

# Big Beast

Killer Mike

Hard cold G shit, homie, I don't play around  
Ain't shit sweet bout the peach - this Atlanta, clown  
Home of the dealers and the strippers and the clubs, though  
Lurking in the club, ol' tourist motherfuckers  
These monkey niggas looking for some Luda and Jermaine  
And all a nigga found was a Ruger and some pain  
Pow, motherfucker, pow! One off in the brain  
Money-hungry wolves, and we down to eat the rich  
Your bodyguard ain't shit, we strip her like a stripper bitch  
These real-ass killers move in silence with violence  
The minute it set off, be the motherfucking wildest  
How you from Atlanta that they never speak upon  
Everybody got a sack of dope and a gun

And you know just how it go  
We ain't playing round with that bullshit  
Nigga, we ain't let that shit go  
This real G shit, you gotta show respect

Once upon a time in the projects  
An O.G. saw a young Bun B as a prospect  
Thought that I would understand the streets from a very young age  
So he opened up the G code to the front page  
He sat me on the porch, said, "This where little dogs sit"  
Pointed at the yard, said, "That's where big dogs shit"  
He said, "Don't leave til your ass get growed  
Whatever you want is whatever you can have  
Bring the pain and leave em wet, like they soaking in some salve  
When you step out on the ave, make sure they wanna see ya  
Cause being trill is an onomatopoeia  
Be about it like a G, never let them catch you slipping  
Try to be a Jordan, but settle for a Pippen"  
Player, I ain't even tripping, but I don't really care  
Cause my pistol's in your face, so put your hands in the air

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In a six, I'm riding with a pistol grip, banana clip  
From Simpson Road to Adamsville, I'm repping this Atlanta shit  
Nigga trying to handle up, let's see can they handle this  
A hundred round at em, that ain't no Louisiana shit  
Drinking on that Hennessey, blowing on that cannabis  
Amerikkka's nightmare, trap nigga fantasy  
Record full of felonies, searching for a better me  
But choppers go off in my hood like Iraq, Cuba, Tel Aviv  
Pretty nigga, let him be, fuck him, shorty  
Sucker nigga I'll never be, don't give a fuck about it  
Quick to round up on that Audi, make em get the fuck up out it  
Nigga better be about it, he deserve it he allow it  
What's a coward to a kamikaze?  
He ain't robbed a man, ain't predator or prey; the law of nature where I stay  
I catch you slipping with that K, ain't no illusion, no confusion

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Wha-da-da-dang, wha-da-da-da-da-dang  
Listen to my clip before that five go bang  
Bang bang, guap time, rep game  
We the readers of the books and the leaders of the crooks  
Predators, we eyeballing all of y'all lames  
Let me fall off, I'm taking all of y'all chains  
All of y'all watches and all of y'all cars  
Well, who you talking to? All of y'all stars  
All of y'all rappers and producers and such  
No homo promo, homie, you might get your ass touched  
Like Def Jam circa '83, you get rushed  
If you rolling with some winners, then you rolling with us  
I know some dope country niggas, but them niggas ain't weak  
Know they dressing looking hard, but them niggas ain't cheap  
I don't make dance music, this is R.A.P  
Opposite of the sucker shit they play on T.V

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