

# Sunday Night

## Big Tymers

Believe it, playboy  
You know we the 1 stunnas  
How you diggin' that, nigga  
Look, lookWent to Miami bought a Lam', and sure 'nough  
My Bentley, Fresh Bentley on twenty-inch dubs  
Monte Carlo's, Cadillac's, and Jags  
If it ain't a V-8, that shit ain't fastVettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Neighborhood superstars, cars, and broads  
Everybody wan' fuck a hot boyMercedes trucks, Lexus trucks  
Cadillac trucks, all the best for your buck  
Six TV's with DVD's, twenty-G's worth of sound  
So a nigga can hear me, we shine and flossWe pay the boss ten-G's a night, we buyin' the ball  
But one thing, nigga things ain't changed  
Find me at a second line doin' my thing  
I'm rockin' ice, I pocket pipeCorner pocket goin' down we gon' be there tonight  
It's wall to wall, killers and dogs  
Niggas actin' crazy they ready to ballThey shoutin' at Nolia, shoutin' at Melph  
Shoutin' at yo, everybody to the South  
They shoutin' at Nolia, shoutin' at Melph  
They shoutin' at Yo, everybody to the SouthSee, a 3rd ward nigga don't play that shit  
You get outta line, we'll kill you quick  
See, a 3rd ward nigga don't play that shit  
You get outta line we'll kill you quickVettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Shorty, shit don't stop nigga, keep it realLook, Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Nigga, shit don't stop playa, keep it realLook, now who we? The nigga ridin' top-down in the two-seat  
You see more diamonds than they got on Blue Streak  
You know it's Lil' Wheezy goin' off  
Slim and Baby bought him somethin' new he showin' offI will buy Bentley body real wide  
Sixteen with no license still drive  
That's a wild fella, watch your wife, I'll sell her  
I'm up in the 2000 compressor loud yellowDubs on skinnies, yeah, killin' ya  
Pop the hood, souped up with a twelve-cylinder  
Niggas ridin' big body Benz stop it  
I'll pull up next to 'em in a Lam' top thisI know they be like, "Man, them boys got to stay home"

Different color Hummers lookin' like a box of crayons  
 Open up the back sound got they damn head achin'  
 Me, I'm in the back seat playin' a play station, what? Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
 Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
 Cutlass, Monte Carlo's and Regals still  
 Nigga, shit don't stop, playa, keep it real Look, Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
 Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
 Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
 Wodie, shit don't stop, we gon' keep it real That remote hand it here, trucks with chandeliers  
 He don't have America on line up in here  
 Lay it down when I park it Iceberg carpet  
 Standin' 'cross the street sayin', "Watch me start this" Excursion from thirty feet away  
 Lil' niggas go and say, "How the fuck he did that?"  
 "You heard where he live at?"  
 "Piranhas and iguanas, marble and glass" "The bottom of his swimmin' pool said, 'Kiss my ass'"  
 Niggas motherfuck it, I take the St. Bernard project  
 And gut it and make it into one big crib  
 And when you pass in separate ward, scream out "That's where Mannie Fresh live"  
 Three-piece livin' room set in the back of the Caddy  
 Plus the alarm that say, "I love you, Daddy"  
 VCR nigga, please unhook it, run the DVD when the satellite crooked Honey, what you mean you ain't never  
 seen a big-screen  
 In the back of the navigator that's green? Chromed out amplifiers  
 Twenty-two inch tires, I don't want them, I want the fiber optic wires  
 I'm so hot I'm responsible for forest fires What?  
 How you love that Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
 Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
 Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
 Wodie, shit don't stop, we gon' keep it real Look, Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
 Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
 Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
 Wodie, shit don't stop, y'all keep it real Look, Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
 Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
 Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
 Shorty, shit don't stop, let's keep it real Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
 Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
 Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
 Man, shit don't stop, keep it real Understand, we gon' keep this real  
 Goin' into 2001 on up to 3000  
 I'ma [unverified], I ain't goin' nowhere  
 For sure, Fresh, without a doubt, playboy I meant that shit ball 'til you fall  
 Believe that, nigga  
 They gon' clone my ass  
 It's gon' be about eight of me, you see what I'm sayin'  
 (Huh?)

Without a doubt They can't get rid of me  
Feel that shit and I'm gone  
You can't kiss me, but you can kiss my chain  
(Without)  
You can kiss my watch  
(Lick the ice)  
You can kiss my belt  
(Lick the ice) You can kiss my shoes  
But don't put your lips on me  
(Ice everywhere)  
It ain't like that  
We gon' dip 'em platinum, playboy  
(Blows kiss)  
Ahh, good night Dip one up, we gon' dip one up platinum  
Right now, if y'all can see, you gon' see  
Nothin' but a brown-skin nigga, dip platinum  
Grill platinum, nothin' but ice, nothin' but ice, ice everywhere  
Ten karats in my grill and I keeps it real  
How you love that nigga?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>