

Lil' Bow Wow, Wickedest

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, baddest

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)

Your 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 the 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 learners
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 records
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)