

# Big Girls

## Biggie Irie

I'm the girl whose name be heard  
Get a pen and pad so  
I can write down this verse  
Dem haters be hatin' thinkin'  
They hatin' can cause me a curse  
But they know if they keep it up  
They gonna get it worse  
I'm dat rapper that's known as  
The teen that don't write a lick  
And some never heard of me  
Yes but the ones that did heard me spit  
But some haters finna hate on me  
So they gonna need a cross kit  
Maybe a bandage  
No, maybe some surgery  
'Cause they finna have a 9  
Through they head  
Anyway my rapping was so good  
I made an avalenge  
And after I hurted dem haters  
Let's just say they finna hop in that ambulece  
Lie to they mommys and daddys that  
It was all an accident on tha stage  
They fell, oh well, boo hoo now they in a grave  
I don't need to worry 'cause I'm tryna  
Stack theses dollar signs like the twin tower  
Make it taller, make it high and make it higher  
Selling all of theses albums is  
Just gonna make ya haters hate mo  
'N make my pockets fatter  
I'm a hop in my Chevy, hope dem bitches  
Try not a still my cheese  
Oh well, I'm not worried, I'ma lock my box with this key  
So I'm gonna take a ride up in these streets  
No, I'ma stop for some deeze  
Chunk up tha duece, oh shit, dem haters stop  
They trashed up whip in a slow creep  
They got they 5's but I'ma be ready for them  
I got my 9, don't got nothin' to worry 'bout 'cause

I'm a have dem in that hospitals bed at night  
And after that I'm a make this cheese  
Stacked like the twin towers  
And I got so much witnesses  
They thought I was Ms. Michael Myers  
So if ya got another  
Then I'm gone, holla back

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