

# Good Friday

Big Tymers

Hoo Bangin' and Cash Money  
Hustlin' every Friday

Got a package on Wednesday, Thursday I broke it up  
Now Friday done came, today we cookin' up  
Ain't gettin' loaded nigga, no time for fuckin' up  
I'm breakin' niggaz of with bricks from hust-a-lers  
The hood done changed cause niggaz is comin' up  
Ya short me, I'ma have to blow your hood up  
The feds on my ass but I need my change  
So I could ride Hummers, Jags and Bentleys man

It's that day, phat day  
Kidnappin' and gun play  
I need my riches from you bitches and I can't stay  
Now that the flavor that I savor neighbor, 20 inch thangs  
Rag on my head, white T-shirt and bagette chains  
Mac like roni the one and only  
Nigga Puff like Daddy and I'm pretty like Tony  
Friday, lie day, tell the lil nigga I'll pay 'em  
And when he come up with the product, ya'll niggaz spray 'em  
Now why they  
Had to do me on Friday

It's Friday, nigga on the block straight shinin'  
Runnin' a bitch down, tryin' to get it I'm grindin'  
Sellin' 2 for 1's what ever nigga I got it  
Them checks came out so the set straight poppin'

Listen, listen, listen, la  
Weezy-We, movin' 20 ki's a week  
On a good friday it's like easy street  
Breakin' down whole chickens, to quarters and halves  
You could get it harded than slabs or softer than sand  
If you come around my course nigga  
Askin' for the short nigga  
Not on Tuesdays and Thursdays, I be duckin' the law nigga  
You know I got that raw nigga, bags to bricks  
Whole things goin' for 10 and ounces for 6  
Look it's iceberg nigga expect the worst  
Friday done fell on the first and I got that work  
And if I front the whole thing, I'ma ask for 11  
If I front a half a thing, I'm taxin' ya 7  
Cause I gotta ride dubs nigga runnin' whatever  
A CMR standard nigga got a flosser Kompressor  
I got a extra 223, and my pockets to spend  
And on the next Friday, I'ma do it again  
Wha

Man first it was a hard night  
And that was good Friday, I got to duck 'til I'm special on the hard white  
I'm ridin' 20 inches, flossin', stay shinin'  
I'm the boss, I get chickens at cost and stay grindin'  
Don't make me put on the bass and so I'm bout to start hoopin'  
I'll remake 2 out a 1 so I can get hootin' and recoopin'  
My game gettin' strong and my profit gettin' long  
I bust the whole chick down and sell it all in zones

Try to beat me or cheat me and get your shirt stained up  
And run for pop those hollows towards the door and freeze your brain up  
All hustlin' hit the stores and turn the flame up  
Left the water bubblin' and rocked the caine up  
So Baby, you Wayne and Fresh y'all get the machetes  
Put it in B.G. cook it and y'all chop it when it's ready  
And when you come to my hood and you lookin' for them thangs  
Mack 10 is the name on the Caddy door now what

Why they  
Had to do me on Friday  
Why they  
Had to persue on Friday  
Why they  
Had to do me on Friday  
Why they  
Had to persue on Friday  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot