

Big Tymers

"1 Stunna"

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Nigga can't out-stunt me when it come to these fuckin'
cars, nigga
Believe that

You know me, I don't need no introduction and shit
Ride Bentleys 'round the city on buttons, ya bitch
Arm hangin', wrist blingin', just stunnin' and shit
Drop the top, block is hot, stay bumpin', ya bitch
??? get it right, don't tangle and twist it
Hit the club every night, drunk, drinkin' that Crissy
Niggas mad, don't like it 'cause I'm bangin' they
bitches

When the light hit the ice, it twinkle and glistens
Baby, Bryan, B., Bubble, you can call me what you feel
Hoppin' out the platinum Hummer with the platinum
grill

With the platinum pieces and the platinum chains
With the platinum watches and the platinum rings
Last shit ain't changed, still doin' my thing
Still do it for the block, nugs hang and swing
You don't know another nigga that could stunt like me
Big Tymer representin', nigga, the U.P.T.

I'm that hard nigga stunnin' like Evil Knievil
Jumpin' out Lexus and Hummers, showin' off for my
people

I'm the #1 stunna (Wh-wh-what)

The #1 stunna (Wh-wh-what)

James Bond, Jackie Chan, and that bitch, McGyver
Private planes, Jaguars, Bentleys and Prowlers

I'm the #1 stunna (Wh-wh-what)

The #1 stunna (Wh-wh-what)

I put dubs on cars, when I ride I'm fly
We thugs, not stars, bitch, ride or die
Put bricks on blocks, nigga, cooked and cut
Juve' 'bout to hold the rocks, nigga, hook it up
Diamonds on my hugs feet, when they walk they spark
Diamonds in my fuckin' teeth, when I talk I spark
Don't fuck around with beef, when it start I spark

Me and my Hot Boy creeps, when it's dark we spark
Just bought a new car and I'm thinkin' 'bout a million
The motherfuckin' driver seat sittin' in the middle
Me and my son, Wheezy, got a house by the water
I'll be fuckin' bad bitches, I be hittin' they daughters
I like my dick sucked fast, I like to play with them
rookies
I like to fuck 'em in they ass while he beat up the pussy
I'm the #1 stunna, you don't want my shit
I'mma stunt till I die, bitch, the shit don't quit

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Baby, pop the Crystal, and shine the jewels
Get the Cadillac from Suell with 20-inch Ls
Boss B., slow down in the Jag, you lost me
Slow down, Wayne, you know that's all on me
Come on, you know how slow the new Rolls Royce be
Baby, give me the keys, give me the weed, give me the
G's, give me the Mack 10
Let me see happenin', to me, these niggas last in
What's up, Boss B., you ever got beef with a busta
You can call me, you know I keep a blucka-blucka
Hit 'em all week, give me the keys to the bubble
I'm on y'all street, Juvenile
Baby, let me get the keys to the Rover truck
But wait, my nigga, baby, he live on chrome
My nigga, baby, he get his shine on

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Now, it's plain and simple, nigga
I ain't met a nigga yet who could fuck with these
Cash Money Hot Boys with these cars, nigga
See that new Monte Carlo, that's hot and on fire
That my dog, Fresh, had first
We got 'em on dubs
That Lexus, the new one that come out in 2001 with the
frog eyes
I got that bitch on dubs
And that Yu, the new Yukon, that's bubble-eye
I got that bitch on dubs
And that Mercedes Wagon, with the kit, that's kitted out
Look like it got frog eyes
That bitch on dubs
And I got that Benz that me and my dog bought for our
bitches
We got this shit here on dubs
We all drive Bentley's on dubs
I'm tryin' to put platinum eyebrows on these hugs
I just bought me a platinum football field, nigga
You understand, don't fuck with me with these cars,
nigga
We the #1 stunnas, nigga
Got that Viper with them rattle stripes with that kit
You understand, we ain't playin'
TVs in all our shit
Believe that, playboy
Fuck your whole hood up

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