

## The Kid Daytona

### "Sam Bowie"

Visit "[Sam Bowie](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I'm looking like Mike when he haired hair  
Go challenge them at the dog contest, killing them  
bodies in square  
I really doubt they have it to wear, for a cannell sound  
genious  
The Lenin and his friends in the jail  
You see what's happening here, anything go nowhere

Mafia is snapping the pairs, selling spectacles in gase  
Ha my bitch is best and you know that my best friend is  
the queer  
Ha that nigga cool low, but now who don't it showing up  
going through rows  
She's feeling easy in the studio, aha my life I feel it like  
I' moving rough  
For me don't know if you find down,  
I scorning so much that you need the time out  
I'm face to face with the scarline, knowing bout the  
nigga,look it now like the star down  
Facing women at the dinner table, aha, exactly face  
she makes on my stable  
Exactly living long as I'm able, as long as your evil  
won't ever let him blame  
Bottom on my shoes or slippery, at that day I looked so  
small with no vanity  
Selling though and I'm smelling like 15 degrees,  
separate relation from the paper only 6 degrees  
See you on the Dallas on the double bed, ain't belong  
to me but I'm touching that  
'Cause I wanna know this life is so love to friends, and  
there's no such things is much to ask  
Should have been number one but they infected me,  
I know what you're thinking: how they fuck they missed  
me?  
Now niggas wanna call my phone, but there's only a  
thing that I want to know  
Where my money are, where my mother fucker money  
are?  
Go in hell yea unless you come with cash  
Where my mother fucker money are?

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.