

Blvd

"How U Like Me Now"

Visit "[How U Like Me Now](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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

Visit [Blvd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.