

# Big Homie (feat. Rick Ross & French Montana)

## Diddy

You could go to any hood, bet they know me  
Rose gold pinky ring, master Rollie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie  
Big homie, big homie, big homie, big homie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie I'm winnin' for the new bitch, she was stunting  
That pussy got a paper tag and it's a hundred  
My bellman call me Sir Combs, I'm Richard Drummond  
My Rolls Royce spray cologne, the fragrance money  
It's Bad Boys Records, bitch, you know I run it  
Ciroc Amaretto coming, them bitches love it  
I show up with my jewelry on and never doubt it  
You show up with your jewelry on and leave without it I could go to any hood, bet they know me  
Rose gold pinky ring, master Rollie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie  
Big homie, big homie, big homie, big homie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie, big homie Diddy go to any hood, big Rollie  
Top down on any block, niggas know me  
The only one that's topping Forbes, I'm gettin' lonely  
See us out here racing yachts like 'fuck the police'  
Bugatti swerving lane to lane, we gettin' money  
Once promoters say my name, fly bitches coming  
These ratchet bitches love a nigga so cuff your chick in  
More 80's than the 80's, nigga, I'm money mention, I'm money mention You could go to any hood, bet they  
know me  
Rose gold pinky ring, master Rollie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie  
Big homie, big homie, big homie, big homie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie My bitches get the Christians, nigga, and Giuseppe  
My bitches get the Berkin, nigga, they hold the weapons  
My bitches get the Range Rovers, that's for affection  
My bitches get the realest nigga, she's my reflection  
I make my bitches traffic dope, that's my profession  
She swallow dope and looking pregnant, time for c-section

Thank God your pockets where I'm from, here block, they bless us  
50 millimeter drum, go get them stretchers, get them stretchers You could go to any hood, bet they know me  
Rose gold pinky ring, master Rollie  
Boy, you're a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie  
Big homie, big homie, big homie, big homie  
Boy, you're a little nigga, Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, big homie, big homie I be calling all the shots, big homie, big homie (Ha!)

Songwriters

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