow f/ Young Capone

"Don't Know About That"

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I'm sayin man (what you saying homey?)
Different weight class y'know (that's right)
I'm fittin to be one of those ones y'knamsayin
about to move all these old rappers out the way
Cause they just takin up too much space ya heard?
(Yeah)
It's time for new energy man (et's get it)

[Chorus]
I got the whips, wheels, diamonds on my grill
Money {hoes} and clothes man it's all a player knows
Being broke, naw {nigga} I don't know about that
Being broke, naw {nigga} I don't know about that

[Bow Wow]
Uh-uh~! All I do is get money

Listen - you see the chain (yup) you know my pedegree
You know what it is when you dealin with the letter B
Dirty mad {niggaz} stay mad at me, mad at me
Cause they can't show they girls what I'ma let 'em see,
let 'em see
I'm leanin on, all these little busters with some money
(yeah)
I take they girl and I'm like Usher with the money
Only difference is, ye ain't 'bout to see me boo-hoo
I'm up in Phipps, +Lettin it Burn+, singin "Girl do you"

[Chorus] - 2X

(Ay Bow Wow you ready? Hehe, this verse two, let's go)

[Bow Wow]
I'm a oh-eight Phantom type bandana rocker
Me and J.D. is like Red Bull and vodka
And we right back at it man, live from Atlanta man
Grilled up, tatted ass, since birth, had it man
Stuntin on these {niggaz} (yup) throwin dough around
If you hear I'm in your town, best believe is going down
If I stood on my wallet I'll be bigger than Shaq
Who you know under twenty-one who do it like that?

[Chorus] - 2X

(Let's go)

[Bow Wow]

Fifth album (yup) still hittin it

{Niggaz} mad at me cause they ain't gettin it how I'm
gettin it

Mr. of the Mist'ers (yup) 106 and Park that is

I hear you talkin but you {niggaz} know who started
this (me)

Who the hardest is, and who the real artist is

And clearly who be gettin it poppin like this, uhh

White tee (yup) red monkey jeans

When I hit the block you know I'm comin down clean

[Chorus] - 2X

[Young Capone]

Young C, SoSoDef, MP Click

Yeah, uhh, uhh, check this out

Young C fresh at Phil's House

Hoppin out that Phantom shinnin brighter than a
plasma

The coupe like a NASCAR, my dough come faster

Pockets fat as Biggie and Jazze and Big Jasper

Something like a master, SoSo, G4, too high

The bapes, them mikey's, the ice got me too fly

Young C and Bow let's go run a few stacks

Free shows and promos, I don't know about that

[Chorus] - 2X

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