

## **Bushwick Bill**

### **"Little Big Man"**

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[Bushwick Bill]

It's Bushwick Bill, I be that motherfuckin nigga  
Four foot two, a couple of inches and I'm steady gettin  
bigger  
Straight from the motherfuckin G  
to the E to the T to the O, you know the spellin ho  
I had to come up strong to get where I'm at  
Moved by myself, I had nobody to watch my back  
Back in the day I used to play with Tonka toys  
Now I'm paid and shootin dice with the big boys  
Shoot a G, bet a G, now watch me hit a lick  
I ain't worryin about no shit because I packed my shit  
I pull my shit and take a shit cause that's the way I do it  
And when it comes to handlin shit, there ain't nothin to  
it  
Bushwick Bill, the motherfuckin thinkin nigga  
Gotta stay smart, to keep me from sinkin nigga  
Cause if you sleep, you'll get beat, on the street  
Understand, get it that's the plan, from the Little Big  
Man

(Yeah.. hahhh.. come again! Uh, yeah..)  
(Peep game)

[Bushwick Bill]

Now when it comes to bitches I play games with they  
minds  
Cause once you get that hit, you gon' get the pussy any  
time  
And it's a proven fact  
I'm hittin bitches from the back, Bushwick Bill,  
neighborhood - mack  
In and out the crib like a motel  
Fucked her so well, the ho had to go.. tell  
her friend and then I fucked her too  
Got 'em both claimin that they in love wit you know who  
Now what am I to do, but pass her to the crew  
and let the fellas get that ass and bust a couple of nuts  
or two  
Cause that's the way we do it, fella  
The Little Big Man, takin bitches to that other level!

(Yeah.. uh, uh, uh, ahh)

[Bushwick Bill]

How many motherfuckers wanna step to B-U-S-H  
W-I-C-K, blowin niggaz away, clickin every day  
Cuttin niggaz up, and I can not prevent the shit  
Gougin out your fuckin eyeballs and then I skullfuck  
you, bitch  
Hey nigga, don't you know, today's the first day  
in the last moments of your life, run and tell your fuckin  
wife  
Little nigga, little nigga, pullin trigger, gettin bigger  
Gravedigger bury nigga like me how the fuck you  
figure  
There's nothin worse than bein, caught up in a gridlock  
With a fuckin dreadlock, cause you know I bust shot  
Notty dread, notty dread, come slave driver  
Buck 'em dead, buck 'em dead, Bushwick gettin liver  
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up, BUCK, watch dem fall fast  
Little Big Man, buck buck, bustin 'nuff ass!  
Wheel it again Selector Diesel  
Rap-A-Lot comin da ragamuffin style, nineteen-ninety-  
tree  
Four five and year two t'ousand  
Givin you what you want, much more  
Little Big Mon, come again selector  
Yes, yes, yes that's how we like it more time  
Rap-A-Lot wit da music nice an' sweet, y'knahmsaid  
Givin it to you straight from de heart of de street  
Fifth Ward Texas, a Rap-A-Lot with de top yes  
Givin you what I got, Bushwick Bill, yes  
Make de riddim swing no  
Gwan now, gwan now, gwan now the style yes  
Little Big Mon just gettin buckwild yes  
Gwan now, gwan now, gwan now the style yes  
Little Big Mon 'im gettin buckwild yes  
Gwan now, gwan now, gwan now the style yes...

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