

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

Yous 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