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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