

Big Tymers

"This How Dey Do- Edited"

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Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

[Chorus] (2x)

This how dey do it, where I'm from
I'm thuggin' in the club, until I see the sun
Shi-ine, on my face, got the gun on my waist
Walkin' to my Escalade, tell them boyz I'm not afraid
To let the ni-ine, sing out, it can ring out

Hey, Got one more minute, hold that call
Two drunk players leaning on the wall
Three crazy dudez screamin, "alcohol"
Four more youngaz claimin' that they ball
Five bartenders and they all want leave
Six ugly chicks with some hooked on weed
Seven butch chicks and they all look rough
Eight thugs hollerin', "you don't want it wit us"
Nine brods runnin' off at the mouth
Ten brods trying to hear what they talkin' about
Eleven cute shorties in the whole damn club
Twelve wannabe, gonna be, nothin' but scrubs
Thirteen fights, stick, bottles and pipes
Fourteen police reading peoplez they rights
Fifteen minutes on interstate-10
At the strip club, we gon' do it again - whoa

[Chorus] (2x)

Comin' through my hood on spinnin' blades
Mami know my name, homie know I don't play
Jump out the whip, and we blaze in the shade
Cause I gotta get straight, got an ounce of that haze
Early birds don't play, makin' drops in the spots
We struggle, but we hustle, man we hustle 'round the
clock
Goin' to the club, where the bottles gon' pop
We VIP homie, so them jaws gon' jock
Laid Back on them 23s
Escalade all green, Cadillac lean, who that be playaya?
(Hello)
You know that be Baby, he goin' to the club in somethin'
updated

Porsche trucks, Infinity graded
Gotta give props to the man that made me
Red Gold, I start it went crazy
Afford to stunt, boy, stay in y'all places

[Chorus] (2x)

Pimp, picture me and your misses, lit up like Christmas
I look her in her eyes, and ask her could she kiss this
I do you, but never ever him
He is a wimp, and you is a pimp
Then she goes down, to my brown
One eye, big guy, hear that sound?
Slurp, slurp, take that spit (music stops)
Turn everything off bruh
Check out my outfit (music resumes)

I'm in the club smokin' buds with my thugs
Mami show me love, and I never been a scrub
I'm walkin' out, thought lil' one had a grudge
She the one he love, so I hit 'em with a dub
(that's nothin' lil' one)
I'm in an Escalade faded, waistline crazy
The yellow-gold stealth, faded
Got the chrome, nigga, plated
The hood is gon' love it, but these busters gon' hate it

[Chorus] (Fade To End)

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