

Big Tymers "Got Everything"

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Ay, Big Money Heavyweight
Ay, Fresh, we back at it daddy
Big Tymers, old treat, summertime boy

See it's summertime homie and we born to shine
Cadillac dipped grill with the 9 on line
Keep the ice on packed, with the big mack stacks
Rims dipped the same color as the new Cadillac

See we lace our hoes, and smoke our dro'
When we go to the club, we go through the back door
With the nine on my waistline
Any nigga act up he get that nine to his fuckin' mind

Homie still doing time
Son a sack through his mind, he get it through the
pipeline
Flicks, so you see how we shine
Everybody know stunna so you know I'm doing mines

It's a vision of dreams with Cadillac machines
Get loot not hoes if you know what I mean
Gotta hustle and grind, keep the money on your mind
Summertime all hoods, blow up and shine

Got everything they ever built, everything they ever
made
And on my bed, I even got a mink spread
And all my cars, gotta have spinning blades
And all my toys, gotta have an infrared

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Six years ago, a friend of mine
Said it's gon' rain before the sunshine
Some gon' lead, some gon' follow
Some gon' spit, some gon' swallow

Now, where you going? And where you been?
And what's your angle? And how you fit in?
So this time I made up my mind
Fuck being broke, it's time to shine

Kiss my mamma, tell my daddy I'm gone
Baby boy, on his way to make a song
From a quarter to a dollar to a five to a ten
You are witnessin'

The rise of a young black entrepreneur
Spread my wings, I'm about to soar
Two million, three million nigga I did it
Two billion, three billion, nigga let's get it

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See, I'm a neighborhood baller with the beamers and
sprawlers
The broads keep callin' 'cuz, baby, I'm ballin'
Hood rich shit with these ghettos and bricks
Stunna back at it ma' with that brand new six

Stunna got that caddy with the bubble eye lips
Fully equipped whips to custom made shit
Now everything is wet and everything is slick
And everything is paid, Mannie mink pimp

If you scared, get the new escalade
The long motherfucker get the head done in Suede
This is shining at it's best, nigga wear your vest
Southern ass nigga with his shirts and jeans fresh

I like them starched heavy, big box Chevy
Head till' I'm dead from my ol' girl Debbie
Don't try it, buy it, if its factory, amplify it
Might go Nitro, ignite it

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Yeah, I see ya Casey, I see ya fam, Gilly
Mikkey, Boo, Mike, Stone, Lac, d-boy Ceedy
Wop, ay, Ta I got you girl, I'm a hold us down shorty
We gon buy us some new private jets, yeah

Weezy We, Young Money, Squad up
Mannie Freezie, Suga Slim, Joe and Greg, I got us, baby
Hold on, nigga, it's all good homie, ay, Rodney
It's ya boy, it's Bird Beezy my Neezy
We riding for ya Darkchild in the building nigga

Yeah, ay, Tanto, I ain't forget 'bout you nigga
Uptown we in this bitch, nigga, ay, ay, we riding
Till the wheels fall off, nigga, guaranteed

We won't look back from here, nigga, yeah, yeah
We keeping it hood, you know
We only know it one way, nigga, yeah, yeah, ah

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