Suga & Pac, Puff & Big

Big Tymers

[B.G.]Me the B.G., and Baby my fuckin rounds
Two livin legend paper chasers from uptown
Bout money and bitches, puttin haters in ditches
We roll in trucks like Hummers and Expeditions
Our relationship like Moses and Jesus
Ask one of our hoes, ain't no comin between us
Two black young kingpins, that's how they treat us
Steaks and fettucini is what they feed us
Nigga ridin shinin, me and my nigga be sippin
the finest wine and spendin G's, makin trips
back and forth to Texas, we flyin; tryin to make a mill' y'all
Cause we roll with the motto, "Ball til we fall"
Fuck wit B, you bringin B.G. all the way out there
Fuck wit me G you bringin Baby all the way out there
Since ninety-two ninety-three our love been there
We never spend to a pussy, Cash Money niggaz share
I'm a Big Tymer, that's a fact
Suga Slim just signed a, million dollar contract
Lil' (?) Capone thuggin quick to bust yo' head
Watch your tone in that mansion is where we lay our head at
We play high gold floss rocks and drive drop-tops
Way I bust it look like Suge and 'Pac
[Lil Wayne]Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million
[Baby]Like J. and 'Face, like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. comin through like assault rifle machine guns
Worth more money than these niggaz could wonder
You better thank quick nigga we hit blocks like thunder
Comin through a dark tunnel a black on black Hummer
It ain't no secret we showed our ass last summer
We both got three or fo' bitches we bank at first
Embassy playboy to hide our riches
Me and this young nigga we tighter than stitches
He the motherfuckin rapper and I'm the game spitter
And if you you fuck wit him
I'll clear my bank account on one of you bitches
And I'll put that on my Ma and my Pa and they both restin in peace

It ain't nuttin in this industry gon' fuck
wit Baby and little B.G., wit Mannie Fresh beats
Wit Suga Slim's brains behind all this heat
and my Hot Boyz strapped ridin right beside me
Nigga I'll bet a million dolars to yo' light bill
I'll bet my Rolex wit my bezel nigga to yo' cable bill
It ain't nuttin in this industry could fuck wit Cash Money
cause we keep it real nigga, believe that
[Lil Wayne]Now what? Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million, what?
[B.G.]
I got love for my nigga Baby
He heard I rapped, came on VL and saved me
Now we ballin, livin swell it's gravy
Cause I'm gettin my shine on, don't you hate me?
B.G. and Baby, livin good pah
We just determined to hustle and get out the hood dog
Fuck wit me and my boy, I wish you would dog
We ridin dirty and I'll put that on the hood dog
[Baby]Now what make these hoes thank that I ain't rich?
What make these niggaz think the diamonds on my Rolex ain't the shit?
My brotha Prime taught me how to wear two Rolexes at one time
Nigga I'm gon' shine til I die
Me and this nigga been together since he was twelve
Hangin out at club, Rolexes daybreak watchin my beeper ring bells
Now I knew this young nigga would end up swell
I used my mind to keep him writin rhymes
cause I knew he'a be major at one time
Now I done rolled in the flyest cars
It ain't no secret that B.G.'s a Cash Money superstar
[Lil Wayne]Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million
Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run
Nigga Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million, ha?
[Baby]Ain't nuttin could fuck wit us playboy
We take it how you want it, that's the issue nigga
We clockin it's all gravy
If it ain't about that money we ain't havin seein no bitches
We doin what we got to do, we clockin G's

Lil' Antoine, my lil' potnah from Tennessee
It's all gravy playboy, how you luv that nigga?
We clockin playboy, if you don't like it that's the issue nigga
Get it how you live playboy
How you luv that nigga?
If it don't make money it don't make sense nigga
I wear two watches on my wrist, at fifty G's a piece
How's that look nigga? That's a hundred
I done put two hundred G's on my grill
My dog Fresh bout to redo his shit
Nigga we just gon' have gold and hoes
How you luv that playboy?
Drankin Crystal, poppin bottles
Niggaz ain't drankin Tanqu-zay no more
Niggaz wearin rangs cost twenty G's
Niggaz earrings cost 'em twenty G's
Niggaz's rims cost 'em ten G's
Nigga homes costin two mill-ion
Nigga hoes gettin furs, nigga hoes gettin gators
Niggaz just.. dumpin playa haters
It ain't no thang boy, how you luv that nigga?
Believe that boy (man I love yo' momma)

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