

Big Boi (feat. Tommy Genesis)

ABRA

So you're a big boy, but let me tell you
Just because you're big, that don't mean a thing
You're a big boy, you can handle yourself
But what I'm looking for I need somebody else
Don't telephone my home cause love don't live there no more
He tryna talk in numbers, I ain't counting no score
Sit me down, pat me down, camo in the club
With the papi looking over shoulder checking from above
Making sure he know me so he know me that way
I be rolling my eyes at his rapping and his swag
Just because you big boy, I ain't down for the licking
Just because you fine, I ain't the bitch you get with and
Just because you tip that don't mean you come from money
I ain't mad I'm just bored so get this motherfucker off me
I could be a lot of things but I ain't your girl...
Hennessy and VVS turn you to a beast
You're buying bottle after bottle then you trying to feel on me
Didn't know I got them shooters and they waiting in the cut
You must be looking for hooters because I am not the one
You a cutie so kabuki I'm not keke, bitch is choosy
Call me sweetie juicy fruity, you gon leave and I'mma do me
All that gold got you thinking that you got the Midas touch
Acting like you know me, keep it up I'll cut that pretty tongue
I don't wanna hear anymore tales 'bout where you from
Go back to your section, your groupies look like they need love
You a big boy but you not gon' be my man
Flex with your rollie I still dont wanna hold your hand
You a big boy but you not gon be my man
You a big boy but you not gon be my man
You a big boy but you not gon be my man
Flexing your position but I'm not a fucking fan You're a big boy
You're a big boy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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