

Big Money, Big Cars

Killer Mike

I make big money, buy big cars, everybody know me (everybody know me)
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I make big money, buy big cars, everybody know me (like I'm a movie star)

Talking money, getting Mike in new pair of Nikes
They said life was a bitch so I made her my wife
I'm talking holy matrimony 'til some other fucking money
Them other boys is talking but I swear to God they phony
Fuckboys crazy, nothing but That's why my motto to this day is still 'Fuck y
ou, pay me'
Any rap nigga acting like he want it with me
I swear to God I'll put his rapping-ass next to Biggie
I swear to God I'll put his rapping-ass next to Pac
Martin Luther King, nigga, certified by the block
Gold 54 riding all chrome, big block
And the paint so wet I'm in need of a mop
Black and yellow Chevy and it's looking like a bumblebee
My partner came through in his Gellardo trying to humble me
I left, came back, Murciélago straight stunting G
When he seen me bending left, nigga must have shit hisself

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Gucci shirt, Gucci jeans, Gucci this, Gucci that
Before I walk out the house, everything gotta match
I ride through this bitch with a pocket full of money
I bet no nigga won't say nothing in front me
I went and bought a Benz and went and got a bike
Went and stopped by the paint shop then sprayed 'em cold white
Them 24-inches man, you know what it is
A nigga put 'em on so my shit'll look big
I'm a certified goon, I be putting in work
I ride with the cannon cause I be doing hella dirt
I'm the all black fitted with them all-black swatches
Pushing through the ghetto running from the paparazzi
All the hood niggas love me
The price on the coke, nigga, it look so lovely
I'm a thug 'til I die
The club ain't poppin' if these bitches ain't high
You know me

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Trina, Lil Kim, Mariah
Rihanna even Mýa
Got reps like singing cheques
A whip for each desire
They told me never to burn a bridge but I still keep a lighter
Ain't met a former friend that proved he can compete with fire
And the paint so wet I gotta park my cars inside a dam

So fly my clothing line should be called the 'Mileage Plan'
Metal inside my hand promise it ain't no trying fam
That Marvel comic baby
(What you mean?)
That Iron Man
That Maserati body parked right there outside the lobby
P-O-P to your body if you ever trying to try me
And the paint soaked c-c-candy ladies wanna lick my like a lolli-
P-O-P so my hobby is to sit behind a Jolly-
Rancher, look at my swagger, my name is more than known
My garage the square footage of the Georgia Dome
Got imported stones, always order chrome
Every other week my ride is gonna be exactly what I want it on

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