

# No biggie

## Dick Binge

[Intro:] Yeah, my name is Riley, son  
But you know what niggas call me?  
AKA, Riley Escobar, know what I'm saying?  
Cause I be in the streets you know?  
I got all kinds of names like HR Paper Stacks  
Uh, also known as AKA Horse Choker, uh  
[Verse 1] Hey, yo, I'll chop you up in sixteen pieces  
In front of your nieces, while I'm eating Reese's  
And won't even offer them any, yes I spit plenty  
This is East Coast flow at its finest  
In the studio, where you find us, put a bullet where your spine is  
At sixteen I was skipping school and smoking chronic  
While you was learning about English, Big L was teaching Ebonics  
I spit fire so demonic, writing code like I'm Masonite  
A Jedi master breaking it down like old plaster  
No medication for this track cause this is how a psycho rips  
My bank account is like a cino bolt, your pocket's microchips, uh  
Motherfucker, I dare you to test it, hope you're well rested  
Whoop your ass and get arrested, in a double breasted  
Louis Vuitton diamond encrusted tailor made suit  
Now that's All Sinatra Everything  
  
I explode like hollow tips on contact  
Chronologically murder schmoe there's no bringing Joe back  
Puffing cubans and sipping Cognac  
Mafietic mentality, introduce me to this beat and it's fatality  
I kill mics like Conrad Murray  
Sharp like Hanzo steel, the rest is obtuse  
I get loose when sipping Goose and rhyme like Doc Seuss  
Flow tight like noose, whoop ass like Bruce, no time for a truce  
Alphabetical mathematic addict  
I spit sixteens so erratic you think it was a semi-automatic  
I know by now you thinking "Oh my God, he let them have it"  
But that was just a loan, time to collect like I'm Capone  
Reep what I've sewn, in other words that is the throne  
Chilling while homies smoking marijuaan'  
If you thinking that this shit is wack well then you're dead wrong  
Cause for every emotion and every mood I have a song  
For the club, for the streets, for the whip and for the sheets

Cause this is where intellect and versatility meets  
I'm Young Sinatra, backstage chilling with Bobby Soxers

I got ya

[Outro:] Yeah!

You wanna fuck with us?!

Fuck with us, yeah!?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>