

# Big Tymers

## "Try'n 2 Make A Million"

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**(feat. Juvenile)**

*[Juvenile]*

Do you know what this ballin is, I'm talking bout marble floors

Tricks in private jets, hoes behind Rover doors

You talked about me bad but what you doin

Nothin but walkin round tha projects shoo-shooing

Get mad when I flash tha karats don't want to see me have it

I guess tomorrow I'll be smokin a 'gar in Paris

My cellular ring, ok let's pick up this change

Beeper blowin up, I'm lookin down at tha game

I'm steady changin cars so tha feds won't mess wit me

Park tha Q 4-5 and hop in tha Cherokee

At about 8:30 I'll be rollin in a millennium

Sippin on conduct on my way to my condominium

Been rollin livin lavish, eatin in commanders palace

Bitches attracted to tha savage

Where niggas is chillin, sleepin in tha Royal Senesta

My girlfriend is my berretta, I never left her

What you know about them Beamers and Moe-Moe's

Them Lexus 4-doors and them '97 Volvos

Hell I might as well buy me a castle instead

And get fed some grace by Miss USA

*[Hook (Juvenile)]*

How can I make a million?

Without tha feds investigatin my building

I know niggas gone try me, I'ma have to kill them

But I'ma keep on makin money up until then

*[Baby]*

Golds and hoes, niggas doin videos

My everyday wear is Reeboks and Girbauds

Young nigga look I'm smarter than Russell Simmons

And I got more money than tha average nigga

I done sold coke nigga, I done hit blocks

I done sold rocks, tha cheap shit had to stop

I had to be tha biggest nigga on VL block

So I bust open me a quarter ki spot

Two G's a Q-P, now my block is hot

A hundred G's a week nigga, so I couldn't stop

Now I done stole me a few ki's  
I'm the only young nigga Uptown frontin Q-P's  
You don't believe me ask Joe Casey  
My background coke history speak for me  
Diamonds and gold all across the T-O-P  
And all these hoes wanna ride in my Lexus Jeep  
If it ain't cheddar or cheese it ain't gravy  
And these car stealin hoes stay up off the street  
And these playa hatin niggas need to stop passin  
through the UPT  
And all my new hoes gone ride in my Hummer  
But I got a top of the line bitch beside me  
And if a nigga fuck up my hoe gone ride for me  
See I'll put change on my own brain  
Bitch I spent 50 G's bullet proofin my Hummer man  
25 G's on Fresh's Suburban nigga  
We all pack vests nigga, I know you heard me nigga  
Big Rufus got a Tec and a Lex and he flexin  
And if a nigga disrespect God gone have to bless em  
And let his mom dress em cause it's all good  
It's all gravy, bitch nigga stop playa hatin

*[Hook]*

*[Mannie Fresh]*

I done did more hoes than Michael Jackson done shows  
I done made more money than Tommy sale clothes  
I don't think that you can umout shine me man  
You need to um stand behind me man  
Come through this bitch lit up like December  
Givin all these pretty hoes something to remember  
I'ma nigga wit some endangered specie boots  
Spillin crystal on the floor oppps  
Picture me and yo old' lady butt naked and shit  
She drunker than a muthafucka, suckin my dick  
I just gave yo hoe a hundred for her trouble  
And I'm telling her we can bade in Moet bubbles  
Separate my money, and then  
Big Tymers whip they ass wit 20's and 10's

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