

Baby Bash, Oh Wow

LSR...

I'm still high as I ride in my 7 duece coupe deville,
yall soldiers know my truth be ill.
Now with these visions and these bad thoughts runnin through my mind,
(can't) stop the clock, see I'm runnin out of time.
And as I, tell myself, I'm a changed man,
dressed in black out to jack me a game plan.
Situation critical, it's called creepy physical,
Hella cold, I'm a BO put off in hella old.
Plus it's hard to focus, when you crooked and hopeless,
I ain't home, but my mama don't notice.
Nationwide with thugs, locc'd out it's just us,
with the feds and the police out to bust us. (That's right)
The most prominent, see we stay dominate,
and stay wicked, and plus we keep it explicit,
Abducted by the streets see it's hard to manage,
end up on my block saying we the savage.

[Chorus 1]

So you made a little money OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...
So you roll on 24's OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...
So you pimped a few ho's OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...
So you earned a few stripes OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...

I hear you rappin bout the streets, talkin bout pushin deal,
when most of yall never seen a triple beam scale,
runnin from weed smell, runnin from dank smoke,
then you get on the mic, talkin bout you been chokin?
Ya lame as mark, buy some heart with yo chump change,
don't make me start, cold hearted droppin punk names,
you run thangs? maybe, in yo back yard,
you act hard round here you gonna get smacked hard.
Baby bash cross game, that's a negative,
with savage dreams on my mind so repetative,
let it live, let it go, playa do or die,
cuz fools on my side will tell the other fool to ride,
down to do what I gotta do, to satisfy the man in me,
I pull illicit things, my family ain't understandin me,
so while I have kids beatin up on the door,
I'm gonna crack up and smoke with a corona.

[Chorus 2]

So you got a platinum grill OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...
So you got a record deal OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...
So you pack a few gats OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...
You fell in love with yo bitch OH WOW, what the f*ck yo punk a\$\$ finna do now...

The day I wake up, blaze up, lace my J's up,
try to make a couple stacks fo' the days up,
Hustle hard ni**a, that's how I live,
only fuckin with fans, my ni**as and relatives,
And I dress fly, all clean and keep a fat knot,
for supplying all the beats to the have-nots,
HP you ain't knowin I run this, so stop braggin,
won't kill what you don't bitch. Or watch your grill hoe,
I'll have you iced out, you beat grills with your mutha f*ckin lights out,
lame ni**a, we ain't worried about yo salary,
get off them pills and come back to reality...

[Chorus 1]

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