

## Blackjack

### "How U Like Me Now"

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[Chorus: Sara]

Oh, Ah how you like me now  
Now that you know that I'm playin'  
Oh, You could've took me there  
Now you sittin' reminiscence about my time you wasted  
You see me spendin faces  
Could've done somethin, but you did nothin'  
You was just a waste of my time

[Ness]

When I was walkin' you ain't had no rap  
Now I'm ballin' with them talkin' bitch, imagine that  
You tried to play me cuz your ass was fat  
Thought you was cute cuz your hair was done  
I got a deal now here you come (Huh)  
All of a sudden wanna speak to me  
Recently you dyin' for a piece of me  
Respect yourself have some decency  
I'm in the top five no you can't creep with me  
Girlfriend, your're nothin' but a freak to me  
Girlfriend, never take you out to eat with me  
She threw her hands on my crotch, start teasin' me  
And said "Just think of how good we could be"  
I told her "I don't give in that easily"  
Hips are the bullshit she was feedin' me (Damn)  
She got a body but she's a flea  
Gold digger all she wanted was some cheese from me  
c'mon

[Chorus]

[Chopper a.k.a. Young City]

Took off in the club wallin' out y'all know me lord  
Chopper  
Don't be yackin, actin' that ass y'all can't stop us  
Throwin bows, scratchin' your nose, rubbin' on hoes  
Checkin two ways, lightin' and smokin' on idamos  
On the rear, if your club bumpin' we be present  
VIP session hot girls I'm down to undress 'em  
Fuck the telly, let's do it in the back of the truck  
We can get down and dirty wussup

Cuz I don't give a uh uh  
Crissy poppa mix it with the hen and vodka  
See I'm the king of my jungle call me mufasa  
Pull up in the big body benz, sittin on brawlers  
Young and ballin' doin' my thang with shot callers  
(Holla)  
Gangsta nigga, x-rilla I pop you up  
Roll with a team of hard hittas that'll box you up  
We go to any club, from the whispas to the tunna  
Cuz we dem killas from the jungle, ya heard me

[Chorus]

[Mysterious]

I wanna show how bad I can taste it (Uggh)  
Better move through somethin' cuz I'm gettin' patient  
I wanna show how bad I can taste it  
With the gun up in my waist I'm losin' paitence

[Fred a.k.a. Miami]

What's wrong wit' you, you know it's only one to me  
It's crazy bitch don't went and got a gun for me  
I know time can't stop for me  
I ain't askin' you to hop in the six and come back to the  
block for me  
I don't need no win on heerr  
Cuz Freddy be gone until November, long gone for the  
winter  
Playin pong in hong kong, it's me and renald  
My lil' cousin, I'm overtown the life of badong  
I'm in, writin him own, when I strike like lightnin'  
They hit like thunder threw stonewomen callin me  
rome  
I'm slingin' the thing in this bitch  
The king dingaling in the hood, they call me the Paul  
Bunyan  
A hearbreaker, they call me a human onion  
But you can call me in the Grand Canyon  
I'm doin great, eatin' grapes in a tan mansion  
I'm so handsome  
Your grandma might wanna call me grandson, holla  
back

[Chorus] - 2X

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