

# Against the Wall

## Big Tymers

Hey fresh  
We back at it baby Here baby doll, up against the wall  
And through the sound, he broke it down  
Only one more hypnotic and that's when he shot it  
I'm not lookin' for love, up in the club  
But I wanna go home with you, girl I'm not your man I'm a pimp, baby please understand  
But you hot and they not, so we can hold hands  
In a long truck, Cadillac, surround sound, front to back  
Forever, forever, ever, forever, ever black  
Ridin' in the sunshine, crankin' up the alpine  
Rubbin' down shorty's spine, she is fine  
Love 'um, leave 'um, go back and retrieve 'um  
If their hair is bad, then I will weave 'um Kick back in the phantom, two clips and a hammer  
Cruisin' through the hood on them Deion Sanders  
Nothin' but red whips and all them candy  
Two chicks, two chickens that flew from Atlanta, aye  
Laid back in a maebach, countin' stacks  
Got work, go to work, nigga count that  
Summer shine, summer time and we on the grind  
Bird man got them chickens and they ain't flyin' Here baby doll, up against the wall  
And through the sound, he broke it down  
Only one more hypnotic and that's when he shot it  
I'm not lookin' for love, up in the club  
But I wanna go home with you, girl I'm cool, I'm hip, I'm fresh, I'm good  
I'm diamonds up against the wood  
Richest nigga from the hood  
Four amplifiers, four 24 tires  
Fuck professional liars, fo' show enter our fire  
In a big black Chevy, starch real heavy  
Peanut butter reclinin', with the Steve Harvey line in  
Look at me Let me slide and ride and get inside  
And take you to my hood where it's do or die  
Where the whips is clean, we hustle for nickels and dimes  
Chips, green, the liquor was hard as a crime  
Custom machine and 'dro be on my mind  
Lace my team with life and bricks for dimes  
Ghetto soldier and you can't stop my shine  
Fresh, stunna, bitch respect my mind Here baby doll, up against the wall  
And through the sound, he broke it down

Only one more hypnotic and that's when he shot it  
I'm not lookin' for love, up in the club  
But I wanna go home with you, girl  
Sean Paul on the wall, break it down, do it girl  
Lift it up, let it flow, shake it fast, there it go  
Make it wobble, make it jiggle  
Put the pickle in the middle  
Push it back, make it clap, in and out, that's a wrap  
Good bye, so long, I got to go, I'm goin' home  
My favorite friend  
Let's bump and grind next weekend  
See you fuckin' with your boy, remember who gunna ride?  
When trouble hit the hood nigga, who gunna die?  
When shit get ugly nigga, who gunna fly?  
But when shit get bubbly everybody wanna ride me  
Benz, Lexus, the Coupe, the Jets  
Nigga holla at the boy, baby pimpin' the flesh  
Like in stalled evoy, third world is the set  
I'm a worldwide shiner bitch, I drove the best  
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