

## Big Tymers

### "They Lied"

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I'm pot and I can't say shit about skillet  
If you got a spot movin' sellin' bricks I can feel it  
Done mapped it all out, done made some phone calls  
We all got big dreams of seein' the project ball

After all, separation is the downfall  
Instead of a chain of command niggaz wanna shot call  
That overnight money could be lose your life money  
Everybody want the crooked instead of the right money

And then I ain't no better either 'cause I lead a  
Life of crime if I gotta fight for mine  
Look, somebody ain't leavin' with a stripe this time  
Y'all don't want a drunk nigga gettin' hype with nines

My ex-girl done told me I can't see my children  
I hope nobody play with me cause I might kill them  
Shit, motherfuckers ain't never satisfied  
If you think niggaz don't have problems, they lied

You niggaz think we don't have problems?  
They lied to ya  
You niggaz think we ain't with problems?  
Look they lied to ya  
You niggaz think we all hoes?  
Look they lied to ya  
Y'all think we dirty in our nose?  
Look they lied to ya

You niggaz think we don't have problems?  
Look they lied to ya  
You niggaz think we ain't with problems?  
They done lied to ya  
You niggaz think we all hoes?  
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Y'all think we dirty in our nose?  
They done lied to ya

Fa sho' wodie  
Don't get me fucked up 'cause you seen me on a movie  
We keep it real hood when we do a fuckin' movie

You saw us on the video, playin' with hoes  
But you can find me in my ghetto nigga, totin' a fo'-fo'

I'm real with this shit nigga we dash on five-oh  
A big dice game nigga fuck them five-oh's  
I keep the same game nigga crack a guerrilla hoe  
I play the same thangs but my prices get cheaper  
though

I pull up in the Range Rover twenty inch mo-mo's  
I been through hard times, that nobody know  
Slang dimes crack times you could believe that wo'  
Comin' through in the Bentley V-12 Y'know

Ten a ki is the price and we don't love no hoes  
Water whip playin' games slangin' bad ya-yo  
Jam him up and bust his head while he on that dope  
I got a bad feelin' so I needs to go

Fa sho', you understand? Nigga outta line?  
You better bust his motherfuckin' head wodie

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I'm the motherfucker killed your boy, and what?  
You gon' do somethin' bout it? Bitch nigga then stand  
up  
I'm not responsible for all the people that's gon' bitch  
out  
And innocent bystanders, that be up on yo' blocks

Ain't no encyclopedia could teach me the hood  
How to not give out no credit and distribute the goods  
How police gon' hound me, investigate 'round me  
Catch me with a firearm them bitches gon' down me

And I'm beefin' with the biggest nigga in the city with  
work  
Ain't no tellin' who he got workin' for him in [unverified]  
If I hurt, then you hurt, you got work? I take yours  
I gotta records durin' the season like the Lakers

It's not for fun I got a gun you try to run I'm poppin' one  
I'm to' up from the flo' up, just look at what the block  
done done  
I can't sleep 'cause I'm too far in it  
I took over this motherfucker 'cause I knew y'all  
finished

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F'real man I ain't tryin' to disrespect none of you niggaz  
out chea  
If you do what you do, do it well  
Knowhat!msayin? I ain't playa hatin' I'm congratlatin'  
I'm tryin' to teach you niggaz how to get offa these  
streets

And how to accumulate money, so you can be  
successful  
like the rest of these niggaz that are out chea, that's on  
TV  
These niggaz on MTV, BET, The Box and what have we  
All you niggaz could be successful

But I want y'all motherfuckers to know we suffer just  
like y'all  
Man we go through it, we been through it  
But I'll slang iron if I gotta protect mine, believe that

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