

Big Ballin'

Big Tymers

I told ya fuckin' ass I be back
In a brand new Fleetwood Cadillac
License plate say money makin' nigga fa sho
Chillin' by ya boy house kissin' on these hoes
See these broads want stars
Big dicks down in the drows
Seven days a week, seven brand new cars
Yeah, I done it parkin' GS 300
Check us and front it the Navigator
Garage with the elevator
You not a hata, then press second floor
So you can see the muthfuckin' Big Tymers car show
Now on the left side we got the brand new Benz
And on the right side bitches shakin' ass for ends
And in the middle niggas throwin' 20s and 10s
And up top niggas drinkin' juices
With gin juices, with gin juices, with gin
News cars, pretty broads, neighborhood superstars
Going far, goin' to the super bowl, in the hole
And I owe my nigga for frontin' me two kilos
Yellow ice with new heights, hoes got my name right
Fame got my muthafuckin' game tight
Dirt digga, hoe go-getta, nigga outta line
Playboy, I got ten on ya feet
Car shinna, rim blinda, 20 inch rida
Nigga and you can ride right beside me
Titty watcha, hoe stoppa, VCR tape poppa
Neighborhood naked flick watcha, border line Hen poppa
Byran is my heart and Pearl is my number one chick
And Cash Money Records gone run this nationwide shit
And playa you can believe that shit
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Kemosabe
Big, big, big ballin' is my hobby
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I see you jockin' Baby 'cuz he got a Mercedes
And ya know about his ladies, and all his babies
I know what they like, them brand new bikes
So we can ride around town like Tina and Ike
I'ma shine till I die nigga, we worldwide
Everybody know Cash Money ride or die nigga
Twenty inch wheels is what I roll
And when I pass yo bitch all outta control
Buyin' Lexus Land Cruisers
The 4-7 the big pipe user, hoe abuser
It's the project sticker man, full of liquor man
Ridin' with cha bitch with the Tymers playin'
Ballin' everyday popin' Dom P bottles
Ball til ya fall is the Cash Money motto
Flashy cars , pretty broads
The word uptown we bought these cars
For girls I bought pretty jewels
With new shoes, with tatoos
A Cash Money motto do what you gotta do
Fight who you gotta fight
Shoot who you gotta shoot
Boot who you gotta boot
Do what you gotta do
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Kemosabe
Big, big, big ballin' is my hobby
Ten years ago a friend of mine
Brought me to uptown second line
Met meatball, nair, anglin' mets
Want you do a D.J. in the jets
Bought two trigger mans and brown beat
Now you can pop that pussy in the middle of the street
Best believe next week I'ma be downtown
Point court St. Bernard bitch throwin' down
Then I'm mosy on down 'cross the kanel
Put up the mic 'cuz I got a fuckin' story ta tell, Teresa
Yous a Cash Money bitch
Say what you still a Cash Money bitch
I say lil' Lisa
You still a Cash Money bitch
Say what you still a Cash Money bitch
My nigga Baby ya wit me
Fa sho
Now bring it to the McMelph Caliope
Niggas livin' for the Sunday
On the lake bakin' cake

Watchin' niggaz ridin' 'round with they honey
(Drinkin' Daquiri)
Hoes packin', white folks actin'
Givin' tickets nigga for the jackin'
Niggaz feudin', game losin'
Lil' told me ta watch these hoes tryin' to abuse me
Joe Casey, goin' crazy
My homeboy told me to watch these motherfuckin' feds
Chilly, Chilly actin' silly but cha name Killa
Told me he gon' kill him a nigga
Suga Slim, all in, game tight
And we just about to start this all night flight

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