

## Big Timer

Fiend

Chorus [fiend]: x 2  
Whoa there, big timer, big timer  
I got money to the ceiling  
Whoa there, big timer  
Won't 'cha, make your money and do what ya wanna  
Let the champagne glasses, cashes, comin out the ass  
Drinks for everybody, biggest mama stickin up the tab (mama mia  
)  
Don't even ask if I could handle it  
Bitch you didn't know I'm stackin ends like the clampets (there  
it is)  
Down south hustlin, workin my musc-lin  
Mint greens labeled in God we trust'n  
Bustin at the haters in the way of progress  
Cause I ain't tryin to live from month to month (naw) that's st  
ress  
I only want the best that there is off the top  
But I ain't bout to brag about the shit I don't got  
So when you see the e4-20 know that it's mine, paid out in full  
So I put it in my rhyme  
Thirty two hundred square foot, no doubt  
Manicured landscape, and this my house  
Paid out too, so I know I got the room  
To state the fact that them hoes don't like that  
But fuck that big timers put your knot in the air  
And cock your nine for them jackers out there  
Live your life, boy  
Chorus x 2  
I be crackin like chiropractors  
Fiend the young bachelor  
That's too many muthafuckin million dollars, what I'm after  
Meal ticket stash-a from brick flippin plaster  
Now forever paid with mama mia and the master  
I cause disasters from the s's to the g  
No clubs won't start without the presence of me  
Ya better ask somebody, my cake give knee chills  
Givin migraine headaches from breakin these bills  
See these chills but can't get to it, we way out  
Every (? ) that I drive on chrome, is paid out  
Close to the house on the hill, but no wife  
Take the diamonds out my rol, your house have no light  
The more ice, I'm wicked you're sick, and just piss ya  
Might take a long line, the dance floor on whispers  
Chorus x 2