

# Whatever

Big Tymers

Baller Blockin'  
Nigga I don't give a fuck  
When it's on, it's on  
We got Baby, Lac and Stone  
In this bitch

I'm a neighborhood superstar  
I'll cook anything from a ki of coke  
To a gram of that boyd  
Niggas scoring glocks  
Like brand new Hot Boy Reeboks  
On my blocks stepping 'em up  
With grams and rocks  
If anything been scoring from me  
It was ten a ki  
I let my l'il round hustle  
As long as they score for me

Look if I pull up on the block  
Knowing the set was mine  
No more hand-to-hand contact  
I'm known for supplying  
Since I opened up this set 'chere  
This how it's gon' be  
Ain't nobody selling shit nigga  
Unless it's for me

All I know is crack slanging and block hanging  
On the corner front the store  
Doing my thang  
These niggas know my game  
How I do my thang  
Water whip I can't do  
But whole thangs I slang

Now I'ma pay all my foot soldiers  
And tell 'em stay focused  
And front all the street hustlers  
And keeping 'em posted  
That white and that blue car  
We call 'em the law  
And the dirt that my niggas do  
Is done in the dark

Got l'il whodie running water  
And we 'bout to cook these quarters  
The twenty under the seat  
For my son and my daughter  
The water hot enough  
Start cooking these quarters  
These niggas want it hard  
And I understand

If I pull up dressed in all black  
With a boot in my mouth  
Cause a nigga didn't pay 'Lac  
And I know that he sold out

Put something in my street sweeper  
And run in his house  
Knock a hole up out his pa chest  
And a tongue out his ma mouth

A ki stashed up  
And I'm gettin' 'em all  
I got a stash put up  
For the drought in the fall

Hot Boys vacating the pop  
Talk can back shit up  
The Feds call my 'hood a Payday  
Cuz it's packed with nuts  
Ghetto rich money stashed  
In the mansions bruh  
I got them kis  
Ten a ki from Fresh and Atrice bruh

I know niggas think bad  
Cause the people ride fast  
I got 5 strikes  
I'm going out with a blast  
Cash in your life nigga  
When you playing with me  
I'll give you work  
Break ya off ya face B.G.

Cadillac's the name I run with  
So call me Seville  
Push a platinum Escalade truck  
With 20 inch wheels  
Now the Jag you saw me driving  
That's for everyday stuntin'  
Loud pipes, big rims  
So you can see when I'm coming

I don't give a fuck nigga  
Ain't no rules in the streets  
You know money come first  
The other bullshit weak  
I don't wanna hear no stories  
About my cheese  
You violate nigga  
Your family gon' grieve

Headbuster Alva Stone  
Ya heard me dog  
And everytime ya heard my name  
It was a murder involved  
I just rap to clear my name  
And smuggle bundles of that raw  
Always rap so what you lames  
Suburb and that car

Saratoga and I ride  
I represent to the fullest  
Ain't nobody pulling strangs here  
Unless that I pull it  
If a nigga put a hit out  
Believe that I took it  
In the cost Bible murders  
Was ODing and bullets

All i know is gun slanging and head banging  
Too many disrespected  
And lived to sang it  
Drop change like a motherfucker  
Fuck them niggas  
If a nigga outta line  
Motherfuck that nigga

Type of nigga who'll bat a bitch  
And then wait on her pa  
Type of nigga who'll do a snitch  
Broad day in the park  
I'm one of them niggas that don't bring it  
Still buy up the bulk  
Like Rob Deniero, Rob Banks  
And bang out with the law

Look here I come from the projects  
And the ghetto streets  
I'm cooking up whole thangs  
'Till they hard like concrete  
I fronted the O.G.s  
A bag of that olzes  
For niggas that don't know  
I got something whodie

The same ol' nigga  
Just a different game  
Fuck bitches, tote heat  
Things never gon' change  
I'm the number one stunna  
Nigga, Baby's the name  
I like cooking crack  
And watch how quick it come back

I rock a oyster-faced Roley  
With the crust out bang  
Ice cover the wrist whodie  
Like I sprung my hand  
I sport Prowlers, whips  
With the T.V.s playing  
Iceberg, Prada dick  
Like here come the man

I'll pull up at Washington and Six  
In a six  
I'll slide out quick  
Bet I could fuck any bitch

I push a lavender Porsche Carrera  
Seat sprayed leather  
The top goes off and on  
To floss with the rainy weather  
The seats they ain't customized  
They made by Ricarro  
A ruby red CF5  
I'll cop by tomorrow

For catching me on the interstate drunk  
Running the law  
With a bitch in my lap  
Tasting my balls

I don't like when they too much  
Act like they stuck up  
Leave Atrice nut up  
I'll bat that bitch up

The king of the Nolia  
I crowd both the wrists  
Lock down slanging towns  
Took the top off the six  
In the club I be thugged  
With ten topless chicks  
T-shirt, Girbauds, Reeboks  
In it

Killa, ain't no stopping it

Off top, can't pop this bitch  
You know what I'm saying  
Baller Blockin' you understand

New Edition of Cash Money

Some real Hot Boys  
Believe it whodie