

Big Boi

"Poppin' Tags"

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And we gon' stay showin' off that jewelry that we
bought
And we gon' stay leavin' out the stores with heavy bags
'Cause we be poppin' tags, pimpin' we be poppin' tags

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We arose, let's go
So fresh so clean like 'Kast
Jay-Z be poppin' tags
Leavin' the mall with heavy bags
You know the boy got a love for the cash
Aw fuck, there he go again
Talkin' bout hoes and dough again
Yup! Can't hold it in

I'm surprised I got so much dough to spend
But, back when I was poorer then
You wasn't focusin', about the dough I spend
But I was holdin' in, I was a roller then
I was a baller back then, all of that man
Fall back, I fought that
What would you do if you was in my shoes?

Leave dudes in the rearview
V-12 engine, corners spinnin'
Twinkies shinin', pinky ring
Armada, nigga stinky stink
Top, down, my cash is up
Gold chain, I don't give a fuck
Gold brain'll get you in the truck ma
That's right, you in luck ma

You see me cruisin' down, better step inside
Ain't enough room to fit you all in the ride
First come, first served basis

You know hoe be goin' to nice places
That's right, and I'm droppin' cash
Leave the mall with garbage bags
Gucci this, Prada that
Roll wit your boy you'll be poppin tags

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It's a party when I go up in the sto'
Shoppin' while I'm zooted off the dro'
Rollin' like a nigga that just came up on a mill
And I got 'em sweepin' and pickin' up tags off the floor
Bag full of clothes I remember havin' rocks in the hall
On the glimmer with the glock by the ball
Servin' up a jab and workin' security 6 to 6
Then it's straight from the block to the mall

Now what's on the wall? Go ahead and treat yourself
When you come up on some cheddar better pop that
tag
Like when I dip off in the Prada then I go off
To the lot lay the paper down and cop that Jag
I got a console full of ammunition and funds
Mink roc a wear and some guns
Petty in a fresh pair of jumps, blo packs and Bo Jackson
And air maxes, throw back some ones, no max for
none

When I go up in the sto' a nigga never get enough
I'm a baller and if you want it come and get it now
Nigga come to a race with a car you won't catch up
And the twista kinda wicked when I spit it now
I be choppin' up cheddar with Kanye
Chop a little cheddar up with Jay
Chop it up with the O to the kizay
Poppin big tags with the flow and the dough, we get
busy

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Uh huh, whattup? Tell you somethin' bout me
My throwback game is whiffle wicked
Saint Patty's day, green pinstripe, number 20 Mark
Spitz'n
Jersey oh we with the matchin' new wear fitted
White boys say my style is bitchin'
Keepin' coke in the kitchen
Keep a glock that will shock and bring the rest
Tucked underneath my Mitchell and Ness

I, travelin', handlin' with a forty-five cannon
It's tucked in my Marc Buchanan
Extra clips and shells in the lambskin
Two deep by Pelle Pelle
Westside how they felly fell
More G's on me, than a late 80's Gucci leather
Worn by the great Rakim himself

Stitch my dapper dan oh man with the gun in hand
I leave your blood squirting
No offense, I'll put your face on the chest
Of a sweatshirt drawn by shirt kings
I been fucking, a hustle, married to a racket
Since the first Air Jordan's and Starter jackets
I slept with a package, under mattress

I carry guns heavy speakeasy, slight with the fight
words
I'll put somethin' hot through your motherfuckin'
iceberg
Got a project chica, named Rica
She keep a purse full of dro' reefer
Small, pinkies like that
Talk 'til the paper fat
I rock somethin', roll chief sacks like daddy fat

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Pop tires in reverse, you'll be needin' a nurse
Leave you layin' on your back in a Cadillac hearse
Now your momma in all black with a matchin' purse
I know you wanna blow up, but a funeral hurts
What's worse, you can hit the mall and ball 'til you fall
Have to make a collect call, but your cell cut off
Trot to the mailbox thinkin' a check but the mail's run
short

No more MD, DD, LD
That means movie date, dinner date
Lunch date, help me please
My sheets is gone
Long bread to the short bread, word is bond
Meticulously pimpously serve the song
Act a damn donkey
Like the pilgrims when they popped
A tag on the Indians home

Drop top rag o with the weed gone
Chillin', bags in the trunk full of FAO Schwartz for the
chill'uns
Spent a few shillings
Sip a few chickens, lick a few kittens, just kiddin'
A fresh bowl of milk is in the fridge and
Can you pop the tags on the honeycombs
Or are you actin' mad cause the money done

Slowed, down, just a little bit dipped, poked out, did
some shall bit
Actin' like a pitfall bull pit, dead game is the pulpit
Leave a motherfucker with his John Doe toe tag clipped
Imperial classic, a lyrical thrashin' a miracle happenin'
Jay-Z, Killer Mike and Big Boi rappin' and rhymin' and
smabbin'
Pop that tag on some of this game
Hollatic, swallow and keep the change

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