

## Mr. Big

8Ball & MJG

Now, I was broke as a muthafucka, my life at the end see  
My so called friends, they had no ends to lend me  
My job at Mickie Ds was fuckin' me with no grease  
I worked so fuckin' hard, but the money, it never increased  
I quit my fuckin job, I had no job nigga  
Put on the mask, get the gloc, it's time to rob nigga  
I hit the streets, but no victim had been chosen  
Damn I was nervous, but my fear wouldn't stop my strollin  
Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, I was struck  
I felt the burn of bullets, so I knew I had got bucked  
Reachin for my tech, the bullets hit me in my chest  
My eyes closed shut, and I thought I seen death  
I woke up at the med still woozy from my jackin

T-Money walked in and he told me what had happened  
I knew him from the hood, but I did not know him well  
He drove a red jag, and I knew that he was bale  
He said he was rollin when he seen me in distress

He said he killed the muthafuckin niggas with his tech  
He offered me a job said he'd front me what I needed

I said that I was with it dreamin one day I would be..

Mr. Big!

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Mr. Big, Mr. Big, but not because of my size  
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I hit the street slanging yayo, then I sold up my block  
Sellin 8, sellin deals, sellin \$20 rocks  
Sellin dimes, sellin nickels to the junkies on my tracks  
Gettin my dick sucked with the crumbs from the crack  
Some nigga tried to jack me, but he only had a knife  
A clip full of hollow tips took the bitches' life  
Standin on the track, my mobile rung and it was T  
"Hello?" - "Yo Eight, be the fuck around 3" - "Aight!"  
I met him at the park, he had a job for me again  
Rob some Columbians, and get my ass in  
Hit for 30 birds, if I live, I'd get five  
I smoked them damn Columbians, and then got what was mine  
Over time, my clientel rappidly increased  
My bank got bigger, that's when bitches started jockin me  
Cars and clothes had me fuckin different hoes  
A fat bank roll was keepin me cool with the 5-0  
I had niggas workin under me to take the heat  
I never touched the dope, makin a 100 Gs a week  
I gained respect, I'm the biggest playa of all time  
Don't ever fuck with me, cause I'm...  
Mr. Big!

Chillin at the club with T-Money and J-B  
Lil Adrian and Boo, and my nigga, MJG  
I had the bitches staring at the twinkle of my diamonds  
Drinkin on this Yak, makin my way to the back  
When I saw this little bitch lookin finer than the rest  
With a long black weave and a tight red dress  
I started conversatin, but she didn't want to talk to me  
Straight up to the hotel room, now the bitch is suckin the  
Dick of this nigga that is smarter than the bitch thank  
Then she got up, now somethin in the air stank  
She went in the bathroom and locked the door behind her  
I got off the bed and grabbed the tech from the dresser  
Stood by the door when it opened, niggas came out  
Grab my muthafuckin gun, "Hey nigga!"  
Then, I grabbed the girl cause some more niggas had busted in  
Shot that bitch in the dome with my muthafuckin chrome  
Shot up all the niggas, but I took one in the leg  
When the cops busted in, I was laying on the bed  
Walked up out the room, did I go to jail?  
Hell no! They can't stop me..  
Long live Mr. Big Ho!!!!

[Chorus]