

Get Big (remix)

Dorrough

This is the remix
Hey Dorrough, you know you started something
With this Get Big shit, right
Got the whole world on it now, huh?
Catch up suckas
Hey, first thing first, I hit the scene solo
I rep the triple d, Dirk Nowitzki, Tony Romo
I can't be touched, oh no, I'm flashy like a photo
My car paint like the AT&T logo
Do it white paint on a Mazarati [unverified]
My outer wear is Gucci but my underwear is polo
You say you getting money but you baby mama say
You got a dollar in yo pocket, say my nigga youse a hobo
You ain't got enough money
You ain't got enough money
Get big, get big, get big, get big
This that Dirty Money crew
Yeah, hey yo Dorrough, it's ys boy Diddy
It's big nigga talk right here motherfucker
Come on check this out, go
Who the fuck talking money, ha, ha, ha, funny
I got so much money, my money count money
My nickname is Billy, I'm a motherfucking star
My penthouse so high that my address is Mars
Auto oil rig, now my bank counts Arabian
Yacht so big, you coulda sworn I brought the navy in
This is my throne, the top, I'm alone
If you ain't close to a billion, take yo broke ass home
Motherfucker
You ain't got enough money
You ain't got enough money
Get big, get big, get big, get big
Take yo broke as home man
This is big money talk right here
This is the remix, I see you Dorrough
Come on, come on, let's talk that shit niggas let's go
I spit dope, boy, knowledge bird in my pocket
There's too many hundreds, they can't fit in the wallet
Rubber band up, all white down

Three hundred twenties for the whole pound
Big block gators, fresh pair of Marcs
599, brand new Ferrari, remix
Yeah nigga, get it, million dollar, nigga
Money be my best friend, Yo Gotti
I got my city on my back, my diamonds on my front
Conjure up in my cup, grand daddy in my blunt
Did it, 2000 and whatever
The year is after this is Cadillac shoes

And the jazzy yellow misses
Wanna blow me kisses right around the zipper
Down and drop it to the flo? And I ain't even gotta tip her
R-I-P to Jack Tripper
Two up in the crib
They say they wanna have my babies
Then they better get a bib
Here they come
I came in as a rookie with my pockets on fat
Got a million dollar pussy, bitch, my cat got stacks
Uh, n-n-n-now that a boss bitch move
If you go against the boss but the boss never loses
Got a house on the water so I can feed the gators
Raspberry Porsche, 32 flavors
My bread so swoll, I can't fit it in my wallet
My pockets on big Christopher Wallace
Do it, shawty, let me say
Shawty Lo, do it B-I-G
I like a lot of hoes and I love the freaks
But if I had to choose, M-O-E
You ain't got enough paper
Middle finger to a hater
You remember me, Big Uf
Purp in mine, what's in yo cup?
You ain't got enough money
You ain't got enough money
Get big, get big, get big, get big
I post up, time to roll up
Give the hoes what they need
Give the people what they want
Uh, I don't fuck with no blunts
You know how it go homie, no zig zag, no drig drag
Wizzle man, rolling out the big bag with a bad bitch
Light brown skin thick ass, never slow
I get mine quick fast, getting money in this bitch ass

Standing on the couch in club with a pocket full of c-notes
Niggas can't tell me, I ain't bigger then Nino
Hop up in the Coupe, give it gas, I'm floating
Money getting big like the arms on Hulk Hogan
Stacks on top of stacks, baby, this is iHop
I be running down on sacks, auto I shop
Everything is big, big chain, keep a big chrome
Big house big truck, big body red bone
You ain't got enough money
You ain't got enough money
Get big, get big, get big, get big
You didn't know he was gonna bring it that big, huh?
Get used to it, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha and like that we gone

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