Big Rim's

When I ride, you know I'm sitting on dos-two's DVD's with TV screens, I'm looking cool But uh be looking cool for myself, slowed down Slowed down, slowed down You know I can't, I see nothing but luck in my surroundings But, I'm fin's to take over this rap game fa sho Me and my raw click, spitting heat you didn't know 1 Da Boy done linked up, with that Avarice Scatting bout fifty deep, been alone Avalanche truck what, we out the roof like what Stunting and big balling, spending cheese like what Costing bout fifty G's, point two's for my truck Ice up in my Roley, so blue the wrist shut Line chronic my man, we stay rolling it up Verse gon stay hot, so you better give it up For me and my nigga Po, we ain't to be touched Haters I got a message, you can shut the fuck up

I flip the big trucks, with the big rims Fat tires, call em Yokohama slims TV screens, with the DVD's PS2 playing, on 17 inch monitor screens (2x)

22's 23's, 24's and 5's Everything that I ride, sitting wide and live This is H-Town's finest, glowing covered in diamonds Hard on the mic, forever be chart climbing They know who I am, forever don't give a damn Sitting low to the ground, in a brand new lamb Shot calling, and they shit out of luck Here go the kush young nigga, twist that purple up

You know I'm showing off fronting my mouth, because I like to stunt Big bodies on 22's, with the special made front This my a-bidness boy, how I make my cash flow And it's my a-bidness boy, always when I wanna ball I'm having a conversation, on my cellular phone Somebody mad at me, cause me Po ride chrome With TV screens up in the head rest, two tone Mad because my paint change, like them Color boys

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Southsi' for li', Westside fa sho Got plenty of endo, got plenty of cash flow In a SUV, you know we tinted and bented G's thugs and killers, hard heads how all in it Let me get a minute, take a second to wreck When we step out on the scene, getting much respect C.M.G. nigga, we ain't gon tear it apart We gon rise in the game, like we did from the start We tossing and giving dap, still be rolling slab

Lil' Keke

Still be paying ten, living ghetto fab We looking for lil' mamas, rolling on Yokahamas Hurting these boys mind, we causing em head trauma On the money train, trying to dodge hard rain Gripping up on the grain, leave a stain All in the brain, I push slims on tims Sitting and looking good, I'm riding big rims

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