

Don't Know About That

Bow Wow

I'm sayin', man, what you sayin', homie?
Different weight class, you know, that's right
I'm finna be one of them ones, you know what I'm sayin'
About to move all these old rappers out the way
'Coz they just takin' up too much space, you heard
It's time for new energy, man
I got the whips, wheels, diamonds in my grill
Money, *** and clothes, man, it's all a playa knows
Bein' broke, naw *** I don't know bout that
Bein' broke, naw *** I don't know bout that
Listen, you see the chain, you know my pedigree
You know what it is when you dealin' with the letter B
Dirty mad, *** stay mad at me, mad at me
'Coz they can't show they girls what I'ma let 'em see, let 'em see
I'm leanin' on all these lil' bustas with some money
I take they girl and I'm like Usher with the money
Only difference is you ain't 'bout to see me, boo hoo
I'm up in [Incomprehensible] lettin' it burn
Singin', ?Girl, do you??
I got the whips, wheels, diamonds in my grill
Money, *** and clothes, man, it's all a playa knows
Bein' broke, naw *** I don't know bout that
Bein' broke, naw *** I don't know bout that
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I'm a 08 Phantom type bandanna rocker
Me and JD is like Redbull and Vodka
And we right back at it, man, live from Atlanta, man
Grilled up, tatted ass, since birth had it, man
Stuntin' on these *** throwin' dough around
If you hear I'm in your town, best believe it's goin' down
If I stood on my wallet, I'll be bigger than Shaq
Who you know under 21 who do it like that?
I got the whips, wheels, diamonds in my grill
Money, *** and clothes, man, it's all a playa knows
Bein' broke, naw *** I don't know bout that
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5th album, still gettin' it
*** mad at me 'coz they ain't gettin' it how I'm gettin' it
Mista or the mistress, 106 and Park that is
I hear you talkin' but you *** know who started this
Who the hardest is and who the real artist is
And clearly who be gettin' it poppin' like this, uh
White T, Red Monkey jeans
When I hit the block, you know I'm comin' down clean
I got the whips, wheels, diamonds in my grill
Money, *** and clothes, man, it's all a playa knows
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Young C Fresh, it feels [Incomprehensible]
Like poppin' out that Phantom shinin' brighter than a Plasma
The Coupe Like a NASCAR, dough come faster
Pockets fat as Biggie, Jazze, Big Jasper
I'm somethin' like a master, I'm So So, G4, too high
The Bapes, the Monkeys, the ice got me too fly
Young C and Bow, that's the one of few stacks
Free shows and promos, I don't know about that
I got the whips, wheels, diamonds in my grill
Money, *** and clothes, man, it's all a playa knows
Bein' broke, naw *** I don't know bout that
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