

## Drivin' Em

Big Tymers

Drivin in a Benz, in the nest  
Coming in this motherfucker, turning motherfuckin necks  
Going back in the superstretch  
Just checkin how many fly bitches I can catch  
Ride motherfucker and you gonna know  
Seeing some ladies hanging out the window  
Let the interior look reign  
18 inches whippers look like so much pain  
I'ma mac like Moley the one and only  
I'm a fuck like daddy look pretty like Tony  
See a hoe, bitch, shit  
You gotta stop on the corner when you see a state cop  
For the niggas in the night they call drag, I'ma fool and be cool  
With an automatic click clack  
I wanna fuck and how to fuck you bigger  
Mama gonna dress and you all be better  
In the middle of the night it's on  
It's hot call Frank and meet you at the spot  
Cash Money rules every thing around  
If you represent U.P.T. your downtown

Bitch I thought knew they call me Baby  
Hoes drive me crazy  
Money is a must, coats slanging  
Plus I never duck when niggas bust in cars  
I mini Benz, expeditions and other cars  
I look so pretty, and I'd fuck these hoes  
On the grill with a mouth full of gold  
Bitches know, I'll let cha know on tape enough shit  
Those lamborghini niggas know shit  
And I love these hoes that suck dick  
Big Tymers for life enough g's on my rolex  
From acorn the magazine  
And she was seen homie giving brains behind it homie  
It's was nice with the ice, they call me Baby  
These bitches know my game is tight

Who can file for most of the squash  
Blast through the door and get your ass tossed  
Every nigga on the map on acasion lose every nigga in them hallways  
Nuthin but truth is behind the peace treaty is the best decision  
Cuz you don't want them to hit cha bitcha  
Me in the coop, ya'll in the hall  
Ya'll on the crawl so I gots to ball  
I'm in the yearbook  
When I was at booker t party of the year 1993  
My satisfaction is, I've never been a problem  
See my advirsaries were suspended and I hide em  
When I'm stuck in the club niggas will let you know  
On the door start looking for sure  
And if you want to start something  
With my kliq it's cool cuz chop off all your dicks  
Uptown baby the Big Tymers know where I live  
The third door from the hum drums  
Your dumb if want some rowdy boy we'll some  
You won't see us in the tinted old car  
Won'tcha ass be all fallin behind

But you got luck thats why you got behind  
Time is running out for you fools  
Chickens I was at your girls house with the lights out  
And slash your fuckin leather  
Get a seperate shit better, whether  
Win, lose, or draw, still losing my clip  
Cuz uptown for life is the motherfuckin shit

I'm the little one with the skrilla thats off the rilla  
Cuz killas get punked on the start of pilas  
Nigga it's me Hot Boy show  
Head tilted to the right, I'll be right next store  
Nigga you know me from the true store  
I die slow cuz the bullets, are old  
Niggas fall to the floor, ain't a slug to touch  
Too bad little nigga say what  
Your pants sagin and your head busts like a skittle  
I'm on fire so they tried to chill it  
Tell em dogg, ain't nothin gonna shake  
Creep like a slave and take all the bait  
Like a tape, I still rock the mack 10  
110 bullets twirl like a whirlwind  
I tie up your boy and rape your girlfriend  
Come off the sex with the choppers twirlin in the wind  
Better watch your children, are they all in?  
I shoot twice, your crawling and I get disgusting  
The beef get ugly, start busting going uhhh, up in  
Jesus please come see us in the speeder  
I jump out with gun in the freezer  
Plus your boys won't go  
They must of heard of Big Tymers, act like you know  
Huh huh wha wha nigga