

## **lalmama**

### **"The Wickedest"**

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My Name is  
B-O-W  
This one goes out to everybody all around the world  
Dog to dog  
Girl to girl  
I need yall to help me spell my name

[Chorus]  
B, Bad  
O, Outstanding  
W, everybody know I'm the wickedest  
Wow, that's what the girls all scream when I pop up in  
the screen, and  
proceed to get down

[Verse 1]  
Ha ha, doggy bag  
Everybody listenin'  
Beats still pumpin  
and mickey still glistenin  
Around here we take ballin around to the next step  
On them 22's back seat in the concept  
I take full responsibility of infire  
I wont stop rockin till I retire  
I'm so in the mix, so so sick  
I know just what to do, that's why they so in love with  
the  
B, bow  
O, outstanding  
W, everybody know I'm the wickedest  
Wanna get close, so they can kick it how I'm kickin this  
hat to the back, pants down low  
Gotta keep it G-H-E-T-T-O, huh  
Uh, I been with Destiny, Jessica, Madonna  
I'm at the tippy top, and I ain't never going under  
1 shot nail it, now every body spell it

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]  
Ya chain might be thick, but mines is more thicker

might know how to run. but I'm a whole lot quicker  
Got so many ways to you, it's a shame to me  
And ain't none of yall out that can hang with B  
Young, old, I don't care what you is  
The name of your label, or the place you live  
You betta recognize a real dyme when you see one  
Sippin on a shirly, hollerin at your girly  
One full pocket stay fatty  
And I take it to the house so much they call me young  
Trick Daddy  
And that's how it is when you dealing with a dog  
I might lick you in your face, or bite your head off  
After death I'm the under boss ain't no secret  
Got everything lock and that's how we gonna keep it  
Bandaned up, braided, still actin a fool  
Ha, still the hottest thing in high school, I'm the

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I came through the door blazin  
Hotter than them California raisins  
Back in them dayz when they was a lick  
My money play is to hit you with the down and out  
Look around everybody tryna go my route  
And I don't drop no duds, I only drop burners  
The game is mine, and I don't even gotta learn it  
Can't drive but I can keep a party live  
Both folks say I remind them of the Jackson 5  
Cause I only make hits  
While yall make record  
I'm the deli as the homie with the full blown package  
Cant leave your girl around me  
Cuz I'm a true playa for real ask my homie JD  
I'm the

[Chorus]

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