

## Big Tymers

### "Hope You Niggas Sleep"

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Check the pain I inflict like a convict, the Fulton digger  
Jump in the Aura Vigor, after I stick ya  
Rip ya like a razor, straight up Henny with no chaser  
Watch me erase ya, misplace ya

Put you in the back with the derelicts  
Yeah, I pop plenty shit  
Chump, I'm making hits  
No time for the crack rock and shit

Took it to another level  
Now I'm gettin' crazy papes, gettin' paid from the  
devils  
Another amateur trying to damage the pedigree  
Of the B I G G I E, you know it's me

Hoes I thought you know I'm smooth as a babies ass  
Smooth as Teeddy Pendegrass, smoke the grass, get  
in your ass  
The Brooklyn born Teflon don, wreckin' shop  
Gettin' props, provin' nobody drops

Words as potent as the blunt smokin' Bed-Stuy bandit  
And niggas just can't understand it  
I bust a cap for the brothers in Nap Nap, Comstock and  
Clinton  
You know my shit is hitting

Yeah, ya'll a fly nigga, Biggie Smalls  
Kickin' flavor, make a nigga wanna dig up in they  
drawers  
For the burner, catch a body  
I got styles like karate

Jujitsu, when I hit you then I split you  
Like a cantaloupe  
Hope you got a rope to hang yourself  
I rob for self, from Brooklyn, where else

Fat like a Lexus coupe, I'll rip your troop  
Not even Lois Lane could get the scoop

What you think I'm stupid  
My crew is mad deep, I hope you niggas sleep

I throw a bomb through you window  
Burn you up and your hoe  
I catch your mama going to therapy  
And cut her throat

You lil' sister walking home from school  
I abduct her, then I fuck her  
I hit ya park close up with the Louisville Slugger

B Geezy is the hustla, ignorant motherfucker  
I was taught how to bust heads by the best head  
busters  
Cluckers, you know I got'em two for one my nigga  
I'm on V.L. if you want me, get some my nigga, come  
on

Thuggin' is my thing, if I'm beefin' I'm bangin'  
Slangin', it's in my nature, gotta be about my paper  
Haters, I don't like 'em, bitches, I don't trust 'em  
Niggas, I can't stand 'em, I creep down and pluck 'em

Strap stay in my hand, I gotta protect mine  
Niggas tryin' to pull it off, pop goes the nine  
That's how it gotta be in these uptown streets  
And a nigga like me, I play the game for keeps

I remember when niggaz slang heroin up in balloons  
I paid attention to everythin', from killings to cartoons  
Got a picture of Malcolm X on the wall in my room  
Bitch want some more nigga, fuck with me I'ma doom  
shit

Nigga give me dope, I accept it but don't respect him  
Put my foot in they rectum right after I dome check 'em  
I be poppin' D, smokin' weed and full of that Hennessey  
Fresh off the streets on my way to the penitentiary

Everybody whisper in ears when they gone mention me  
I been out doin' it for years, since elementary  
Real good relationship with guns and drugs  
Because my whole neighborhood consist of crooks and  
thugs

Everythin' is my own shit, 'cause I don't fuck with  
scrubs  
I don't need you harassin' me when I'm up in the club  
Tryin' to hustle a nigga, askin' me for a dub  
Quarter, ki's, and halves is what I sling, 'cause that's

what I love

I know you bitches know that I ain't to be played with  
Don't have no picks and chooses who get they head  
split  
They die quick, fuckin' with Turk, wodie get whacked  
Spend a bin with Kevin and Randy get flat on you back

And trust that, ain't bout to let no nigga steal me  
Fuck that, I bust back with 223  
Big and full of that raw with no cut and be ready to  
creep  
Innocent people move, 'cause somebody fix'n to get  
split

Na, Na, it's iceberg shorty, Lordy have mercy  
Come from under my shirts and flip 'em and reverse  
'em  
I'm coming so alert them  
'Fore I hurt them, desert eagle burstin'  
You haven't seen the worst and

I'm right near you and my gun blast quick  
Dog could kill you so run, dash, get gone  
Wodies movin' slow around this time they got bricks  
dog  
I ain't got bricks dog, nigga break it off, what

Un huh, B.I.G. with the Cash Money Millionaires, forever  
Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, Baby, Turk, B.G., Manny Fresh  
Slim, CEO and me P. Diddy, B.I.G, Born Again  
And we won't stop, get money niggas

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