

Bigroom Blitz

Scooter

Chapter five!
International blitz!
It's-it's the bigroom blitz!

Tune it up!

Shotta got the plan, man
Always like a Grand Slam
Big shot, all in one
Shotalot is on the run
Crack on the whips, never check
Bust in tight, front to back
I reach my fate at the gates
God says shotta yo was great

When I'm shopping
And my bad filled with options so don't ask
What it cost I'm in a Maserati
Coupe going so fast
That I lost 'em
And my bitch got so much swag
That these bad bitches on us
Ah! Killing y'all, pow!

Bring the noise!

I jack them hoes, direct them hoes
Take 'em home and let them hoes
Go live out their fantasies
They're popping pills, I'm rolling weed
Even got a couple bad bitches overseas

Shotta got the slo-mo
You can call it pro flow
Every shot a straight flush
Shotalot is in a rush
Back on the floor, lyrical madness
On the mic, Jack the cactus
I reach my fate at the gates,
God says shotta, you was great!

Shotta gotta chicks, it's-it's the bigroom blitz!
Yeah!

Nobody's hotta than shotta! Thank you!