

# Suge And Pac, Puff And B.I.G.

## Big Tymers

[B.G.]

Me the B.G. and Baby my fuckin runner  
Two livin legends, paper chasers from uptown  
About money and bitches, puttin haters in ditches  
We roll in trucks like Hummers and expiditions  
Our relationship like Moses and Jesus  
Ask one of our hoes, ain't no coming between us  
Two black young heathens, 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 winw  
Spendin G's, making hitz back and forth, we flyin  
Tryin to make a mil 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 you bringin Baby all the way out there  
Since '92, '93 our love been there  
We never stand to a pussy, cash money, nigga stare  
I'm a Big Tymer, that's a fact  
Suga Slim just signed a, me and him a contract  
? Capone thugin quick they bust yo head, watch that tone  
In that mansion is where we lay our head at  
We play high, go floss, roxin and drive drop tops  
Way I bust it like Suge and 'Pac[Chorus]{ Baby }  
Like Suge and Pac  
Like Puff and B.i.G  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
Like Face and Jay  
Like Russ and Run  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a Million[B.G.]  
Like Jay and Face  
Like Russ and Run  
Baby and B.G. comin thru like a sound right from machine gunz  
Worth more money than these niggaz could wonder  
You better think quick nigga we hit blocks like thunder  
Comin thru a dark tunnel of black on black Hummers  
It ain't no secret we showed our ass last summer  
We both got 3 or 4 bitches we bang at first  
and we see play boy to hide our riches  
Me and this young nigga we title the snitches

He the muthafuckin rapper and I'm the game stealer  
 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 B.G. wit Manny Fresh's beats  
 Wit Suga Slim's Brains behind all this heat and my Hot Boyz strapped riding  
 Right beside me, nigga I'll bet a million dollars to yo life there  
 I'll bet my rolex wit my bezzle 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[Baby]  
 Now what  
 [Chorus]{ Baby }  
 Like Suge and Pac  
 Like Puff and B.i.G  
 Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
 Like Face and Jay  
 Like Russ and Run  
 Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a Million[B.G.]  
 I got love for my nigga Baby  
 He heard I rap came on Va and seen 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 for,  
 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[Manny Fresh]  
 Now what make these hoes thank that I ain't rich  
 What make these niggaz think that diamonds on my rolex ain't the shit  
 My brotha Prmie taught me how to wear 2 rolexes at one time  
 Nigga I'm gon shine till I die  
 Me and this nigga been togetha since he was 12  
 I knew this young nigga would end up swell  
 I lose my mind and kept him writin rhymes  
 cause I knew he's be major at one time  
 Now I done rolled in the flyest cars  
 it aint no secret that Baby, B.G. and me are superstars[Chorus]{ Baby }x 2  
 Like Suge and Pac  
 Like Puff and B.i.G  
 Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
 Like Face and Jay  
 Like Russ and Run  
 Nigga Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a MillionManny talkin till music ends

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

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