

# Big Tymers

## Big Tymers

[Baby]  
For sure, lil' one  
Off top, playboy  
Look here  
These lil' young jive motherfuckers just jumpin' off the porch  
[B.G.]  
Let me at 'em  
[Baby]  
Better catch they motherfuckin' cut, nigga  
Look, this block is mine  
And I don't need these niggas playin' with our hoes  
'Cause they're my hoes (say, playboy)  
I done fucked the whole block already, ya understand  
[B.G.]  
We don't even want you comin' 'round no more  
[Baby]  
Bitch-ass nigga, catch your cut  
We got this shit, wodie  
[B.G.]  
Gotta hustle  
{verse 1}  
[Baby + (B.G.)]  
Back where I started on my set in black (Uh-huh)  
Hopped out the passenger side of my 'Lac (Then what?)  
Under my nuts was two ounces of crack (Yeah?)  
My lil' nigga, Geezy, say he needed a stack (For sure)  
Fronted my lil' wodie a ounce of crack  
The bricks look the same, but them youngsters be strapped  
From snortin' dope smokin' momo's, and jackin'  
Old folks scared that's why they be snappin' (What?)  
Callin' the law look (?)  
I told the young nigga to learn the mack  
Poppin' two, short tape  
[B.G.]  
Four in the mack  
[Baby + (B.G.)]  
We hard-headed head bustas  
We don't give a fuck - untamed motherfuckers  
Jumped off the porch as a young motherfucker (What?)

My mind went dead (What?)  
 My daddy's dead (What?)  
 My brother's a dope fiend, I'm duckin' the Fed (You lyin')  
 Word got around that a nigga was paid (Yeah?)  
 Supplied the whole uptown - word was said (Yeah?)  
 With quarters and halves (Yeah?), chickens and bricks (Yeah?)  
 Bundles of dope and ounces and shit  
 We drive Bentley's and Jags (What?), Corvettes and bikes (What?)  
 Two Mercedes Wagons with kits and lights (What?)  
 (?) and Prowlers (What?), Suburbans and jets (What?)  
 Twenty-inch momo's with a-thousand a bet (For sure)  
 (Hook 2x [B.G.])  
 Big Tymers - they g's, too  
 Them niggas'll creep, too  
 They'll slang iron where your family sleep, too  
 Big Tymers - they thug, too  
 Them niggas sell drugs, too  
 They don't just stunt - Baby and Fresh'll bust, too  
 [Mannie Fresh + (B.G.)]  
 What?  
 Now, I know you been waitin', playa, all night long (For what?)  
 For me to say, Fuck a bitch, in a tight-ass song (What?)  
 Well, this the one, lil' daddy: fuck that bitch (Fuck her)  
 y'all know who I'm talkin' 'bout - she can suck my dick (Eat up)  
 They want (?) with a nigga when your money come right (For real?)  
 When shit get bad, them hoes clean outta sight (For real?)  
 B.G. downed the broad and he passed her to Juvy (What?)  
 Baby got the bitch, and he put her in a movie  
 Triple-X rated (Huh?)  
 Joe Casey say, The bitch ate it.  
 Our two D.J.'s say, The bitch can't be faded.  
 Once again, it's on  
 The bitch jammed up with Stone (Then what?)  
 Wayne and Turk did the bitch when we left her alone  
 Then the sharks, nigga (Sharks?)  
 Yes, the sharks, nigga (Yes, the sharks, nigga)  
 Fucked the bitch in her ass in the park, nigga (In the park, nigga)  
 I don't know that lil' nigga, but I'ma pass her to him  
 Motherfuck that dog ass, jive bitch: Kim  
 (Hook [B.G.])  
 Big Tymers don't trust hoes  
 Big Tymers don't love hoes  
 After they finished with 'em, them niggas, they'll shove hoes  
 Big Tymers - they toss hoes  
 They don't brown-nose

They think they all that, they got the whole clique down them hoes  
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[Lac]

What, what, what,  
We put diamonds, and Rolies, and bracelets, and rings, and  
necklace, and pendants, and \$'s, and chains, and  
twenty's on Bentley's, and Prowlers, and Jaguars  
Cadillac's, and Benzes, and Beamer's, and fast cars  
Houses and mansions with marble and mink floors  
Movie-screen TV's with automatic glass doors  
Hoes say they love me, but friendships don't last, though  
We rich but we fucked up from shit with the last hoes  
The dollar ain't on the chest, the body is still tatted  
Ride or die for CMR - get outta line, get battered  
Lil' Wheezy more platted  
Baby more platted

Big Tymers, Hot Boys, and them sharks - they all gatted  
My watch thirty karats - Suga Don the grand-daddy  
Rappers, while you're hatin' your car, we now have it  
(?) we move packages, (?) jack it  
Man stood and rest in piece - head bustas was his jackin'  
Dog, when I grow up, I want to be just like me:  
A millionaire, bobbin' his head to a Mannie Fresh beat  
And I swear under my shirt, June Miami heat  
Around my neck with some fingers'll last 'til January  
(Hook3x [B.G.])

Big Tymers stunt very hard  
Drive the finest cars  
Big Tymers got that work  
Got a Impala, and got it hard  
Big Tymers - they live in lavish  
Neck and the wrist is platted  
Every kind of diamond that they got, them niggas have it  
[B.G.]

For sure, nigga (For sure, nigga)  
B.G. and the fam'  
If you gotta be a B.T.  
([B.] It's like bein' a H.B.)  
A H.B.  
([B.] Ya understand)

Ya understand  
Ya undersmell that  
Ya gotta go get it  
Damn, Baby, you're blindin' me, yeah  
You're blindin' me, yeah  
Boy, you're blindin' me, yeah  
You're blindin' me, yeah  
([B.] Turk and Lil' Wheezy)  
Lil' Wheezy  
([B.] To then B.Geezy)  
To then B.Geezy, to O.Geezy  
How you love that  
And it's all good, nigga (It's all good, nigga)  
([B.] Get your mind right)  
Get your mind right  
Big Tymers been doin' this here (Been doin' this here)  
Since '92, nigga  
Pimpin' ain't easy (Pimpin' ain't easy)  
([B.] Been stun'n)  
Been stun'n  
([B.] Repped out like a motherfucker)  
Number-one stunna, nigga  
([B.] Uptown New Orleans, nigga)  
The world's number-one stunna, and the world's best producer, nigga  
The Big Tymers

Songwriters

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