

Big Tymers

"Suge And Pac, Puff And Big"

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[B.G.]

Me the B.G. and Baby my fuckin runner
Two livin legends, paper chasers from uptown
About money and bitches, puttin haters in ditches
We roll in trucks like Hummers and expiditions
Our relationship like Moses and Jesus
Ask one of our hoes, ain't no coming between us
Two black young heathens, that's how they treat us
Steaks and Fettucini is what they feed us
Nigga ridin shinin, me and my nigga be sippin the
finest winw
Spendin G's, making hitz back and forth, we flyin
Tryin to make a mil y'all
'cause we roll with the motto, "Ball Til We Fall"
Fuck wit B you bringin B.G. all the way out there
Fuck wit me you bringin Baby all the way out there
Since '92, '93 our love been there
We never stand to a pussy, cash money, nigga stare
I'm a Big Tymer, that's a fact
Suga Slim just signed a, me and him a contract
? Capone thugin quick they bust yo head, watch that
tone
In that mansion is where we lay our head at
We play high, go floss, roxin and drive drop tops
Way I bust it like Suge and 'Pac

[Chorus]{ Baby }

Like Suge and Pac
Like Puff and B.i.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like Face and Jay
Like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a Million

[B.G.]

Like Jay and Face
Like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. comin thru like a sound right from
machine gunz
Worth more money than these niggaz could wonder
You better think quick nigga we hit blocks like thunder
Comin thru a dark tunnel of black on black Hummers

It ain't no secret we showed our ass last summer
We both got 3 or 4 bitches we bang at first
and we see play boy to hide our riches
Me and this young nigga we title the snitches
He the muthafuckin rapper and I'm the game stealer
And if you you fuck wit him
I'll clear my bank account on one of you bitches
And I'll put that on my Ma and my Pa and they both
restin in peace
It ain't nuttin in this industry gon fuck
wit Baby and B.G. wit Manny Fresh's beats
Wit Suga Slim's Brains behind all this heat and my Hot
Boyz strapped riding
Right beside me, nigga I'll bet a million dolars to yo life
there
I'll bet my rolex wit my bezzle nigga to yo cable bill
It ain't nuttin in this industry could fuck wit Cash Money
cause we keep it real
Nigga Believe that

[Baby]
Now what
[Chorus]{ Baby }
Like Suge and Pac
Like Puff and B.i.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like Face and Jay
Like Russ and Run
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a Million

[B.G.]
I got love for my nigga Baby
He heard I rap came on Va and seen me
Now we ballin, livin swell it's gravy
Cause I'm gettin my shine on don't you hate me?
B.G. and Baby, livin good for,
we just determined to hustle and get out the hood dog
Fuck wit me and my boy, I wish you would dog
We ridin dirty and I'll put that on the hood dog

[Manny Fresh]
Now what make these hoes thank that I ain't rich
What make these niggaz think that diamonds on my
rolex ain't the shit
My brotha Prmie taught me how to wear 2 rolexes at
one time
Nigga I'm gon shine till I die
Me and this nigga been togetha since he was 12
I knew this young nigga would end up swell
I lose my mind and kept him writin rhymes
cause I knew he's be major at one time

Now I done rolled in the flyest cars
it aint no secret that Baby, B.G. and me are superstars

[Chorus]{ Baby }x 2
Like Suge and Pac
Like Puff and B.i.G
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs
Like Face and Jay
Like Russ and Run
Nigga Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a Million

Manny talkin till music ends

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