

Sunday Night

Big Tymers

Believe it, playboy
You know we the # 1 stunnas
How you diggin' that, nigga
Look, look-

Went to Miami - bought a Lam', and sure 'nough
My Bentley, Fresh Bentley on twenty-inch dubs
Monte Carlo's, Cadillac's, and Jags
If it ain't a V-8, that shit ain't fast
Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Neighborhood superstars, cars, and broads
Everybody wan' fuck a Hot Boy
Mercedes trucks
Lexus trucks
Cadillac trucks
All the best for your buck
Six TV's with DVD's
Twenty-G's worth of sound so a nigga can hear me
We shine and floss
We pay the boss
Ten-G's a night - we buyin' the ball
But one thing, nigga: things ain't changed
Find me at a second line doin' my thing
I'm rockin' ice
I pocket pipe
Corner pocket goin' down - we gon' be there tonight
It's wall-to-wall
Killers and dogs
Niggas actin' crazy - they ready to ball
They shoutin' at 'Nolia, shoutin' at Melph
Shoutin' at Yo, everybody to the south
They shoutin' at 'Nolia, shoutin' at Melph
They shoutin' at Yo, everybody to the south
See, a 3rd ward nigga don't play that shit
You get outta line, we'll kill you quick
See, a 3rd ward nigga don't play that shit
You get outta line we'll kill you quick

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Shorty, shit don't stop - nigga, keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Nigga, shit don't stop - playa, keep it real

Look,
Now who Whee?
The nigga ridin' top-down in the two-seat
You see more diamonds than they got on Blue Streak
You know it's Lil' Wheezy goin' off
Slim and Baby bought him somethin' new he showin' off
I will buy Bentley - body real wide
Sixteen with no license - still drive

That's a wild fella
Watch your wife - I'll sell her
I'm up in the 2000 Kompressor - loud yellow
Dubs on skinnies - yeah, killin' ya
Pop the hood, souped up with a twelve-cylinder
Niggas ridin' big body Benz - stop it
I'll pull up next to 'em in a Lam' - top this
I know they be like, "Man, them boys got to stay home."
Different color Hummers lookin' like a box of crayons
Open up the back - sound got they damn head achin'
Me - I'm in the back seat playin' a Playstation
What!

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Nigga, shit don't stop - playa, keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Wodie, shit don't stop - we gon' keep it real

That remote - hand it here
Trucks with chandeliers
He don't have America Online up in here
Lay it down when I park it
Iceberg carpet
Standin' 'cross the street sayin', "Watch me start this."
Ascursion from thirty feet away
Lil' niggas go and say, "How the fuck he did that?"
"You heard where he live at?"
"Piranhas and iguanas - marble and glass."
"The bottom of his swimmin' pool said, 'KISS MY ASS'.
Niggas motherfuck it
I take the St. Bernard project and gut it
and make it into one big crib
And when you pass in separate ward, scream out,
"That's where Mannie Fresh live!"
Three-piece livin' room set in the back of the Caddy
Plus the alarm that say, "I love you, Daddy."
VCR - nigga, please - unhook it
Run the DVD when the satellite crooked
Honey, what you mean you ain't never seen
a big-screen in the back of the Navigator that's green?
Chromed-out amplifiers
Twenty-two inch tires
I don't want them - I want the fiber optic wires
I'm so hot I'm responsible for forest fires

What?

How you love that

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Wodie, shit don't stop - we gon' keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Wodie, shit don't stop - y'all keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Shorty, shit don't stop - let's keep it real

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still
Man, shit don't stop - keep it real

Understand
We gon' keep this real
Goin' into 2001 on up to 3000
I'ma (?), I ain't goin' nowhere

For sure, Fresh
Without a doubt, playboy

I meant that shit
Ball 'til you fall

Believe that, nigga

They gon' clone my ass
It's gon' be
Huh?
about eight of me, you see what I'm sayin'

Without a doubt

They can't get rid of me
Feel that shit
And I'm gone
You can't kiss me, but you can kiss my chain
Without-
You can kiss my watch
Lick the ice
You can kiss my belt
Lick the ice
You can kiss my shoes
But don't put your lips on me
Ice everywhere
It ain't like that

We gon' dip 'em platinum, playboy

Ahhh, good night

Dip one up
We gon' dip one up platinum
Right now
If y'all can see, you gon' see
nothin' but a brown-skin nigga
dip platinum
Grill platinum
Nothin' but ice
Nothin' but ice
Ice everywhere
Ten karats in my grill
And I keeps it real
How you love that nigga