

Pudgee Tha Phat Bastard

"Think Big"

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featuring Notorious B.I.G. & Lord Tariq

Intro: Notorious B.I.G.

Yeah,yeah
This could be something big
Uh,this could be something big

Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.

Big Poppa throwing niggas off a cliff
Smokin' spliff
In ?? with my bitch
In a Mitsubi Eclipse
Read my lips "I kill you"
Blood will spill you
Did I say thank?
I grant you three wishes
Cause I be the genie
Niggas is ass out like fat bitches in bikini
Read between the lines see what I see
I see the diary of a sick bastard
Junior Mafia blasta
Ruggas on the hips
Bought coke to flip chicks
Bought slunts to fill clips
Flippin cokes in corner stores bodega
In the back room playin' Sega
"Street Fighter 2" I'm invitin' you
Bring your ?? and crew
And they dopest rhymes
I hit up in that ass everytime
Lyrically I'm untouchable,uncrushable
Gettin' mad blunted in the six hundred
Benz ask your friends, "Who's The Illest?"
Lickin shots niggas screamin "Bigge Smalls tried to kill us!"

[Lord Tariq]

You think big you get big
Champaine and mo' wet

You can party till' you swet
The money's your to get
Cash in abundance
Takin stacks in the hundreds
One thousand for gators

Verse Two: Pudgee Tha Phat Bastard

What?
I be the slang slanga
Body boom here come the banga
Your mother should have took you out with a FUCKEN
hanga
Word up what's the mother fucken deal nigga?
Fuck All!
You can call me Johnny Real nigga
To all MCs that envyi this tryin'
Never me and you take it easy like mad lion
If you mess with me
Your family will be missin' you like we miss EMPD
But if you don't believe me you can come see me
though
And your show will be over just like Arsenio
I come a call in you niggas be stallin'
I got the unblievable like my nigga Smalls in
Realease date man I can't wait
The ass gettin' cash like a New York nigga out of state
To the ladies don't waste your time
Only sixty nine ??
I do with star sixty nine
Give you drama like 2pac
So you gots to gimme glocks for fun
Puttin them on the run like ??
Like Michael Jackson
Off the wall for ya all
I make your people forget you
Like R.Kelly did to Aaron Hill

Chorus

Verse Three: Lord Tariq

In god we trust in hoes we lust
In clothes in cash
And cars a must
Yo I'm the eighty six survior
So bear witness to my ??
Only play with my team
Two hundred thousand in my dream
Bitches love this curley headed friend
Far from a ??
Draw my nigga
and I squeeza for G's

Quicker than a serd
I got styles from the Bronx
And Harlem runner up
You think big you get big
FUCK a cut
Yo fuck beepers
Fuck hustling for sneakers
And car speakers
Give me ????

To transform his drug paper
Bustlin' money dead kid
I want Arab and Jew paper
And now I'm the sheet
The Lord Tariq
So let the ressurected willies speak
Cause I'd rather die before my feet
My dress code explode
Paying hundreds for G's
Yo I can play a pear of Lees in rain willie supreme
The B-B-S ride the Ave. inside the African taxi can
driver
While a legend check the style of a survivor
MacGuyver, you should have smuthered
Yo I got New York covered
In the story I'm the last
And there'll never be another
Mother fucker

Chorus

Outro: Lord Tariq

Ha..Uptown

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