

## Big Mike

### "Freestyle"

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(Big Moe)

Yeee-yeee haahee yeehaa, yeee-yaahee

That nigga Big Ass Moe

Chillin with my partna named D-mo

Its on his birthday we comin through

In a niggas trunk is a nigga named Screw

And I got that boy Kici in heah

And that boy Poyo and these hoes heah

And we comin through wit that boy Flig-ati Flea

Comin out the 3, cuttin hairs with that boy J-o-e

Yeah that nigga Joe

I done came through, Big Moe never been no hoe

I'm up on this tape, never gonna hate

Ima come through bouncin on my scrap plate

Yeeea yeeee

(?)

Im gonna smoke some fuckin blunts

Pop the fuckin trunk, the neon lights gonna come

Comin down the 'vard

Actin hard, not fraud

Comin through Po-yo gotta yella broad

Automatic hoe, gotta yella hoe

Comin through the boulevard can't rock 'n roll

I never gave a damn, my juice gonna slam

I'm at I.H.O.P. eatin some breakfast and some yams

My partna Scott chillin at the mutha fuckin crib

I just dumped out a whole bunch of fry deals

I'm just kinda fried, I don't know why

I just popped up eatin breakfast askin why

(Big Moe)

Yeeeh-yeeeah, yeeeh yeeah yea yeeeah

Its them boys off that Long Drive

That nigga D-mo

(D-mo)

Here I go, here I go

Gettin crunk on tha reala, Im a nigga be smokin that  
killa

Because we know we comin down and a nigga feel so  
trilla

Cause Im comin with Big Moe, My Kici and Po-yo

I even gotta tight what cut from the playa Joe

Man let me get my shit right  
Cause Im not gone be the one to fall off  
Cause I know Im gonna be the one to take a fuckin loss  
20 G's up in this bitch be jammin  
Niggas comin down pop trunks just slammin  
Niggas hit the van on the candy and them blades  
Niggas stayin on me cause they wanna get paid  
Everybody late and Ima just gone play  
And bitches be trippin cause they don't wanna  
Ever stay down with a nigga, when a niggas doin bad  
So I get my cash and I act mad  
I mashed up on the gas, I gotta big ol' Lac  
A nigga comin down with blue and purple  
Comin down with a 5th in the back  
And Im feelin so true  
Got much love for my nigga named Screw  
The Kici's in this bitch, my nigga Jonathan  
I got about 6 or 7 pounds from him  
He broke em all down and we all got high  
And niggas don't be trippin don't be doin no drive-bys  
Cause we don't gangbang, don't wear blue or red  
We like that fuckin green, papers what I said  
Big Moe wassup, in this bitch and this niggas singin  
Comin through just like hell, the bells are ringin  
Big Moe wreck one more, so we can hit the store  
Cause it be goin down for the boy D-mo  
(Big Moe)  
Its that nigga, nigga named M-o-e  
I represent that Southside, yeah the 3  
Hooked up with them boys off that Long Drive  
You know we stayin playa made, you know we gotta  
strive  
To the T-o-p, that's the top man  
Ima come through nigga down to bring the pain  
If these hoes down to jack, I want you to know  
We comin down bald fades, not afros.  
(Kici)  
Now we chillin, now we just leanin  
And we comin up fixin to pop up on the scene  
Just got some drank from that boy with that bird  
And you know we just hooked up on some syrup  
Now you know we gone, goin real strong  
I thinkin ride far, I thinkin ride long  
Drop roll barre, that what I want  
Im comin on down jammin  
I gotta be slammin, gotta be comin  
And you know we smoke weed  
We don't fuck with embalmin  
Cause that shit bad for a G like me  
I guess I represent Southside lil Kici  
I showin em, Everybody got on they Nikes

And you know what everybody higher than a kite  
Or they just leanin in they seat  
Smokin swisha sweets  
Want some fuckin crack  
Gone and hit me on my beep  
A-I-R, sippin on tha barre  
Nigga you don't understand  
Nigga in our car  
Got 4 TVs all up in the seats  
And I splits down nuthin but them swisha sweets  
I'm just what reclinin  
Nigga bumper climbin  
Man what's up in my mouth is steady diamonds  
Yeah everbody like, where the night?  
Im a playa, yeah you know we never gonna act shief  
Gone break them hoes off  
Gone represent the South  
Ima come through drinkin lean and I aint gonna cough  
Ima let them boys know how far I can go  
Ima just wreck down on the fuckin down low  
Keep my shit optimo in my mouth  
Because they be runnin  
Im just a chill for awhile cause they know Im comin  
Im comin with somethin, lookin kinda throwed  
Im comin down ridin with my partnas, fuck a hoe  
Those hoes out to get ya for everything  
But Im out there tryin to come up and swang  
Or chop up on some blades  
I keep a tight fade  
You know Im always on my paper chase  
Always get my green, always on my lean  
Me and Po-yo fixin to pop up on the scene  
In a classic seat  
Yeah that's a sheet  
And you know what, we fixin to score a fuckin key  
So guess what, I open my dresser drawer  
Kici's jeans and a key, that's what I saw  
I saw a bunch of shit  
Now I be legit  
Im just in the game  
And the Kici aint gonna quit  
Im steady steady husslin  
Steady steady strugglin  
Boys don't know and Im tired of mean muggin  
So I get my nine out cause they got some static  
Cock my shit back cause I got an automatic  
Flem got the 40  
He gone get rowdy  
And ya don't want that shit  
Cause it's gone be naughty, by nature  
Fuck a playa hater

Ima come through  
And ya know Im down to spray ya  
Let them boys know came here with tha Yungstar  
And he fixin to flow, and he aint no fuckin punk  
So Im fixin to pass it  
Hoppin like a rabbit  
Man Im comin through got paper gotta have it  
Under my damn bed  
And Im flippin red  
If I get caught with keys I goin fed  
But that aint on my mind  
No Im not thinkin about 9  
Im thinkin bout 18  
Man it's my time  
To pop up on the scene  
And show my fuckin neckless  
Come down the boulevard, straight up wreck it  
In a damn line  
Pop trunk, surround  
Me and my partnas, yeah you know we comin down  
Diamonds in our grill  
Tell me how ya feel  
Nigga wassup, yeah we got gold grill  
Tha shit don't stop  
Tha hoes gonna bop  
Cause we gone come through and we got hard rock  
Yep, always lookin, hooked up with tha clay, always  
cookin  
Gone blade knife  
Cookin keys in the kitchen  
Give me nine ounces  
Lemme get up on my mission  
Make my damn green  
So I can be like you  
Kici's in this bitch  
Chillin with my partna screw  
Fixin to give it to this boy  
Goin flip his tounge  
Man go on, go on, go strong  
(Big Moe)  
Heeeeeaaaaa yeaataaaaaah  
Im gonna bring young G in on this mic  
His name is Yungstar  
You know that he's rollin tight  
Im gonna bring him in and Im comin down  
Im comin down pop trunk, Im out that H-town  
(Yungstar)  
Out H-town, showin surround by sound  
Yesterday yall got mad when I shown nuthin but ground  
Im talkin shit they didn't like  
Ridin marble white

I might just break em off, when I come dripped out  
right  
Im talkin shoes by Hirachi, shirts by Versace  
Hoes they gone watch me, but they all wanna jock me  
As I slow the beat down  
See the diamonds face strong  
Wreckin whole H-town  
Comin through and we down  
With them hoes wanna see me, yellas in bikinis  
Break em off for D-mo, it's his birthday and that Kici  
On that Long Drive, order baked potato with chives  
Im gone come through watch that boy gots to go out  
Yes Im goin off, cause I gots to go man  
Watch I come through  
Watch I throw the West with my hand  
Go and get me some  
Break em off with my pump  
I gots to come through and I gots to get dumb  
Boys steady swervin  
Pickin em up at Sterling  
Gots to send shots, send Piper to that Mervyns  
And they carved in stone  
I can go on  
I can just flow grippin on a mobile phone  
Its tha Poterola  
Im a money folder  
Got that grey Seville, and that grey cup holder  
Grippin on tha grain  
Cause so much pain  
To that P-a-t, I see ya flippin with tha grain  
Watch A-Team me as I pop and I shine  
Ima break em off see that Flip just recline  
Still is a minor, wood on the vinyl  
TV VCR, lay back gone recline  
And they just mad draped and dripped in that Caddy  
Hoes get mad cause I aint no mack daddy  
Gotta flip my tounge  
Yes be leavin them sprung  
Bust some shit out some lung  
Don't know how it's goin, Yungstars still flowin  
Flippin with Po-yo, and his trunk is steady glowin  
See that boy me and Poo  
Hes steady jammin Screw  
Two toned blades  
Flippin rollin with tha whole crew  
Yes that screw you he's a dealer  
Boy had a seizure  
Its that '96, Kiki locked we gon please ya  
Gots to wreck shop '96, I aint gone stop it  
Gots to come through at that beach we gone drop it  
I aint gonna even play

Im thinkin the MLK  
I might just flip a four  
Get crazed tip tangeray  
Or be on the flip phone  
These hoes be on my bone  
I might just come with marble  
Just to switch to teflon  
These hoes be on my zipper  
Im bald fade with the clippers  
I might just come with Burban  
I might just go and get wood strip a  
I gots to go down  
I gots to just wreck it  
And when I come through everybody wanna try to  
neglect  
They try to talk down  
Because I gots to go through the dark  
I see that boy Gregg & Wood lost in that East Park  
KiKi on lock, I aint forgot  
That Yungstar wreck the mic  
That Screw done wrecked it up  
So you know they aint gone like  
How we did it, it's that boys Bday  
I came what fade  
Gots to sip that Tangarey  
Ima steel fool  
From tha Southside  
We don't bang bang, yes my mouth is what dry  
Im gone wreck shop  
Gots to send it to that  
Boys  
Im a one thriller  
Gots to watch tha scandal  
Shop at that Randall  
Hit that fuckin beach, with that what Nike sandal  
Got em on my feet, hide behind tint be blowin sweet  
Them hoes be on my dick  
Be blowin up it be so neat  
Don't settle for less  
These don't try to impress  
That's why I break em off  
That new pair of Guess  
I hit that Sterling  
That Mervyn  
Them hoes they don't know me  
I might holla at Pokey  
Or go and get that 40  
Them boys be steady doin it  
Knockin off the unit  
Hit that big bay  
We aint flew it

Dripped and we draped out  
Know what I talkin bout  
You don't see my diamonds  
Cause them boys comin out  
Im a take and break the mic  
Yes that got me goin  
Yung's steady flowin  
And Im steady what blowin  
Gots to pass it that Po-yo  
Cause that boy gone wreck shop watch me do it  
This aint '94 hoe  
(Big Moe)  
Yeaaaah yeeeeaaaah  
Chillin with my boy on his birthday  
Im that young G, yeah M-o-e  
Gotta bring my partna in yeah that Pokey  
Hes comin out that Southside, yeah the Stone  
You know he's comin through with a pocket full of  
chrome  
(Big Pokey) [14:16]  
A nigga on a mission, steady hittin bitches  
Pump steady itchin, boys steady wishin  
Talkin down on a nigga name  
Ima hit the boulevard grippin wood grain  
19's gone be turnin, got the wood sternin  
Joe in the back got the chronic and it's burnin  
Smokin chronic leaf optimo, big Po-yo  
Sippin on the 8, idle up the poe-poe  
Ima come down wit the deuce  
Let the 3 wheel Poyo gonna hop juice  
Sittin sideways, boys in a daze  
On a Sunday nite I might brang me some mace, maybe  
OJ's  
Hoes be goin crazy, some say Im lazy  
Wanna have my baby, aint gone get me locked down  
I can't get locked, hold my glock  
Ima come down, hustlin rocks on my block  
Cause they gone pay, gonna make my fedy  
Keep the beat steady drop your drop on the belly  
Make your trunk wave, keep your corner paid  
Make that trunk wave from the cradle to the grave  
Me and screw you, what you wanna do  
Let me come down Po-yo got his crew  
Got my whole click, got to come down  
Ima wave trunk, Im a gone so so fine  
Ima hit on the dice, gotta keep it nice, drank and  
sprites  
Ridin in the burban blades and Im popped up twice  
Wood strip got gold, leten em boys know  
Ima hop out with the crease in my clothes  
Chain on my neck, rocks up on my wrist

Dirt up in my piss, gotta partna named Chris  
Movin keys, lemme chop em down  
In my safe I gotta key and a pound  
Pound of the weed, I gotta quarter ounce  
I had to hit the boulevard make my drop bounce  
I had to three wheel on the four, let them boys know  
Ima hit the boulevard slow and tip toe  
With that boy Flemmin, yellow bone women  
Got to come through real sexy, not skinny  
Don't want no big fat bitch  
Cant let that hoe ride with me on the switch  
Gotta be playa, gotta be a star  
Ima let ya smoke my weed, sip on my barre  
We gone do it right, get a room later, aint no hater  
Cant fade her, hit the boulevard when I bounce rocket  
skater  
Ima crawl like a gator, got my grill  
Let me come through pint bottle steady sealed  
Sittin in my vault, cases got caught  
Had to come down gotta partna named Walt  
That's that boy Walter, I done had a daughter  
Rocked up a quarter, threw on my damn Starter  
It done got cold, money done unfold  
Let me come down with a wood Momo  
That's the wood wheel, Ima pop a pill  
House on the hill, got my mind on a mill  
On a mission tryin to get rich  
Down to hit a switch, let me come down aww boy nasty  
bitch  
All up in my face, ridin got bass  
Late night on the what Screw with the Grace  
Actin bad with that Judd, Joe on the cut  
Got that P-a-t fixin to slap another slut  
Lil Keke, that KK, and tha Hawk  
Boy be talkin down now watch this boy barkin  
That's that boy Bird, rock 73rd  
Letem boys know we goin fed, what ya heard  
Got that Lil Three, and that mans off that Botany  
Got that boy Joe thinkin blades and Mazarati  
Got that screwzew, bangin behind tint  
Windows tinted, Ima slow up the speed limit  
Let them boys know, flip phone I be foldin em  
Fillin up my foreign ride with petroleum  
I gotta ride on boy, gotta bring the noise  
Rent my car, gotta hit me a lick in Detroit  
Some in Alabama, some down in Asia  
Im do it right move my cheese on my pager  
Beats '18, 735 with screens  
Teal green, I be shootin my machine  
Like a trained marine, Im on a mission with my rappin  
When a nigga steppin, nigga aint no preppin



In my corner cause yous a goner  
Im smokin marajuana  
Broke em off when I snatched my diploma  
I walked across the stage  
I turned the page, no more minimum wage  
And my corner got paid  
Kept fedy, kept it steady  
My partna named Reggie  
Im 330, so niggas say Im heavy  
Hitin real hard, never did roid  
Fat ass nigga, we'll fuck a yella broad  
Are ya black are ya brown, I let my top down  
Swang and swangin, and my diamond gonna shine in  
my mouth  
Im from the South, what ya talkin bout  
The haters rollin up so I got my glock cocked  
I aint no hoe, letten em know, Im fin to erupt like a  
volcano  
Me and my partna Zano  
Ron G, it's that grunga, steady smokin Gunja  
Im a come down bunch of money  
Boucin like a bunny, boucin like a rabbit  
Boys wanna have it, breakin boys off 2 times dag nab it  
Lemme hurta, a hater hurter, on a mission  
I gots to come down, knocked off a politician  
Knocked off a judge, knocked off a lawer  
Now I comin down I hooked up with Tom Sayer  
First to put some boys back in the game  
Ima show them boys throw my picture in the frame  
Aint gone be lame, a partna named Shane  
Ima cause pain, Joe cuttin against the grain  
Gone fade me up get a nigga so slappy  
Got a bitch yellow bone broad, yeah she happy  
Watch that Mo-yo, fixin to solo  
Ima come through cause my grass startin to grow  
(Big Moe)  
Out tha backdoor, that nigga named Pokey  
Ima comin out the Southside representin tha Three  
Im comin down playa made, yeah ya know Im real  
Im down out the South, down to pop me a pill  
Im rollin wood grain, down that South man  
Im out the South ya know Im down fuckin to bring the  
pain  
Because we comin down and my little boys gone wreck  
We comin down, yellow broads we puttin hoes in check  
(?) [20:55]  
Here we goin and the sweets are still burnin  
Popped up twice and we watchin Higher Learning  
With tha Cube and that Busta Rhymes  
Hit that Po on that beeper  
Down to score 9

Fixin to chop it up, yeah Im fresh up on tha block  
Movin rock  
Got my glock cocked  
Haters wanna stop but they cant  
Gotta keep a drank and Im drivin  
Boy comin through and that Moe steady slidin  
In a three we, comin down bumper fall  
Steady ballin  
Haters steady callin my name  
Im in this game with the birds  
Have you fuckin heard  
Comin down knocked off a pint, what the syrup  
Witha gallon  
Lookin for a stallion  
Comin down and I got the chrome with medallion  
And my damn fade, and my diamonds in my mouth  
Fuckin with these boys  
And we could be out the South  
In a bus  
Blades are 19's  
Po comin through and we got tha four screens  
With tha VCR  
And we sippin barre  
Comin down tinted up, new what car  
Got the woodgrain  
And you know Im steady knockin  
Trunk gone be poppin  
Bumper unlockin  
All you hear is Beep  
And Im comin down swangin  
Comin down, let the top up it's fixin to rain  
And Im comin through and Im steady sittin sideways  
My way, have to do it Friday  
Im comin, Im comin aint gone lie, say Im comin  
Grill witha woman  
On tha block first and the leads steady pumpin  
I aint gonna leave tha corner till Im makin a mill plus  
Boy comin through and Im sicka bein in a bus  
Fuckin with that bird, and we gettem for a gallon  
And that man pulled and we what...  
(Big Moe)  
Yeeeeaaaaa yeeeaah  
Im comin through in my hoo-doo  
You know in a nigga trunk is tha nigga screw  
We comin down, and you know we down to swang &  
bang  
Im out the South, that Big Moe, should let my nuts hang  
I don't give a damn pop trunk Im gone slam  
Im comin down watchin TV, playin NBA Jam  
Im comin through bangin screw in my hoo-doo  
Im lettin that nigga Joe on the mic

I thought you niggas knew  
(Haircut Joe) [23:30]  
Thought you niggas knew  
Fixin to come down  
Bangin and that tint  
Watch me come down and I got  
Form that damn bam  
I love a yams, and the Ox tail, not in jail  
Steady stack my mail  
Watch me come come through  
Chevy, lookin heavy, comin down  
And I gots to come down  
Nigga just roll, lets just smoke  
Watch me come down and I aint no fuckin joke  
Steady comin crunk, rollin up the skunk  
I done went to wreck when I pop tha fuckin trunk  
Rollin 84's, nigga lma pro, steppin out call me Haircut  
Joe  
Cuttin on tha fros, holla at ya know  
Watch me come down, nigga with a fuckin hoe  
Get he fuckin money  
Like it aint funny take out a bank account  
Like some damn magic, what the hell happened  
Don't take my talkin for no muthafuckin cappin  
Nigga it's the truth, charge it to the roof  
A lot of niggas just wanna walk in my boots  
But they can't step on that what nigga level  
Watch me come through nigga Im a just....man hold up  
(Big Moe)  
I done came through, chillin with my boy Screw  
You know we popped up in a foreign hoo-doo  
We came through and we sippin on that drank barre  
We comin down lookin like playas and like stars  
You hoes gotta feel a down ass fuckin G  
I represent that Three, that nigga M-o-e  
I came through bangin screwed up in my hoo-doo  
You know Im comin realla, partna then I think ya knew  
That boy tha lean and fell on his head  
We comin through rollin Caddy rollin marble red  
You gotta feel me, that boy comin through  
Im letten these boys wreck on the mic I thought you  
knew  
(D-mo)  
Comin down chillin  
I got the Yungstar, I got tha Big Moe  
We all goin fed, fuck goin ag  
Niggas comin through with 30 keys up in a bag  
We gotta make a livin  
Nigga know Im real  
Jammin Screw  
I got to send it out to my boys Zane and crew

My nigga Adrian  
I got tha Haircut Joe  
Flowin in this bitch  
Its this nigga D-mo  
My boy from the tre  
They always pay late  
I got to say what'sup to my nigga named Clay  
My nigga Big Boy, always chillin lookin throwed  
That nigga named Rod just fell up on the floor  
He can't handle shit, that nigga went down  
Goin down real, on the Southside of town  
We comin jammin screw  
And we comin with my niggas  
And we rollin with our crew  
I got the nigga Yungstar from the South  
Was wreckin this bitch  
Comin down with cadillac  
With big ol fuckin bumper kit  
Comin down 5th wheel slammin  
Hoe just fannin  
Bitch Im sayin it  
Cause I fucked your mamma  
I fucked your cousin  
I fucked that bitch  
And these niggas just a fussin  
Thinkin that a niggaplayamade  
Didn't know I got a muthfuckin tight fade  
From that Flem, or was it that Joe, or was it that Judd  
You know how it go  
All my partnas cut, all my partnas tight  
We gonna get kill, leys get fried tonight  
And we can get blitz  
And jam some Bone  
And we can jam that Street Military, nigga bring it on  
And nigga, know you feel me  
I know, I know Im real  
Im comin through I got 12 diamonds in my grill  
My diamonds steady gleamin, bitches steady fiendin  
Niggas comin down, starchin down on the scene and  
Give this bitch back to that nigga Big Moe  
I wanna hear this nigga sing  
On my fuckin D bro  
(Big Moe) [28:11]  
Chillin with my partna on his Bday  
I done came through and a nigga raidin a trunk  
Im out the Southside I told you hoes Im not no punk  
Im comin real, Im thinkin bout poppin pills  
I stay on tha Leal, yall know the deal  
Im came through and ya know Im comin rollin hard  
I represent that hood yeah the Tre Ward  
You know Im comin clean, Starchin down the scene

Im comin down sippin on that drank the codeine  
(Kici) [28:50]  
Damn, chillin with my old school crew  
That's how we do, wearin Nike shoe  
Big Po-yo  
And a charm  
And I gotta have clean Rolex on my arm  
When I come through bladed all popped up  
We gone come on down  
All these hoes  
Niggaz suck my dick  
Im down with my click  
All that hatin shit, that shit aint even thick  
That shit is kinda low  
I never been a hoe  
Chillin with my partna tha Kici and Big Moe  
That boy be wreckin on these tapes  
Im thinkin comin down  
With a tight drop  
With dem buck  
I don't give a fuck  
All them fuckin haters you know they stuck  
Cause Im strapped with a 9  
Im strapped with a 40  
Flem got them shit cause it gonna get rowdy  
Cock that bitch back, Im steady sellin crack  
Im stuck in this game and nigga it's like that  
That's how we doin do it down here, on the Southside  
Watch us come up, watch us follow in our ride  
Follow right behind, follow on up  
We gone come down Benz and bladed up truck  
All that shit, all that shit is good  
And everything I have gotta be wood  
All over, even in a Range Rover  
Im born and raised to be a young soldier  
Call me a BG  
But Im scorin a key  
You know Im talkin about it's that damn Kici  
Im down on my knees  
Im tryin to get on my feet  
Cause Im just steady sellin all the keys  
Come through, BMW, 96 new  
Or maybe 97, 24-7 Im puttin in work  
And then I got.....  
Man, I fell off, so Ima fixin to pass it  
Gone back up the flow Ima un ass it  
(Big Moe)  
I done came through after every boys flow  
Im that nigga Big Ass Moe  
Steady jammin my music slow  
I came done through with my crew

Pop trunk in that BMW  
Steady swang and bang on them fuckin thangs  
Im out the South a young G letten nuts hang  
I bring another young G in on this mic  
Hes called a Yungstar, he's comin so tight  
(Yungstar)  
Then bring me in  
My skin is my sin  
Im thinkin brand new what Benz  
Off the showroom  
Them hoes they come soon  
I gots to sweep my friend, witha surprise like a broom  
Every time they be hopin  
I know they be scopin  
I gots to break em off  
Gots to leave they mouth open  
Cause they gots to talk down  
Diamond  
Watch I open up my trunk  
Showin nuthin but surround  
Its all good  
Yes they don't know  
Baked potato and chive  
When im hungrey hit that Long Drive  
Pick up that Kici, we hit that shrimp platter  
I gots to come through  
Scatter  
I hit that fuckin quarter, it's gone be a slaughter  
We draped and dripped out  
Watch I bang with my daughter  
Let the top down  
Im fresh off carceration  
We swanger  
In tha car, Im sippin on barre, TV VCR  
With the star  
She come through, she know that I got car  
Ima do  
I got to show the 6 X 9  
Gots to show  
Watch that boy be reclinin  
Im  
Strait pop a pill and  
Kici diamond grill  
Them boys is locked up  
Show  
When I come through  
Watch that boy wreck the fuckin shop  
Gotta leave it smokin  
Cause this game aint jokin  
Ima come through TV car wide open  
Come and please get me

Watch I just spray  
I  
Sippin like tha AK  
Gotta clear tha block off  
Tha Yungstar aint gone play  
Gots to pop  
I bang in your ear  
I she'd so many tears  
I bang R Kelly or Aliyah  
Gots to drop tha top real gently  
Im sippin on that jelly  
I might just come through  
Cause that boy be rockin steady  
ESG is on lock  
Them boys aint gone stop  
Them boys be comin through  
Im sendin shouts to 2pac, and that Tyson  
Im dressin nice  
Im steady wreckin and ryhmin  
Im steady comin through, Im layed back Im still reclinin  
Im fuckin these hoes, they watchin these shows they  
sippin on fours  
And watch that mic get smokin  
Elite, I practice what I preach  
Watch me drop the top marble blue at the beach  
They speech on with that boy Po-yo  
They don't know, that D-mo  
Fixin to break em off but he doin it slow  
And that boy Moe, he steady hummin  
Keke said he comin  
Im gone come through grill and woman  
Poppin trunk with lady  
I aint packin no 380  
I might just come through  
Movin back to the shady  
I moved to Rosenberg  
That shit aint what ya heard  
Im a stay in Southpark  
Stayin down with tha herd  
Stayin down with tha cattle  
I shake, then I rattle  
I might just come through  
Its all about that grain  
Lesson  
I gots to come through to young G's I be stressin  
17, promethazine, creases in my jean  
Im comin through wreckin mic  
Dope fiend  
I aint got time for pointin no red dot  
Im just bustin  
I aint got time for no cap

Robitussen  
We sippin that barre  
TV VCR, we rentin  
Incarceration  
Playstation  
In the what hoo-doo  
I aint sellin no Zulu  
I might just pop trunk now these hoes they doin Voodoo  
They wanna try to stick me  
The foes  
Im might just come back  
With Po-yo instead  
Kici is gonna shine  
That boy Shaun reclined  
I hit the Long Drive now it's time I do mine  
Its time I just chill and lay back and sip a 8  
Im sittin sideways  
TV on tha scrap plate  
They don't hate when they see  
We comin, we don't fuss  
We don't even cuss  
We swangas on the bus, Damn!

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