

# Sunday Night

## Big Tymers

Believe it, playboy  
You know we the 1 stunnas  
How you diggin' that, nigga  
Look, look  
Went 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 fast  
Vettes, vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Neighborhood superstars, cars, and broads  
Everybody wan' fuck a hot boy  
Mercedes 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 floss  
We 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 pipe  
Corner pocket goin' down we gon' be there tonight  
It's wall to wall, killers and dogs  
Niggas actin' crazy they ready to ball  
They 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 South  
See, 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 quick  
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 nigga, 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  
Nigga, shit don't stop playa, keep it real

Look, 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' off  
I 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 yellow  
Dubs 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 this  
I 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?

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