I'm Comin'

Big Tymers

I'm comin' like a relic in a pick-up truck
Bass hummin' 15s in the back of us
Still runnin' like a energizer bunny bruh
Hood plumbin' lay a big dick down in her
Yo woman, skripper comin' down on the pole
Show somethin' big titties and the asshole
Drums drummin' out the escalade on 24s
Yeah, oh
Chicago's no.1 Flicka Nigga back on it
2003 Caddy with that burberry rag on it
It's mink on the floor, the seats is ostrich
What else can I say family we some mobsters
This cash money you know we the boss of this hood shit
Floss in this hood get, shots in his hood quick
This big tymin' man, put them little rides up
We 600 whippas put them little 5s up
Cash money, we ain't duckin' and dodgin'
We bustin' and ridin', Caddy truckin' and prowlin'
What the fuck are ya hollin' entourage of Benz, 'lacs, and beamers
With dime bitches with asses fat as Trina's
I got my 4 tuck me I'm out for more bucks
'03 I'm pullin' up the Lam with the doors up
And watch these whores fuck and suck like crazy
Can't fuck wit cash money, we niggas is crazy, bitch
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Yeah, oh
See I flip the color daddy, change my paint
Switch my rims, my mats is mink
Pull out the console, I drank to thank
Got the alligator seats on a full tank
But Ay-ay, 25 28s, big money, heavy weight
Vet navigation system for any State

Them special made tires
To fit my ride, I put a dove in the inside
Stunna motherfucker, Rim trucks
Sittin' on them motherfuckin' gittas, B.B. King, blues daddy
Know what I mean? Know what I mean? Know what I mean?
Got big truck drivers, hoes don't mind us
Oh you think it's a game, bitch stand behind us
It's nothin' but minks and it's cold as fuck, bitch hop in this truck
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Yeah, oh
There go lil' TQ
And he comin' in the cutlass, gettin' his hair blew
Not givin a fuck about nothin' that you hoes do
Don't underestimate my pimpin' 'cause it's serious fool
I'm on hunnit spokes, I got 4 hoes
I got some Joe I got some drink, I got some dominoes
If ya thank the shit is stankin', bring some drama hoe
That's on momma though
We got big gats, gems and trucks, on stunna rims, baby
No.1 Stunna, that's my dumma, Mannie Freezy, that's my dawg
Big Tymers, we big ball, TQ, Mik, and Gilly. got 'em takin' it off
Let the bottles pop, bitches, let the panties drop
Makes bottle-pop sound, oops, 'bout to shake the spot
'Cause we done fucked around and don' got too hot
I'm comin' like a relic in a pick-up truck
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Yeah, oh

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