

Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, & Regals

Big Tymers

Started with....

Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, & Regals, man
To Surburbans, Expeditions, with the T.V.'s playin'
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, & Regals, man
To Surburbans, Expeditions, with the T.V.'s playin'

In 1988, when my grandfather passed
He left me a Monte Carlo and a large amount of cash
It was, bubble gum blue with the leather plush seats
And I just can't thank you enough for all the stuff that you done, G
See my grandmother told me take care of the ride
And always do your best to keep it clean inside
So I just past the go and get the candy paint
Leather white, outta sight, that made the girls faint
See my partner, Eric, he got stereos
And my partner, Steve got true and bolds
And my dog, Black got european fronts
And this nigga named Duke hook up all the humps
I had a illegal Regal and it was so tight
And if ya touch it then a whole civil war was gon' rise
So I just count my blessings and I thank the lord
For ghetto cars and these broads when times was so hard
My grandfather lookin' and I'm ridin' straight
Man, I got the Suburban swervin' with the 4 T.V.'s playin'

Hail baby, Cardion and the Kompessor
20 inch cyl-inders on the Lexus
Hummer got sound that'll blow your eardrums
Lotus with 4 pipes humph nigga, listen
I ride Q5 on factory
It don't matter, your ol' lady still after me
My name gon' rang all over, dawg
Cause I got 6 ties on the Range Rover, dawg
Buy a nickel, baby, wha? Live on chrome
Buy a nickel, baby, he get his shine on
But, hold up, when I pass in the stretch
They gotta catch they breath
Fresh law, girl, weed hotter than a kitchen
In a big Bourbon, VCR's, television
El Camino's, twistin' on bees
'87 Regals, Impala's, Cherokee's
Expeditions, Benzes, Navigator, Humvee's
What dawg? Cut dawg, on 17's
Wood grain, 15 double o
Me and Rabid on momos, lord, bless his soul
Now we ridin' up the block, the Caravan
Expeditions and Surburbans with the T.V.'s playin'

Fuckin' right, I used to play in MCT's
Nowadays, Playboys ridin' Benzes
Back in '87, Maniac mixed tapes
Soniac Park, everyday, Super Sunday
My homeboy Fresh, done changed the rims
He gotta satellite on top to talk to out of state friends
'88 was my year, 14 with 12 G's
Monte Carlo's ridin' on 18's

It's '98 and I done flipped the script
Thangs that changed, Baby gotta lotta shit

I ain't gotta lie, nigga like me was ridin' the bus
I been to the guy with CMR-ah
A nigga was catchin' the cut
Them bitches, they won't holla
Them niggas, they mo' holla
Got all the empower from people I get showered
The woman on the porch sayin', Ain't that go Wayne, boy?
That boy be on T.V. too, ain't that the same boy?"
Yeah

[Chorus]