

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

Sean Combs Published by

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