

Bow Wow

"My 64"

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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 Iâ€™™ 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 Iâ€™™ m Busta Rhymes
Iâ€™™ 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 Iâ€™™ 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 Jâ€™™ s whip me down
Iâ€™™ m getting mo money like Damon Wayans
And Iâ€™™ 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 Gâ€™s per show
If Iâ€™m selling out anywhere I go
Now follow
My lead
All yaâ€™ll young new rappers
And take notes
Like Rakim I ainâ€™t no joke
Iâ€™m bond to smoke any mic I touch
Rock a show 30 thousand plus
I make them put theyâ€™re hands up
Bow is whatâ€™s up
Iâ€™m in demand
Iâ€™m the prince of the rap game
Nigga Iâ€™m the man

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