

Go Big

Spouse

I go big, or go home
Gotta put it on the line till your chips all gone
Go big, or go home
Either climb to the top or you sink like a stone
Go big, or go home
You're sounding like a quitter, you should change your tone
So go big, or go home
Even peasants, they can make it to to the throne, come on

I go big, go big, looking like a kid in all
Big Boi, Big L, Big Sean, Biggie Smalls
Looking like a corn kernel, 'bout to pop
You'll never make it to the top if you're afraid to flop
My hunger never stops, you can see it in my appetite
If you want that spot, then you'll need to make a sacrifice
If you wanna have a slice, you better practice right
Bitch, I'm so committed I'll be rapping in my afterlife
I hit the scene with passion, initially like an acronym
P. Dank till I D-I-E, I rep that team I'm rapping in
Until bills fill the tub that I'm basking in
Until I'm massive like the ass of a Kardashian
Crack up on the track again, you're trash up in the plastic bin
Play the game like a captain if you wanna snatch a win
Never cashing in, til' I hit that lotto
And ever since a kid, going big has been my motto

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Man I've risked my rent money, my food money, my car payment, my quarters
I went big time, like Flav's clock, now I'm paid off, like extorters
I got lots of ambition and no guarantees
I'm only going on IG if it starts with a B
'Cause I go big big, I'm a big kid, I'm a grownup, but I'm nuts
I'd bet everything that I have that I could make gold out of this dust
If you say you want it but you never leave the sofa
Then I'm sure your highest status on this earth is mediocre
My attitude is "I'm in it," the dude isn't timid
Making moves my religion 'cause the mood is the limit
Rather die enormous than live dormant, that's how I'm on it
That's the Jay-Z lyric that I'm living by, I promise
Gotta take that leap and don't look look look look look down
Or you'll be a pussy and a chicken, bock bock bock bock meow
Your laurels got rested on, your dreams never invested on
So you're still working in that restaurant
You didn't

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I gotta go big, my friends need room to swim through endorphins
You're boxed in, you're more towards, Bob's Discount Store You're dormant, but enough about you
Every view from my door Look, are the coordinates I was born in, I rep for Maine like LePage
But I'm not fat and ignorant, enough ambition for four men
I been active, I been rapping, but I haven't been the main attraction
So what you thought, that I gave it up when I came up in to be stagnant?
Turn into with the feet that'll march to the beat you're tapping
Forever working so it's happening, don't ever ask what happened
I'm pretty sure that I'm more busy
Went high tide and your shore shifty
The power trip, let the core dry
Although I'm sure that you're privy
Same crew, they came through, that with me
You pretend I'd give you short of five, like four-fifty, more importantly
Getting where I fit in like it's engineered
If I don't fit, I find a bigger hammer, or find another spot to fish

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