

Bow Wow

"My 64 (Freestyle)"

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Uh Uh
Yup
Uh Uh
Bow Weezy
Look
Call me Chris Tucker (Why?)
Because my money talk
And you can tell I'm rich bitch
By the way I walk
And I get bucks
Like Milwaukee do
And L.B.W. GANG
Yeah that be the crew
My closet be looking like footlocker
Louie Vuitton shopper Bentley copper
Now who is hotter than me?
Me being I
All the ladies tell touch it like I'm Busta Rhymes
I'm in Miami now South Beach white beat
Lambo top down
You know how I be
You say you balling
But I ball way harder
Black card spending
When I down in ball harbor
We buy the whole mall up
You ask why I'm doing it
Cuz I can afford it
(What kind of stupid question is that?)
The chain on my neck cost more then your salary
You lame niggas ??? me
Your green is like after me

Gucci shades is what cover my eyes
And ya boy stay fly
Like 365 whip me down
Fresh tee and some brand new J's whip me down
I'm getting mo money like Damon Wayans
And I'm bad like Cool J
I got a bad little Houston chick
Thick like Beyonce
And she my down ass

With a round ass
And she does anything that the boy ask
Sold out shows
Everywhere I go
Just to hear the young boy from the O-H flow
100 G's per show
If I'm selling out anywhere I go
Now follow
My lead
All ya'll young new rappers
And take notes
Like Rakim I ain't no joke
I'm bond to smoke any mic I touch
Rock a show 30 thousand plus
I make them put they're hands up
Bow is what's up
I'm in demand
I'm the prince of the rap game
Nigga I'm the man

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