

Big Shots

Fredro Starr

Aiyo, we big shots, we big shots
And we done f**ked all ya bitches, ya bitches
I only f**ks wit' my niggas, my niggas
So we them true-to-life killas, killas

We takin' 'Other People Money', they money
And then we buyin' all the cars, the cars
Man bump 'em on chrome, chrome
Besides that yo we stars, we stars

I'm the Gafo DeGafo, boss of New York
Cover my mouth when I speak, feds watch what I talk
Throwin' hits at the judges in the criminal courts
Criminal thoughts, these streets wit' killas to sport

This is Mafia music to murder you wit', inserted the clips
Drive-bys, on convertible whips, the verdict is this
4/5th, burnin' my fist, pullin' shades down, murderous bitch
Anonymous threats, blueprints designin' ya death

Organize crime times, throw a bomb in ya Lex
Fadam or Begetz, killas might climb in ya rest
Two nickel nines left a dime in his vest, sometimes in his chest
Crime scenes covered in tape, blood in the gates

Black robes, funeral homes, shootin' 'ya wake
Kidnap, raised as children, to be rulin'
'Other People Money', we kill men

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My goods pull, like Sammy the Bull
Sin'll pop you, D.O.A.'ll bomb you
Mafia style, boss me? Body a child
When I get locked, it's like Gotti on trial

Five years in the pen, separated from friends
I'm only 21, kept the shakers and gun
Blow in ya face, stab you below ya waist
The type to chase death, like faces of death

Sippin' the Henny, pray, let the Lord forgive me
I know I spit hot like the Devil was in me
Claimin' my church, the type to put 'woke' in the church
If my gun jerk, more holes in ya shirt

Bustin' my gun, who you know f**k wit' dunn
Put six in ya burners, I ain't feelin' you son
Stop the bull, ya ain't got guns to pull

Ya still yappin', ain't enough gun clappin'

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