

## Freeway f/ Jay-Z

### "Big Spender"

Visit "[Big Spender](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* first single; send corrections to the typist

Rocafella millionaires bitch, early, that's right, haha  
{Hey Big Sp-, Hey Big, Hey, Hey Big Spender}

[First verse]

(Freeway)

30 mill in the bank, 30 grand on the wrist-and  
20 mill in the Swiss-and, 30 birds in a tank  
Diamonds all in the face, blind ya face when it glisten  
Ace of Spade not that Crissy, man you know what we  
drink

Got my automa-k, in my new Gucci slippers  
I bring my loafers from Louies, what the fuck did you  
think?

When I step in the place, bitches running up to  
me...yelling

{Hey big spender!}

(Jay-Z)

Chea, Chea, Chea, Chea

I turn a nick to a dime, dime to some millions  
A brick to the Roc, the Roc into some buildings  
When ya nigga feeling I might see about a billion  
'Fore I leave the building, now that's what I call a billing  
Uh, balling, you still crawling, children, call him  
When ya start walking I be wheeling, flooring  
Something foreign, no ceiling, chilling...hey, hey,  
hey...hahaha

{Hey big spender!}

[Chorus]

(Jay-Z)

{Hey big spender!} That's what them hoes say

{Hey!} Ho pouring rose-ay

{Hey!} Rose gold, royal oak, automart, okay

(Chea) Hey (Chea) Hey (Chea) Hey (Chea) Hey (Chea)

Hey (Chea) Hey

Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Chea

(Freeway)

That's what them hoes say

Free pouring rose-ay

Rocafella millionaires, we stack that paper everyday,  
yeeeah  
(Hey) Yeah (Hey) Yeah (Hey) Yeah (Hey) Yeah (Hey)  
Hey  
{Hey big spender!}  
Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Chea

[Verse 2]

(Jay-Z)

I'm a jet fuel abuser, now 7-4 to the 5  
Hova's dough is on autopilot, I don't even drive  
In the bop with my shoes up, I just took back the  
Phantom  
Too many fuckers could fathom, what it felt like to have  
em  
I just copped me an all-things, a professional ball team  
Tell me I ain't the illest hustler ya'll seen  
When you don't buy out the bar, you buy the bar, that's  
what ya call  
{Hey big spender!} Ha,ha,ha,haaa  
(Freeway)  
I got some dough on the block, got some dough  
getting wrists  
I got a villa in Tahiti and I don't owe no rent  
I got that paper for real-a, and these niggas finally  
thinking  
Eat my cake up in the safe and take a slice of the dilla  
Three hundred grands of damn willa, why ya'll niggas  
debating  
I'm copping, ya'll niggas hating cuz I'm making that  
scrilla  
They know me F-Baby gorrilla, when I step in the  
building, they saying  
{Hey big spender!}

[Chorus]

[Verse 3] (F) = Freeway (J) = Jay-Z

(F) Although I'm good with addition, the flow so  
scientific  
(J) Gold plate like Cris, so I reverse the system  
(F) Came from poverty stricken (J) to the top of the  
Forbes  
(F) Now the property's listed (J) in high society district  
(J) '76 is the floor (F) '94 with the raw  
(J) '96 with the flow (F) 2008 with the spitting  
(F) Now drop a grip up in the mall, two hundred grand  
at the district, we living, bitches

[Chorus]

Visit [Freeway f/ Jay-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.