

If You Ridin'

Big Tymers

(Talking):

Mmmmm-hhhmm... Fa sho.
You do big th'angs when you a Big Tymer.
And even if you ain't, nigga...
Just keep grindin, nigga...
You really ain't got 'ta have golf balls,
You can have pebbles, you know...
But just have ya' game on..

(Chorus):

Lac: If you ridin' on 16's, then put that bitch up!
Mannie: Twenties, dub deuces, 'das how we do that there ya'll...
Lac: If you ride with an ugly chick, then trade that bitch in!
Mannie: Get you a dime, that's how you do the damn thing friend...
Lac: If your diamonds ain't shining up, then put that shit up!
Mannie: 1-800-Iceman... ice ya'self up...
Lac: Cutlass to the Benz, Monte Carlo, Im-pala!
Mannie: DV-to the-DV-to the-DVD, you can HOLLA!

(Verse 1:) Fa' sho, nigga...

Pull a lick today, and spend a house on somethin,
Bought a green diamond, thirty karats for stuntin'
I'm the boss of your ghetto, black crow of this game,
Slide me two-hundred g's and I'll do anything...
I... Done a lil' bit of it all...
Ma... How your son is known to ball...
I put twenty two's on everything I call,
The Jag, the Bentley, Rolls-Royce, to house walls.
Hung out with Bobby.. ate breakfast with Whitney,
Made it official, New York is my city, nigga.
Got a trophy from the game, ya'll know my name,
Baby.. numba' one stunna, caught showing my thang,
Got a house on the lake, I built from cake.
Cooking pies and hustling Peruvian fakes,
I... put dub deuces on a Avalanche truck.
I... break rules, cause I don't give a fuck.

(Chorus):

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(Verse 2):

Mercedes on twenty-two's that cost a half-a-mill,
Me and Baby be comin' through here like, "Ya'll rappers for real?"
Nah, I be slingin' blocks, totin' two twin glocks,
Pushin' a 600 Benz, rims spin when I stop...
Jock, it's alright, you see the watch - all ice,
Like, I just copped the Porsche Box, three-trim with the frog lights,
Then it's all white, kitted with the chrome, small pipes,
With killa' Stone on the left, and Hot Boys on right.

Nigga, I be ridin' in some Z-71 type shit,
Limo tinted, cause I'm creepin' with a fine bright bitch,
Aston Martin got a new thing that I just might get,
And if Puffy give a party he invitin' my clique,
We gon' pop that shit, say whodi where the bottles at?
"How low? Who this is?" I'm with stunna, bitch, holla back.
Princess and baguettes to out shine you cock sucka's
Ridin' on some Ferris wheel's - Bigger than a muthafucka!

(Chorus):

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(Verse 3):

Rims... 22... Chick... 22... Dick about 22,
Playboy... Now who the fuck are you?
I'm mister two-door coupes,
Is that the cracker-gator boots?
With the two-piece Gucci suits,
2-Way hangin' off the loops...
Za-zugga-zane... Za-zugga-zugga-zugga-zang...
Give me the watch, the bracelet, and the chain.
Fuck - your Bentley, Too slow - ya heard?
Lamborghini in first.. Clah-clock, room-vroom..
Skkkkkiiirrrrrrt!

You know Mikkey play the Air Ones loosely laced,
So I might lose a shoe when the groupies chase,
The coupe be straight, truth-ly, I prefer the 'Range,
The sex be feelin' great, but I prefer the brains,
We got dolla's by the billions, Choppa's by the buildin's,
Chances of falling off - is Slimm like Ronald Williams.
Holla! You can find me changin' lanes in the Aston,
Leaning back with your dame laughing... (Haha...)
C'mon!

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