

# 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, tryna get live with your squad  
Young OG, nigga I'm a young OG  
Get toe-tagged tryna 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!)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>