

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