

Lac

"Big Tymers"

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[Baby]

For sure, lil' one
Off top, playboy
Look here
These lil' young jive motherfuckers just jumpin' off the porch

[B.G.]

Let me at 'em

[Baby]

Better catch they motherfuckin' cut, nigga
Look, this block is mine
And I don't need these niggas playin' with our hoes
'Cause they're my hoes (say, playboy)
I done fucked the whole block already, ya understand

[B.G.]

We don't even want you comin' 'round no more

[Baby]

Bitch-ass nigga, catch your cut
We got this shit, wodie

[B.G.]

Gotta hustle

{verse 1}

[Baby (B.G.)]

Back where I started on my set in black (Uh-huh)
Hopped out the passenger side of my 'Lac (Then what?)
Under my nuts was two ounces of crack (Yeah?)
My lil' nigga, Geezy, say he needed a stack (For sure)
Fronted my lil' wodie a ounce of crack
The bricks look the same, but them youngsters be strapped
From snortin' dope smokin' momo's, and jackin'
Old folks scared that's why they be snappin' (What?)
callin the law, look-a-who'n and rattin'
I told the young nigga to learn to mack

Pop in a Too \$hort tape

[B.G.]

"Born to Mack"

[Baby (B.G.)]

We hard-headed head bustas

We don't give a fuck - untamed motherfuckers

Jumped off the porch as a young motherfucker (What?)

My momma's dead (what)

My daddy's dead (What?)

My brother's a dope fiend, I'm duckin' the Fed (You lyin')

Word got around that a nigga was paid (Yeah?)

Supplied the whole uptown - word was said (Yeah?)

With quarters and halves (Yeah?), chickens and bricks (Yeah?)

Bundles of dope and ounces and shit

We

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