

Bow Down (feat. Denzel Curry)

Deniro Farrar

I ain't worried about shit (Nigga)
I ain't worried about shit, unless there's 36 O's in the key
OG niggas call me big bruh, knowing goddamn well that they older than me and
I ain't worried about shit (Nigga)
I ain't worried about shit, unless there's 16 O's in a pound
New god flow, nigga this that new god blow, y'all bitch niggas better bow down
I ain't worried 'bout shit Denzel with the L at the end of the noun
Making sure that y'all don't see a cap and the gown
Too many lil niggas still runnin' around
Then face to face with the wild and that's the end of your child
Universe, gangsta it's the god of the sound
From the planet of the nectar on the sea of the isles
Wanna see an angel dead? Let's walk a few miles
With a sword, halo, and a crown so round
Like root canal, in your mouth
Fuck around, you get 40 cal'd
Bitch what the fuck is beef to a slaughterhouse?
Got sticks that'll knock your baby momma out
Scratch that, knock Harry Potter out
Hit his head on Obama's couch, nail Obama's scalp
Y'all niggas is sauerkraut
When the villain bring the choppers out, then they call you out
Tell me what's that about? When you catch 'em then you ash 'em out
Get the money then I'm cashin' out
Really what is that about? What's that about?
My nigga, tsk tsk
Only shoot once it's a hit, and if you shoot twice it's a miss
My nigga bang bang
Fuck that, let his brains hang, nigga fuck that let his brains hang
36 O's in a brick, 16 O's in a pound
AK47 with the red beam and a drum on that bitch hold 150 rounds
Go on ride with your squad
Nigga you could die with your squad, trynna get live with your squad
Young OG, nigga I'm a young OG
Get toe-tagged trynna play hard
And it's money over boppers
My young nigga's ex pill-popper, all of 'em ride with them choppers
Call a mortician, ain't no need for a doctor
Call a mortician, ain't no need for a doctor

Dead on arrival, yeah I said dead on arrival
Swear to God on a stack of Bibles
Headshot a nigga, reassuring no survivor
Headshot a nigga, reassuring no survivor
Cold heart nigga, that's how they raised me
Kill or be killed so you really can't blame me
Straight up the gutter where they killin' over words
Fuck around and get toe-tagged in front of your baby
Nigga get buck
Swear to God nigga get buck, first time let it be your last
I ain't worried 'bout shit
Nigga, I ain't worried 'bout shit send a murder gang at your pussy ass
Bow down (Fuck nigga!)
Bow down (Fuck nigga!)
Bow down (Fuck nigga!)
Bow down (Fuck nigga!)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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