

## Big Tymers "Be Gone"

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Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone  
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'?

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He told me number three was cheap  
Wit' a chick, wit' a stick, yeah, them girls be freakin'  
Checkin' in motels every other weekend  
Say brah, I can't picture lil' one eatin'

Boy, you ain't know fo' sho' she creepin'  
While she been tellin' me dog, she goin' to meetings  
Meeting Kitty wit' her mouth, that's what yo' chick 'bout  
Man, pass me my asthma pump, put lil' one out

Sometimes I be likin' when seein' chicks dykin'  
Pissin' on each other, mud wrestling and fightin'  
Hair everywhere, scratchin' and bittin'  
Pass me my asthma, pump again, man, this shit  
exciting

I be like, let's get jumped like a game of checkers  
And I done cheat more chicks than Nelly sold records  
E.I, C.I, turn a chick out  
Then give it to another chick and leave it up in her  
mouth

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There's a story about a bitch named Sally  
A hot girl lived in that rat-hoe alley  
She stayed sharp, stayed rockin' balance  
And a fat pussy laid down in the Cadi'

Back of the seat or back of the palace  
I'm a hot boy, it really don't matter  
My brother, K.C. plays them tellers  
That'll jump off, hit a stepper, whatever

Michael Kipper, James Peter got a big better  
Dick gotta a bitch in Miami, Â a dick-sweater  
Like Delores from A.T.L, 'The Freak of the Week'  
She did me, Slim, Joe and Tiki

I don't care, bitch, just ride  
Shake yo' pussy and shake yo' thigh  
Get yo' hat, get yo' coat, it's time to ride  
Baby girl lookin' at me like she surprise?

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Let me tell you about another one of my lovers  
I caught the ignorant chick pokin' holes in rubbers  
Talkin' 'bout she late, sorry no wait  
Girl, you fucked me, Mike Tyson and O.J

These hoes be pullin' they raw tactics  
Baby, makin' and jaw-jackin'  
Mami suck dick like a lowrider  
Ooh, wee, don't stop her

Thinkin' that I'ma claim that baby  
Girl you coo-coo, stupid, dumb and crazy  
His eyes green and his hair wavy  
Thought you had me, huh? Got me, playin' me

She movin' like a nigga hittin' switches  
But I bet I'd hit that old shitty  
She a popper, H.G., non-stopper  
She from Uptown, baby girl, don't knock her

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