

# Big Ballin'

Big Tymers

I told ya fuckin' ass I be back  
In a brand new Fleetwood Cadillac  
License plate say money makin' nigga fa sho  
Chillin' by ya boy house kissin' on these hoes  
See these broads want stars  
Big dicks down in the drows  
Seven days a week seven brand new cars  
Yeah I done it parkin' GS 300  
Check us and front it the Navigator  
Garage with the elevator  
You not a hata  
Then press second floor  
So you can see the muthfuckin' Big Tymers car show  
Now on the left side we got the brand new Benz  
And on the right side bitches shakin' ass for ends  
And in the middle niggas throwin' 20s and 10s  
And up top niggas drinkin' juices with gin juices with gin juices with gin

News cars  
Pretty broads  
Neighborhood superstars  
Going far  
Goin' to the super bowl  
In the hole  
And I owe my nigga for frontin' me two kilos  
Yellow ice  
With new heights  
Hoes got my name right  
Fame got my muthafuckin' game tight  
Dirt digga  
Hoe go-getta  
Nigga outta line  
Playboy I got ten on ya feet  
Car shinna  
Rim blinda  
20 inch rida  
Nigga and you can ride right beside me  
Titty watcha  
Hoe stoppa  
VCR tape poppa  
Neighborhood naked flick watcha  
Border line Hen (hennesey) poppa  
Byran is my heart and Pearl is my number one chick  
And Ca\$h Money Records gone run this nationwide shit  
And playa you can believe that shit

Whoa whoa whoa Kemosabe  
Big big big ballin' is my hobby

I see you jockin' Baby cuz he got a Mercedes  
And ya know about his ladies  
And all his babies

I know what they like  
Them brand new bikes  
So we can ride around town like Tina and Ike  
I'ma shine till I die nigga

We worldwide everybody know Ca\$h Money ride or die nigga

Twenty inch wheels is what I roll  
And when I pass yo bitch all outta control

Buyin' Lexus Land Cruisers  
The 4-7 the big pipe user  
Hoe abuser

Its the project sticker man  
Full of liquor man  
Ridin' with cha bitch with the tymers playin'

Ballin everyday popin' Dom P bottles  
Ball til ya fall is the Ca\$h Money motto  
Flashy cars  
Pretty broads  
The word uptown we bought these cars  
For girls I bought  
Pretty jewels  
With new shoes  
With tatoos  
A Ca\$h Money motto do what you gotta do

Fight who you gotta fight  
Shoot who you gotta shoot  
Boot who you gotta boot  
Do what you gotta do

Ten years ago a friend of mine  
Brought me to uptown second line  
Met meatball, nair, anglin mets  
Want you do a D.J. in the jets  
Bought two trigger mans and brown beat  
Now you can pop that pussy in the middle of the street  
Best believe next week I'ma be downtown  
Point court St. Bernard bitch throwin' down  
Then I'm mosy on down cross the kanel  
Put up the mic cuz I got a fuckin' story ta tell  
Teresa

You a Ca\$h Money bitch say what you still a Ca\$h Money bitch  
I say lil Lisa  
You still a Ca\$h Money bitch say what you still a Ca\$h Money bitch  
My nigga Baby ya wit me  
Fa sho  
Now bring it to the McMelph Caliope

Niggas livin for the Sunday  
On the lake bakin cake watchin niggaz ridin round with they honey  
(Drinkin Daquiri) Hoes packin, white folks actin  
Givin tickets nigga for the jackin  
Niggaz feudin, game losin  
Lil' told me ta watch these hoes tryin to abuse me  
Joe Casey, goin crazy  
My homeboy told me to watch these motherfuckin feds  
Chilly Chilly actin silly, but cha name killa  
Told me he gon' kill him a nigga  
Suga Slim, all in, game tight  
And we just about to start this all night flight