

# Da Band, How You Like Me Now

[Sara]

Oh, ah how u like me now  
now that u know that im playin  
oh, u could of took me there  
now u sittin reminisen  
ive bought my time u wasted  
u see me spendin faces  
could of done somethin  
but u did nothin  
u was just a waste of timmee

[Ness]

When i was ropin u aint had no rap  
now im ballin with them talkin bitch imagine that  
u tried to play me cuz ur ass was fat  
thought u was cute cuz ur hair was done  
i got a deal now here u come, huh  
all of a sudden wanna speak to me  
recently u dyin for a piece of me  
re-spect urself have some decency  
im in the top five no u cant creep with me  
girlfriend, ur nothin but a freak to me  
girlfriend, never take u 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 dont give in that easily  
hips are the bullshit she was feedin me, damn  
she got a body but shes a flea  
gold digger all she wanted was some cheese from me c'mon

[Chorus (Sara)]

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[Chopper/Young City]

took off in the club wallin out yall know me lord Chopper  
dont be yackin, actin that ass u cant stop us  
throwin bolls, scratchin ur nose, rubbin on hoes  
checkin two ways, lightin and smokin on idamos  
on the rear, if ur club bumpin we be present  
VIP session hot girls im down to undress 'em  
fuck in telly, lets do it in the back of the truck  
we can get down and dirty wussup  
cuz i dont give a uh uh  
crissy poppa  
mix it with the hen and vodka  
see im 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 u up  
roll with a team of hard hittas that will box u up  
we go to any club, from the whispas to the tunna  
cuz we the killas from the jungle, ya heard me

[Chorus (Sara)]

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[Fred/Miami]

uh, yea, uh  
i wanna show how bad i can taste it, uggh  
better move through somethin cuz im gettin impacient  
i wanna show how bad i can taste it  
with the gun up in my waist  
im losin paitence  
whats wrong wit' u u know its only one to me  
its crazy bitch don went and got a gun for me  
i know time cant stop for me  
i aint ask u to hop in the six and come back to the block for me  
i dont need no win on heerr  
cuz freddy be gone until november  
long gone for the winter  
playin pong in hong kong, its me and renald  
my lil' cuzin, im overtown the life of badong  
im in, writin him own  
when i strike like lightnin they hit like thunder threw stones  
women callin me rome  
im slingin the thing in this bitch  
the king bigaling in the hood, they call me the paul bunyan  
a hearbreaker, they call me a human onion  
but u can call me in the grand canyon  
im doin great, eatin grapes in a tan mansion  
im so handsome  
ur girl might wanna call me grandson, holla back

[Chorus (Sara)] 2x

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