

Big Body

ScHoolboy Q

Get your issue funky bitch, you slow on your feet
Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)

Man, them niggas ain't cold (cold)

Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)

Man, them niggas ain't cold (ain't cold)

Man, they jewelry ain't froze (ain't froze)

Man, them bitches won't go where your money don't grow

Big body, big Benz
Steppin' in my big blue Chucks

Groovy Q, they all wanna fuck

Park the Cutlass at the pump

Hit the switches over speed bumps

Knocking six twelves in the trunk

Where the girls with the rump?

All the pretty bitches to the front

All you groupie niggas to the back

Put the 50s on the map

Got my Hoover star on the hat

Cause we groovin' like that

Yeah, we movin' like that

Swear to dick I shoulda made racks

Nigga, clean, dick in that cat

Got my Jimmy on strap

Like it when your booty get tapped (uh)

Why your jewelry ain't froze?

Why your money won't grow?

I move the pussy, can't fold (can't fold)

Bruh, you want a download

Cus, walk on Melrose (Melrose)

I'ma sling an elbow (elbow)

Get a job? Hell no!
Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)

Man, them niggas ain't cold (cold)

Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)

Man, them niggas ain't cold (ain't cold)

Man, they jewelry ain't froze (ain't froze)

Man, them bitches won't go where your money don't grow

Big body, big Benz
Woke and I'm already drunk

I'ma give these bitches what they want

Put this dick up in your rib

We could bring the party to the crib

Give them bitches dick to mouth and then doggy on the couch

Show up with the script, nigga bow
Nigga slanging D up in the drought
Before we bring the bitches out
Nigga west coast up in the house
Leave your trapping in the south
Bring the grooves to your feet
I could make a million every week
Bro this big body Benz ain't cheap
Why them bitches want me?
Bro you want it lowkey
Shit I probably OD, I'ma live it up free
Judge, no I never couldn't be
Everybody dance floor, what you got a man for?
Girl, I could do the pussy Rambo
Do I love her? Hell no
Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)
Man, them niggas ain't cold (cold)
Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)
Man, them niggas ain't cold (ain't cold)
Man, they jewelry ain't froze (ain't froze)
Man, them bitches won't go where your money don't grow
Big body, big Benz
In a drop top shit, yeah the knock knock
6 in the morning and I'm yelling out don't stop
Money makes the world go 'round in case you didn't know
In case you didn't know about these pussies and these hoes
And these sluts, what's up? Heard they actin' up
If you don't give a shit then nigga we don't give a fuck
I told you once before that this just how this shit go
ScHoolboy Q with Tha Dogg Pound flow, you know
We hella faded
Man fuck that bitch, nigga why you fakin'?
Man fuck that bitch, nigga why you hatin'?
Fuck that bitch, you trip
This is what you get
Fuckin' 'round with this DPG shit
TDE bitch
We ain't talkin', no conversation
We just bangin' around the nation
If you don't know now you should know that
Fuck that
We ain't talkin', no conversation
We just bangin' around the nation
If you don't know now you should know that
Fuck that
Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)
Man, them niggas ain't cold (cold)
Man, them niggas ain't hot (hot)
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Big body, big Benz

Songwriters

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