

Big Amount (feat. Drake)

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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