

# Big Tymers

## Big Tymers

For sure, lil' one  
Off top, playboy  
Look here  
These lil' young jive motherfuckers just jumpin' off the porch

Let me at 'em

Better catch they motherfuckin' cut, nigga  
Look, this block is mine  
And I don't need these niggas playin' with our hoes  
'Cause they're my hoes (say, playboy)  
I done fucked the whole block already, ya understand

We don't even want you comin' 'round no more

Bitch-ass nigga, catch your cut  
We got this shit, wodie

Gotta hustle

Back where I started on my set in black (Uh-huh)  
Hopped out the passenger side of my 'Lac (Then what?)  
Under my nuts was two ounces of crack (Yeah?)  
My lil' nigga, Geezy, say he needed a stack (For sure)  
Fronted my lil' wodie a ounce of crack  
The bricks look the same, but them youngsters be strapped  
From snortin' dope smokin' momo's, and jackin'  
Old folks scared that's why they be snappin' (What?)  
callin the law, look-a-who'n and rattin'  
I told the young nigga to learn to mack  
Pop in a Too \$hort tape

"Born to Mack"

We hard-headed head bustas  
We don't give a fuck - untamed motherfuckers  
Jumped off the porch as a young motherfucker (What?)  
My momma's dead (what)  
My daddy's dead (What?)  
My brother's a dope fiend, I'm duckin' the Fed (You lyin')  
Word got around that a nigga was paid (Yeah?)  
Supplied the whole uptown - word was said (Yeah?)  
With quarters and halves (Yeah?), chickens and bricks (Yeah?)  
Bundles of dope and ounces and shit  
We drive Bentley's and Jags (What?), Corvettes and bikes (What?)  
Two Mercedes Wagons with kits and lights (What?)  
(?) and Prowlers (What?), Suburbans and jets (What?)  
Twenty-inch momo's with a-thousand a bet (For sure)

Big Tymers - they g's, too  
Them niggas'll creep, too  
They'll slang iron where your family sleep, too  
Big Tymers - they thug, too  
Them niggas sell drugs, too  
They don't just stunt - Baby and Fresh'll bust, too

What?

Now, I know you been waitin', playa, all night long (For what?)  
For me to say, "Fuck a bitch," in a tight-ass song (What?)  
Well, this the one, lil' daddy: fuck that bitch (Fuck her)  
Y'all know who I'm talkin' 'bout - she can suck my dick (Eat up)  
They wanna be with a nigga when your money come right (for real?)  
When shit get bad, them hoes clean outta sight (For real?)  
B.G. downed the broad and he passed her to Juvy (What?)  
Baby got the bitch, and he put her in a movie  
Triple-X rated (Huh?)  
Joe Casey say, "The bitch ate it."  
Our two D.J.'s say, "The bitch can't be faded."  
Once again, it's on  
The bitch jammed up with Stone (Then what?)  
Wayne and Turk did the bitch when we left her alone  
Then the sharks, nigga (Sharks?)  
Yes, the sharks, nigga (Yes, the sharks, nigga)  
Fucked the bitch in her ass in the park, nigga (In the park, nigga)  
I don't know that lil' nigga, but I'ma pass her to him  
Motherfuck that dog ass, jive bitch: Kim

Big Tymers don't trust hoes  
Big Tymers don't love hoes  
After they finished with 'em, them niggas, they'll shove hoes  
Big Tymers - they toss hoes  
They don't brown-nose  
They think they all that, they got the whole clique down them hoes

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What, what, what,  
We put diamonds, and Rolies, and bracelets, and rings, and  
necklace, and pendants, and \$'s, and chains, and  
twenty's on Bentley's, and Prowlers, and Jaguars  
Cadillac's, and Benzes, and Beamer's, and fast cars  
Houses and mansions with marble and mink floors  
Movie-screen TV's with automatic glass doors  
Hoes say they love me, but friendships don't last, though  
We rich but we fucked up from shit with the last hoes  
The dollar ain't on the chest, the body is still tatted  
Ride or die for CMR - get outta line, get battered  
Lil' Wheezy more platted  
Baby more platted  
Big Tymers, Hot Boys, and them sharks - they all gatted  
My watch thirty karats - Suga Don the grand-daddy  
Rappers, while you're hatin' your car, we now have it  
(?) we move packages, (?) jack it  
Man stood and rest in piece - head bustas was his jackin'  
Dog, when I grow up, I wanna be just like me:  
A millionaire, bobbin' his head to a Mannie Fresh beat  
And I swear under my shirt, June Miami heat  
Around my neck with some fingers'll last 'til January

Big Tymers stunt very hard  
Drive the finest cars  
Big Tymers got that work  
Got a Impala, and got it hard  
Big Tymers - they live in lavish  
Neck and the wrist is platted

Every kind of diamond that they got, them niggas have it

For sure, nigga (For sure, nigga)

B.G. and the fam'

If you gotta be a B.T.

It's like bein' a H.B.

A H.B.

Ya understand

Ya understand

Ya undersmell that

Ya gotta go get it

Damn, Baby, you're blindin' me, yeah

You're blindin' me, yeah

Boy, you're blindin' me, yeah

You're blindin' me, yeah

Turk and Lil' Wheezy

Lil' Wheezy

To then B.Geezy

To then B.Geezy, to O.Geezy

How you love that

And it's all good, nigga (It's all good, nigga)

Get your mind right

Get your mind right

Big Tymers been doin' this here (Been doin' this here)

Since '92, nigga

Pimpin' ain't easy (Pimpin' ain't easy)

Been stun'n

Been stun'n

Repped out like a motherfucker

Number-one stunna, nigga

Uptown New Orleans, nigga

The world's number-one stunna, and the world's best producer, nigga

The Big Tymers