

Do It Big

Lil Boosie

Do it Big
(Overlapping chorus) 4x
Nigga do that shit
If you gon do that shit
Do it big then
If you gon' do it, shit

Do it big then (3rd time in chorus)

I copped a ol' school Cutlass
It was navy blue
Fuck them hub caps
I had to cop them 22's
Throwback 1952
Like my nigga Boo
Some Baud's (Girbaud's) too
Now what's a fit without the shoes
Six hundred fifty dollar gear
Man I'm fitted up
Fresh cut, all you niggaz hoes gettin fucked
Gas tank filled up
Plus I'm grilled up
A couple fire ass blunts and a full cup
Fuck a Expedition
Me, I wanna Benz truck
Skinny chick suck a dick
I want a thick somethin
Fuck five figures, man
I hustle hard for six somethin
Come noon or noon
Soon I'm a be rich somethin
What's conversation
If a nigga can't just hit somethin
Why fuck a clown
If you can fuck a nigga really thuggin
If you gon score and hustle, do it big then
You pull it out in public
Bust it, do it big then
If you gon flip yo buckets, shit
Do it big then
You know them rims look much better
When they keep spinnin

If you gon fuck that hoe
Then gon get some head then too
Then gon head fuck her friend too
If yo gon drink a motherfuckin Brew
Gon head drink a few
Gon head and hit that Gin too
You can't afford to do it big
Shit, pretend to
Southpole had them shirts
With the pants too
If you can't get that dolja
Then grab that killa straight
If you can't get that Henny
Then get some E&J

That Shell gas too high
Then go to Circle K
Long as you doin' it big
Shit, you doin' great
Bitch you gon show yo ass
Then gon make it shake
If that's a fuckin hater
Then gon make 'em hate

They holla why you do it big
Cause I only live once
So I gots to do it big
From my car size to my blunt
And I stunt
Cause I ain't never had a quarter
Used to borrow from ballers
Now I'm that neighborhood staller
Do it big with his daughter
Tommy'd out, sometime she Polo
Sometime she wear them throwback dresses
She ain't even four, though
And if you paralyzed don't feel played
Do it big like no legs and jump a Escalade
You got a beat up Cutlass
You besta hit the corner
Crown 'em down, then the sound
Then you twenty one 'em
Daddy cluck and momma stressed
Ay man I gots to do it big
Been hungry for too long
Ay man I gots to pull a lick
Huh, you stack yo paper
You can do it big
You fuck with niggaz who major
Then you can do it big
You fuck with niggaz who wear gators
Then you can do it big
When we sign with a major label
We gon do it big, fa sho' gon do it big
If you steal cars
Get nothin but Emmitt Smiths
If you start them wars
You best keep choppers on yo hip
Yo, you pop that X
You do it big until yo jaws lock
If you toot that powder
Get a half a zip don't short stop