

## **The Severed Limbs F/ Señor Pecosá**

### **"Think Big"**

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[Notorious B.I.G.]

Yeah, yeah

This could be something big

Uh, this could be something big

Big Poppa throwing niggas off a cliff

Smokin a spliff

Disappear wit my bitch

in a Mitsubi Eclipse

Read my lips "I kill you"

Blood will spill you

Did I say thank you?

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 slugs to fill clips

Flippin cokes in corner stores bodega

In the back room playin' Sega

"Street Fighter 2" I'm invitin' you

Bring your writin crew

and they dopest rhymes

I hit up in that ass everytime

Lyricaly 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!"

Chorus: Lord Tariq

You think big you get big, champagne and Moet

You can party 'til you sweat, the money's yours to get

Cash in abundance, takin stacks in the hundreds

One thousand for gators, head stares for the traitors

[Pudgee]

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 envy 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 unbelievable 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 Kool G. Rap  
Like Michael Jackson, "Off the Wall" for y'all  
I make your people forget you  
like R. Kelly did to Aaron Hill

[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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