

Big Amount (Feat. Drake) [Prod. By Buddah Bless]

2 Chainz

I'mma tell you, I'mma tell you this right now

If you, if you woke up this mornin', nigga you winnin' for realI got a big amount, I took a different route

I am the pick of the litter

I was in juvy, they gave me community

I had to pick up some litter

I want it easy, please do not tease me

I wore my Yeezys to dinner

This is the season, I got the seasonin'

Don't make me sprinkle you niggas

I got my reasons, you wanna please me

Send me the pussy, not pictures

Met her this week and fucked her this evenin'

She turn to freak on the liquor

Yeah, I am a boss on these bitches

Yeah, I pour some Voss on these bitches

Yeah, I have no thoughts on these bitches

Yeah, rock Double Cross on these bitches, yeah

Dearly departed, gather today

On some Prince shit

You know what they say

Me and my safe, got a friendship

Ten on me, thin weight, flip weight, gettin' paid

Gettin' laid

Bitch made, took off sick days

6 Trey, 64 bounce, bitch, bounce

Hood nigga, favorite spot was the Waffle House

Patty melt with the hash browns

Tryna avoid all the pat downs

Tryna avoid all the lame hoes

Weirdos in the background

Black out when I back out

Blow the horn for a pedestrian

Shawty ride like an equestrian

I bought the dress that she in

Red bottoms in his and hers

Got a Rollie in his and hers

Got a car in his and hers

Walk in the zoo and say, "Pick a fur"

Last night was a blur to me

This mornin' I got two with me
I don't know what to do with me
Goin' ape like the zoo with me
Got a tool with the screw missin'
Two girls in the pool kissin'
Everywhere I go, the rod with me
'Cause these niggas actin' too fishy
Fuck y'all niggas on, man?
Duffle bag forever
Just left V Live
Atlanta could never die as long as Tit alive
Yeah Look, I got a big amount
I think I'm the biggest out
Got hits and I ain't even put 'em out
Lit and you can't even put it out
Got the Billboard melodies
Rap is somethin' I do on the side
Crossed over to the other side
And I didn't even have to die
Got the money and I never show it
Let a nigga try to play heroic
Michael Jackson talkin' to me in my dreams
And he say, "You bad and you know it"
Better shamone with my check then
I'm a J. Prince investment
Niggas love to talk reckless
Then see me like best friends
Got the sand colored FN
And I've never seen the inside of a Marriott or a Westin
Five stars, nothin' less than
Fuck niggas on your payroll
And you let 'em know the safe code
And you knew him for a month though
But you call them niggas big bro
You could move in the Hidden Hills
And we still don't live by the same code
I'm respected everywhere I go
Nigga, long live Bankroll
Skip the rainbow, funny style shit
And it's straight to the pot of gold
Somebody, everybody know
6 God with the god flow

Songwriters

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