

# Bigroom Blitz (Radio Mix)

## Scooter

Chapter five!  
International blitz!  
It's, it's the bigroom blitz! Tune it up! Shotta got the plan, man  
Always like a Grand Slam  
Big shot, all in one  
Shotalot is on the run  
Crack on the whips, never check  
Bust in tight, front to back  
I reach my fate at the gates  
God says shotta yo was great When I'm shopping and my bag  
Filled with options so don't ask  
What it cost I'm in a Maserati  
Coupe going so fast  
That I lost 'em and my bitch got so much swag  
That these bad bitches on us  
Ah! Killing y'all, pow! Big-room blitz!  
It's it's the bigroom blitz! Bring the noise! I jack them hoes, direct them hoes  
Take 'em home and let them hoes  
Go live out their fantasies  
They're popping pills, I'm rolling weed  
Even got a couple bad bitches overseas (seas, seas, seas, seas) Shotta got the slo-mo  
You can call it pro flow  
Every shot a straight flush  
Shotalot is in a rush  
Back on the floor, lyrical madness  
On the mic, Jack the cactus  
I reach my fate at the gates,  
God says shotta, you was great! Shotta gotta the chicks,  
It's, it's the bigroom blitz!  
E-ha  
Yeah!

### Songwriters

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