

Big Tymers "Good Friday"

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Hoo Bangin' and Cash Money
Hustlin' every Friday

Got a package on Wednesday, Thursday, I broke it up
Now Friday done came, today we cookin' up
Ain't gettin' loaded nigga, no time for fuckin' up
I'm breakin' niggaz of with bricks from hustlers

The hood done changed 'cause niggaz is comin' up
Ya short me, I'ma have to blow your hood up
The feds on my ass but I need my change
So I could ride Hummers, Jags and Bentleys man

It's that day, phat day, kidnappin' and gun play
I need my riches from you bitches and I can't stay
Now that the flavor that I savor neighbor, 20 inch
thangs
Rag on my head, white T-shirt and baguette chains

Mac like Roni, the one and only
Nigga Puff like Daddy and I'm pretty like Tony
Friday, lie day, tell the lil nigga I'll pay 'em
And when he come up with the product, y'all niggaz
spray 'em
Now why they had to do me on Friday

It's Friday, nigga on the block, straight shinin'
Runnin' a bitch down, tryin' to get it, I'm grindin'
Sellin' 2 for 1's, whatever nigga, I got it
Them checks came out so the set straight poppin'

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Listen, listen, listen, la
Weezy-We, movin' 20 ki's a week
On a good Friday it's like easy street
Breakin' down whole chickens, to quarters and halves
You could get it harder than slabs or softer than sand

If you come around my course nigga, askin' for the
short nigga
Not on Tuesdays and Thursdays, I be duckin' the law,
nigga
You know I got that raw nigga, bags to bricks
Whole things goin' for 10 and ounces for 6

Look it's iceberg, nigga, expect the worst
Friday done fell on the first and I got that work
And if I front the whole thing, I'ma ask for 11
If I front a half a thing, I'm taxin' ya 7

'Cause I gotta ride dubs nigga runnin' whatever
A CMR standard nigga got a flosser Kompressor
I got a extra 223, and my pockets to spend
And on the next Friday, I'ma do it again, wha

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Man, first it was a hard night and that was good Friday
I got to duck 'til I'm special on the hard white
I'm ridin' 20 inches, flossin', stay shinin'
I'm the boss, I get chickens at cost and stay grindin'

Don't make me put on the bass and so I'm 'bout to start
hoopin'
I'll remake 2 out a 1 so I can get hootin' and recoopin'
My game gettin' strong and my profit gettin' long
I bust the whole chick down and sell it all in zones

Try to beat me or cheat me and get your shirt stained
up
And run for pop those hollows towards the door
And freeze your brain up
All hustlin' hit the stores and turn the flame up
Left the water bubblin' and rocked the cane upa

So Baby, you Wayne and Fresh, y'all get the machetes
Put it in B.G. cook it and y'all chop it when it's ready
And when you come to my hood and you lookin' for
them thangs
Mack 10 is the name on the Caddy door now what

Why they had to do me on Friday?
Why they had to pursue on Friday?
Why they had to do me on Friday?
Why they had to pursue on Friday?
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

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