

# Big Homie

Diddy

You could go to any hood, bet they know me  
Rose gold pinky ring; master Rollie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga; Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, I'm big homie  
Big homie, big homie, big homie, big homie  
Boy, you'se a little nigga; Gary Coleman  
I be calling all the shots, I'm big homie

I'm winnin' for the new bitch, she was stunting  
That pussy got a paper tag and it's a hundred  
My bellman call me Sir Combs, I'm Richard Drummond  
My Rolls Royce spray cologne, the fragrance money  
It's Bad Boys Records, bitch, you know I run it  
Ciroc Amaretto coming, them bitches love it  
I show up with my jewelry on and never doubt it  
You show up with your jewelry on and leave without it

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Diddy go to any hood, big Rollie  
Top down on any block, niggas know me  
The only one that's topping Forbes, I'm gettin' lonely  
See us out here racing yachts like 'fuck the police'  
Bugatti swerving lane to lane, we getting money  
Once promoter say my name, fly bitches coming  
These ratchet bitches love a nigga so cough your chick in  
More 80's than the 80's, nigga, I'm money mention  
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My bitches get the Christians, nigga, and Giuseppe  
My bitches get the Berkin, nigga, they hold the weapons  
My bitches get the Range Rovers, that's for affection  
My bitches get the realest nigga, she's my reflection  
I make my bitches traffic dope, that's my profession  
She swallow dope and looking pregnant, time for c-section  
Thank God your pockets where I'm from, here block, they bless us  
50 mill a meter drum, go get them stretchers  
Get them stretchers

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