

Oh Wow (feat. Happy Perez & Merciless)

Baby Bash

I'm still high as I ride in my 7 Duetche Coupe Deville

Y'all soldiers know my truth be ill

Now with these visions and these bad thoughts

Runnin' through my mind

Stop the clock, see I'm runnin' out of time

And as I, tell myself, I'm a changed man

Dressed in black out to jack me a game plan

Situation critical, it's called creepy physical

Hella cold, I'm a gonna be off in hell oldPlus it's hard to focus, when you crooked and hopeless

I ain't home, but my mama don't notice

Nationwide with thugs, locked out it's just us

With the Feds and the police out to bust us

The most prominent, see we stay dominate

And stay wicked, and plus we keep it explicit

Abducted by the streets see it's hard to manage

End up on my block saying we the savageSo you made a little money, oh wow

What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

So you roll on 24's, oh wow

What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

So you pimped a few hoes, oh wow

What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

So you earned a few stripes, oh wow

What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?I hear you rappin' 'bout the streets, talkin' bout pushin' deal

When most of y'all never seen a triple beam scale

Runnin' from weed smell, runnin' from dank smoke

Then you get on the mic, talkin' bout you been chokin'

Ya lame as mark, buy some heart with your chump change

Don't make me start, cold hearted droppin' punk names

You run thangs? Maybe, in your back yard

You act hard round here you gonna get smacked hardBaby bash cross game, that's a negative

With savage dreams on my mind so repetitive

Let it live, let it go, player do or die

'Cause fools on my side will tell the other fool to ride

Down to do what I gotta do, to satisfy the man in me

I pull illicit things, my family ain't understandin' me

So while I have kids beatin' up on the door

I'm gonna crack up and smoke with a coronaSo you got a platinum grill, oh wow

What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

So you got a record deal, oh wow

What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?
So you pack a few gats, oh wow
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?
You fell in love with your bitch, oh wow
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now? The day I wake up, blaze up, lace my J's up
Try to make a couple stacks for' the days up
Hustle hard nigga, that's how I live
Only fuckin' with fans, my niggas and relatives
And I dress fly, all clean and keep a fat knot
For supplying all the beats to the have notsHP you ain't knowin' I run this, so stop braggin'
Won't kill what you don't bitch or watch your grill hoe
I'll have you iced out, you beat grills
With your motherfuckin' lights out
Lame nigga, we ain't worried about your salary
Get off them pills and come back to reality So you made a little money, oh wow
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?
So you roll on 24's, oh wow
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?
So you pimped a few hoes, oh wow
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?
So you earned a few stripes, oh wow
What the fuck your punk ass finna do now?

Songwriters

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