

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