

Got Everything

Big Tymers & Tateeze

Ay, Big Money Heavyweight, ay Fresh we back at it daddy, Big Tymers, summertime boy
See its summertime homie and we born to shine,
Cadillac dipped grill with the 9 on line,
Keep the ice on packed, with the big mack stacks,
Rims dipped the same colour as the new Cadillac,
See we lace our hoes, and smoke our dro'
When we go to the club, we go through the back door,
With the nine on my waistline (waistline)
Any nigga act up he get that nine to his fuckin' mind
Homie still doing time (doing time), son a sack thru his mind
he get it thru the pipeline,
flicks, so you see how we shine, everybody know stunna so you know I'm doing mines,
Its a vision of dreams with Cadillac machines, get loot, not hoes if you know what I mean
Gotta hustle and grind, keep the money on your mind,
Summertime all hoods, blow up and shine
Got everything they ever built, everything they ever made
And on my bed, I even got a mink spread
On all my cars, gotta have spinning blades
And all my toys, gotta have an infared
Six years ago, a friend of mine
Said its gon' rain before the sunshine,
Some gon' lead, some gon' follow,
Some gon' spit, some gon' swallow,
Now where you going?, where you been?
And whats your angle, and how you fit in,
So this time I made up my mind,
Fuck being broke, its time to shine,
Kiss my momma, tell my daddy I'm gone,
Baby boy on his way to make a song,
From a quarter to a dollar to a five to a ten
You are witnessing,
The rise of a young black entrepreneur,
Spread my wings, I'm about to soar,
two million, three million nigga I did it,
two billion, three billion nigga lets get it,
See I'm a neighbourhood baller with the beamers and sprawlers,
The broads keep callin cuz baby I'm ballin'
Hood rich shit with these ghettos and bricks,
Stunna back at it ma' with that brand new six,
Stunna got that caddy with the bubble eye lips,

Fully equipped whips to custom made shit,
Now everything is wet, and everything is slick,
and everything is paid, mannie mink pimp
You scared, get the new escalade,
The long motherfucker get the head done in suede,
Shining at its best, nigga wear your vest,
Southern ass nigga with his shirts and jeans fresh,
I like them starched heavy, big box chevy,
Head till' I'm dead from my ol' girl Debbie,
Don't try it, buy it, if its factory, amplify it,
Might go nitro, ignite it, Yeah!, I see ya Casey, I see ya fam, Gilly, Mikkey, Boo, Mike, Stone, Lac, d-boy Ceedy
Wop, ay Ta I got you girl, I'm a hold us down shorty, we gon buy us some new private jets,
yeah,
Weezy We, Young Money, Squad up nigga, Mannie Freezie, Suga Slim, Joe and Greg, I got us baby,
Hold on nigga, its all good homie, ay Rodney!, its ya boy, its Bird Beezy my Neezy, we
riding for ya Darkchild
in the building nigga, yeah, ay Tanto, I ain't forget bout you nigga, uptown we in this bitch
nigga, ay ay, we riding
till the wheels fall off nigga, guaranteed we wont look back from here nigga,
We keeping it hood, you know, we only know it one way nigga, yeah yeah, ah!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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