

## Big Dusty

Joey Bada\$\$

Check my style, check, check, check it out  
Check my style, check, check, check it out  
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)  
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Fuck jumping the broom, honey moons, I, I hit the pot  
Soak me up like a mop, know I'm up, know there's levels  
Staring down at the devil, hello, guess I got the memo  
Pulling strings like Geppetto, you just a puppet, fellow  
I came out of the tomb, don't drop a L, uh  
You don't want to see the evils, which I dwell in hell  
To excel, this shit never fails, always excels  
They been swallowing sons before the double XL  
Sex cell, ex ask why it never work out  
I guess I exercise too much, when I work out  
Shows too turnt out, return home burnt out  
Now I got to hear all the shit, that you heard 'bout  
Can I live? What, these niggas want me off a bridge?  
If I say it's turnt down, do I burn that shit?  
Truth is, if it ain't real, I don't feel it  
If it don't hit my spirit, I don't get near it  
And that's point blank period, know some niggas that fear it  
Same niggas who know that we the illest  
Lines so deep a great shark is what I reel up  
Hit the flow and it can't go realer, my whole camp gorillas, nigga

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Don't jack my style  
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Don't jack my style  
Jack, jack, jack it out  
(Check, check, it out)

I stand juxtaposed to all my Pro's, realest illest niggas I know  
See these foes biting the flows, they even jooks the pose  
I guess my CD really shaking the coast  
Cause this really be the year that I feast, capisce?  
Nothing defeats the beast, I speak my piece  
Know niggas in the streets that heat seek for me  
Release and squeeze  
Might put a Halloween between your spleen  
Retreat or trickle down to your last pound of green  
Know what I mean?  
This shit is like taking candy from the babies  
Under these rappers is just a bunch of Now and Laters  
They too sweet, plus they lease their Mercedes  
Can't be second greatest, I'm the best and def your favorite  
My flow in-depth nigga, I got my wave up  
It's either get your tidal waved, or you could be my neighbor  
Cause if I can't eat, then you can't either

I need to know, need the pizza dough, fuck I'm spitting ether for?

Yeah nigga

Reigning rap supreme in this bitch

Cause bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too

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What the fuck you gon' do when the Era come for you?

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Don't jock my style (2x)

And I'm from the blocks where they sell

Cell blocks rock my mental

See them fake thugs that you see before can't even spell

My flow spill with words you can't pronounce, stories you can't tell

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