

Bad Boy's 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

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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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