

Big Tyme

Rick Ross

God, thank you
For blessing me for everything that you've blessed me with
They tried to see me down, but we way up
Jesus
Oh this Swizz Beatz talking on a Just Blaze track
Rick Ross on the poetry
Ay, Just, this religious
God dammit, says
Just Blaze

Surviving R. Kelly, registered pedophiles (Damn)
Tried to feed all my niggas and spread the cheddar 'round (God damn)
Gotta castle in Cali where I quote the Qu'ran
It's a mansion full of ghosts 'til I pass the baton
I bow my head, you know what's next
I say my prayers, hands across my chest (God damn)
Breaking shackles, I'm that nigga disobeying his master (Oh)
Paper chasing, standing still is a fuckin' disaster (Oh)
Emmett Till (Emmett Till), cement shoes (Damn)
Can I live if my mamma rent due?
Penal systems come to the Source, Benzino of C Notes (Oh)
G don't wanna see it unless it's Moschino
It ain't really real until it's a kilo (Damn)
I just spoke to Meech, I think I'm Pacino
(Say it again)
I just spoke to Meech, I think I'm Pacino (Ross)
Big time, I just do it big time (hey)
All my niggas really do it big time (God dammit)
Lil' niggas, but we're doing big time (Big time)
Started with a nickel rock, now I'm big time
Big time, big time (Say What)
Looking in the mirror, nigga, yeah, you're big time
(Ladies and gentleman)
They're hatin' on you dog, but you're big time (God dammit)
Talk behind you back 'cause you're big time (God dammit)

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Lil' niggas, but we do it big time
Started with a nickel rock, now I'm big time
Big time, big time
Looking in the mirror, nigga yeah you're big time
They hated on you, dawg but you're big time
Talk behind your back 'cause you're big time
Big time, big time
You a bad bitch, shawty but you're big time
Yeah, you got small feet but you're big time
Bad bitches, big time
Real niggas gotta do it big time
Two seater, big time
Throw the keys to the bitch, nigga big time
Big time, big time, big time
My momma gotta come to me because I'm big time
Big time, real nigga, big time
I don't give a fuck, bitch 'cause I'm big time
Til the day I die, I swear to God I'm big time (Amen)

I pray somebody tell you 'bout these bumpy roads (Woo)
Only maps to follow is your bible quotes (Yes)
And all them things your grandmother and father spoke (Yes)
I watch your actions not just captions in the shit you post (Jesus)
Cappin' on niggas, that shit'll get you smoked (Oh)
But if you rap a lil' different, that shit'll get you more (Woo)
Just like baggin' them nickels up and down different coasts (Ah)
I be stackin' them tickets, I'm tryna sit with HOV (Oh)
I be stackin' my tickets, I'm tryna sit with HOV (A billi')
I was washing the dishes but now I get the toast (Woah)
I'm the talk of the bitches while they sippin' mimosas (What's up?)
We could gossip 'bout the digits, discuss a few numbers
Too many losses inside the trenches, don't let this become us
Big time, God damn
I just got a crib in Chile to chill a few summers (God damn)
Or catch me out in Haiti, still running up numbers (God damn)
If I look into your eyes, then I made you a promise
Miami Heat, I rep like my name was Udonis (Damn)

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