

# Big Voice Bigger City

Lloyd Banks

[first verse] I pray to him, jealous coz he watchin over them,  
i dont pretend, wishin they lose hoping i win,  
took my fitted coz im driving with no top,  
hotter than a mother fucker riding with my glocc,  
knock-knock who is it? my hollow tip vist,  
you talk it if you live it, if not get delivered  
niggas hearts going frigid, theres no remorse, nigga,  
i be the last one to give it, hit your ass off you pivot,  
then i pass on the syrup, and welcome the chronic,  
they wondering where the real rap, well im helpin em find it,  
blinded, criminal minded, impoverty binded honey,  
just to be where i come from, rewind it your dumb son,  
stuck on slow, sit they'll you to sleep,  
these mother fuckers know the walls is playin for keeps,  
the wounded lay on the street, the goons is playin for keeps,  
be rude to say it at least, we wanna piece nigga [chorus] you aint gotta like me but you feel me if you ridin with  
that millie - big voice bigger city,  
you silly if you looking round for pitty, but we grimey and gritty - big voice bigger city,  
stuntin so these niggas wann' kill me aint a damn thing pretty - big voice bigger city,  
you aint gotta like me but you hear me dead broke or big willie - big voice bigger city {second verse} money dont  
make it easy, money make it hard,  
get smart you can get it, but it dont make you smarter,  
the music stop movin, ima make them love a car,  
on contrary to whatever you heard i am hard,  
lyrically vulvar, metaphoric father,  
headin for the dust so im an incredible rider,  
an a bit of lasange, meet britney and tanya,  
no breakfast in bed, just the ganja,  
i knda miss the days when we honoured honour,  
loyalty coz karma can be a baby mama,  
i been a g since i needed maybe longer,  
aint no pictures of me i bring you the drama-lama  
on your bottom dollar no pain no holla,  
leave the scene no cops no collar, im a beast  
the sickest shit spittin on the east,  
how i know? walk around listen to the street nigga [chorus] you aint gotta like me but you feel me if you ridin  
with that millie - big voice bigger city,  
you silly if you looking round for pitty, but we grimey and gritty - big voice bigger city,  
stuntin so these niggas wann' kill me aint a damn thing pretty - big voice bigger city,

you aint gotta like me but you hear me dead broke or big willie - big voice bigger city

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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