

#1 Stunna

Big Tymers

Nigga can't out-stunt me when it come to these fuckin' cars, nigga
Believe that!

You know me - I don't need no introduction and shit
Ride Bentley's 'round the city on buttons, ya bitch
Arm hangin', wrist blingin' - just stun'n and shit
Drop the top, block is hot
Stay bumpin', ya bitch
B. Atrice get it right, don't tangle and twist it
Hit the club every night, drunk - drinkin' that Crissy
Niggas mad - don't like it 'cause I'm bangin' they bitches
When the light hit the ice, it twankle and glistens
Baby, Brian, B., Bubble - you can call me what you feel
Hoppin' out the platinum Hummer with the platinum grill
With the platinum pieces, and the platinum chains
With the platinum watches, and the platinum rings (platinum rings)
Last shit ain't changed
Still doin' my thing
Still do it for the block - nuts hang and swing
You don't know another nigga that can stunt like me (stunt like me)
Big Tymer representin', nigga - the U.P.T.

I'm a hard stun'n nigga like Evil Knievel
Jumpin' out Lex's and Hummers - showin' off for my people
I'm the # 1 stunna!
Wh-what, wh-what, what?
The # 1 stunna!
Wh-what, wh-what, what?

James Bond, Jackie Chan, and that bitch, MacGyver
Private planes, Jaguars, Bentley's, and Prowlers
I'm the # 1 stunna!
Wh-what, wh-what, what?
The # 1 stunna!
Wh-what, wh-what, what?

I put dubs on cars - when I ride, I'm fly
We thugs, not stars, bitch - ride or die
Put bricks on blocks, nigga - cooked and cut
Juvy 'bout to hold the rocks, nigga, hook it up
Diamonds on my hoes' feet - when they walk, they spark
Diamonds in my fuckin' teeth - when I talk, I spark
Don't fuck around with beef - when it start, I spark
Me and my Hot Boy creeps - when it's dark, we spark
Just bought a new car, and I spent about a million
The motherfuckin' driver seat sittin' in the middle
Me and my son, Wheezy, got a house by the water
I'll be fuckin' bad bitches (bad bitches, bad bitches)

I be hittin' they daughters

I like my dick sucked fast

I like to play with them rookies

I like to fuck 'em in they ass while he beat up the pussy
I'm the number-one stunna - you don't want my shit

I'ma stunt 'til I die, bitch, the shit don't quit

Baby, pop the Cryst-al, and shine the jew-els
Get the Cadillac from Sewell with twenty-inch L's

Boss B.,
Slow down in the Jag, you lost me

Slow down, Wayne - you know that's all on me

But you know how slow the new Rolls Royce be
Come on - you know how slow the new Rolls Royce be

Baby, give me the ki's, give me the weed,
give me the G's, give me the Mack-10
Let me see happenin'
To me, these niggas laggin'

What's up, Boss B.
You ever got beef with a busta, you can call me
You know I keep a "blucka-blucka"
Hit 'em all week
Give me the keys to the bubble
I'm on y'all street
Juvenile (Juvenile)

Baby, let me get the keys to the Rover Truck
Man, let me get this beef shit over, bruh

But wait,
My nigga, Baby - he live on chrome
My nigga, Baby - he get his shine on

Now, it's plain and simple, nigga
I ain't met a nigga yet
could fuck with these Cash Money Hot Boys with these cars, nigga
See that new Monte Carlo, that's hot and on fire
that my dog, Fresh, had first
We got 'em on dubs
That Lexus - the new one - that come out in 2001 with the frog eyes
I got that bitch on dubs
And that Yu- the new Yukon, that's bubble-eye
I got that bitch on dubs
And that Mercedes Wagon, with the kit, that's kitted out
look like it got frog eyes
That bitch on dubs
And I got that Benz that me and my dog bought for our bitches
We got this shit here on dubs
We all drive Bentley's on dubs
I'm tryin' to put platinum eyebrows on these hoes
I just bought me a platinum football field, nigga
Ya understand?
Don't fuck with me with these cars, nigga (at all, playboy)
We the number-one stunnas, nigga (Nigga, we don't give a fuck)
Got that Viper with them rattlin stripes, with that kit
Ya understand?
We ain't playin'
TV's in all our shit
Believe that, playboy
(Fuck your whole hood up)