

Bow Wow, The Don, The Dutch

[Intro - Bow Wow]

Uh, Neptunes (Neptunes)

Uh, Bow Wow, aka, The Don, The Dutch

Fo' show, Star Trak, collabo

[Chorus x2 - Bow Wow]

They call me Bow Wow, The Don, The Dutch

Ask the girl, man she know what's up

They call me Bow Wow, The Don, The Dutch

(The Dutch) get out my face, homie don't get smacked up

[Verse 1 - Bow Wow]

When's the last time ya seen, a MC so clean

I do my thing, they do even think I'm sixteen

I gotta couple of cribs, push a couple of cars

I pull the Mazeratti out the garage

That's how I ride, I'm worldwide, international

Say you better, whatever, don't be irrational

See me passing you, why going ya lost

Hit you at the light, and I'ma dust ya Porsche

'Cause I'ma dope MC, and I'm down by law

Fremelay her on the way to New York

To you MC's, who jock my style

You better freeze, 'fore I get hos-tile

You wanna peice, but ya not like Bow

As you can see, I'm much realer

Was born to get on and preform, get scrilla

The freshest of the fresh, the best, you know it

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2 - Bow Wow]

Everywhere I go, sold out shows
So many chicks, all over the globe
I got a GR plane, I fly it a lot
Girls be on board, all over my jock
I kicks lotsa game, jewels galore
On the scene, should I go Velour
Some girl in Spain, by the name of Deja
Chill wit Ming Ling, when I'm down in Asia
Ain't nobody, my same age
Flow like I flow, when I gets on stage
Number one hits, you know my style
Y'all know how I get down
I rock funky fresh gear, that's what I'm about
The Jordans, is brand new, but mines ain't out
I got braids, durag, a new white tee
What I need what an eighty, when I rock minks

[Chorus x2]

[Bridge]

Baby your so coool

I feel so cool

Baby your so coool

I feel so cool

[Chorus x2]