

Big Time (feat. Kevin Cossom)

E-40

If I got rich one day, I won the lotto
I'll be up in the club, drunk, poppin' bottles
I'mma live it up like it ain't no tomorrow
Big time, big time, big time, big time But I got to get it my way, I know it ain't pretty
Well, I'll be doing my thang till them boys come and get me
I'll be doing my thang till I run my whole city
Big time, big time, big time, big time I get to it, I hustle, I get it in, trying to win like Steve Wynn
Money long like Jay Leno chin, I didn't put nothing in my government
I paid my bills in money orders when I was in the trap hella heavy
When I used to quarterback that yolla Perm down to my shoulders trying to get it while it's good
Til the po po's headquarters up a hub station in our hood
A lot of these rappers don't even sound like they believable
But you can ask your daddy and uncle about E-feazible They'll say he the gospel, he a for real fisher
He used to cop from me, now I cop from that nigga
Had to share the same bath water with my brother
Used to argue, fuss and fight over pillows and covers The low man at the bottom of the totem pole
Used to go the Salvation Army for school clothes
Now I'm a whaler, tycoon bro, everyday is Christmas
Record company, real estate, food and beverage dealers If I got rich one day, I won the lotto
I'll be up in the club, drunk, poppin' bottles
I'mma live it up like it ain't no tomorrow
Big time, big time, big time, big time But I got to get it my way, I know it ain't pretty
Well, I'll be doing my thang till them boys come and get me
I'll be doing my thang till I run my whole city
Big time, big time, big time, big time Pimpin' is ugly out here, it's gross
Best friend will try to sneak if you let him get too close
The body will fall if you kill the head
What else?
Lovers turn quick, they forget who buttered their bread What was you tellin' them?
I was just tellin' one my dudes
They threw the old rules out the window
Created they own new set of rules When the shit in the air
Be a man, you can't be scared
But you can't be
Try to nip it at the bud before it get too outta hand
Before what?
I got some real ones in the pen That I visit 'cause they my folks
Up in there programming
What they making?

Making diamonds outta soap
Just got my car up out the shop
What you got in it? Retarded knock
Use the loot that I won at a crap game
And painted it butterscotch
You can hear me throbbing up the block from miles away
My neighbor loose it
Po-po's pull me over at least 3 times a day for my music
My over head \$60,000 a month total
What else?
Conducting business on my sidekick T-mobile
If I got rich one day, I won the lotto
I'll be up in the club, drunk, poppin' bottles
I'mma live it up like it ain't no tomorrow
Big time, big time, big time, big time
But I got to get it my way, I know it ain't pretty
Well, I'll be doing my thang till them boys come and get me
I'll be doing my thang till I run my whole city
Big time, big time, big time, big time
Niggas on the money on a first name basis
And I ain't ate all day, I want my birthday cake
So if it ain't about the money, you can get it out my face
If it ain't about money you can walk the other way
'Cause I always been about my dough
When they see you doing good, they want to catch you slipping
'Cause them boys going to look out you know
That ain't gone ever stop me, now don't you worry about me
If I got rich one day, I won the lotto
I'll be up in the club, drunk, poppin' bottles
I'mma live it up like it ain't no tomorrow
Big time, big time, big time, big time
But I got to get it my way, I know it ain't pretty
Well, I'll be doing my thang till them boys come and get me
I'll be doing my thang till I run my whole city
Big time, big time, big time, big time

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>