Big Tymers

Big Tymers feat. Lac

[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-a-who'n and rattin'
I told the young nigga to learn to mack
Pop in a Too $hort tape
[B.G.]"Born to 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 momma's 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)
(Hook2x [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 wanna be 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
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
Them niggas don't brown-nose
They think they all that, they got the whole clique down them hoes
[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 wanna 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

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