

Big Girls

Bow Wow

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm the girl whose name be heard
Get a pen and pad so
I can write down this verse
Dem haters be hatin' thinkin'
They hatin' can cause me a curse
But they know if they keep it up
They gonna get it worse I'm dat rapper that's known as
The teen that don't write a lick
And some never heard of me
Yes but the ones that did heard me spit
But some haters finna hate on me
So they gonna need a cross kit Maybe a bandage
No, maybe some surgery
'Cause they finna have a 9
Through they head Anyway my rapping was so good
I made an avenge
And after I hurted dem haters
Let's just say they finna hop in that ambulece Lie to they mommys and daddys that
It was all an accident on tha stage
They fell, oh well, boo hoo now they in a grave I don't need to worry 'cause I'm tryna
Stack theses dollar signs like the twin tower
Make it taller, make it high and make it higher Selling all of theses albums is
Just gonna make ya haters hate mo
'N make my pockets fatter
I'm a hop in my Chevy, hope dem bitches
Try not a still my cheese Oh well, I'm not worried, I'ma lock my box with this key
So I'm gonna take a ride up in these streets
No, I'ma stop for some deeze
Chunk up tha duece, oh shit, dem haters stop
They trashed up whip in a slow creep They got they 5's but I'ma be ready for them
I got my 9, don't got nothin' to worry 'bout 'cause
I'm a have dem in that hospitals bed at night And after that I'm a make this cheese

Stacked like the twin towers
And I got so much witnesses
They thought I was Ms. Michael Myers
So if ya got another
Then I'm gone, holla back

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>