

Frost

"Big Business"

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f/ Jayo Felony, Xzibit

{Xzibit}

Mi casa es su casa

Mi raza es su raza

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Kid Frost

This is big business, understand me?

Yeah, you can't take no for a answer

Welcome to the world of big business, lives get broken
and made

You're walkin barefoot in a room full of razorblades

We're playin catch with a hand grenade

Cause what you faggot niggas caught

Spread you all over the asphalt

Walk the walk, talk to nobody

Spark the chrome shotie

Whenever they run up on your home, Gotti

Gangsta, gangsta, read all about it

Xzibit get your whole shit crowded

And packed to capacity

You actually had the audacity

To want some problems with the X Man

Lift you off your feet with the back of my left hand

Learn one of life's hard lessons

You can't negotiate with a weapon

When it's fully loaded and cocked

Hollow points shot

Next to the firing pin, with the hammer ready to drop

I took you off, so accept the loss

Crack open some Olde English that's covered with frost

And it's like that

[CHORUS]

Can you feel it, nothing can save ya

For this is the season for stackin the papers

Chasin my chips till my last days
Hit a million dollar lick and split it three ways

{Frost}

I'm in pursuit of them hundred dollar big faces
Wrapped in rubber bands in em bulletproof briefcases
Please understand automatically
One squeeze of the trigger cause tragedy
Casually fucked around and got your whole family mad
at me
My strategy: subtract enemies mathematically
Frost will kick your head off slow, you ain't as bad as
me
50/50 - half gangster, half hustler
One side's about my business, and the other side's a
muthafucka
So when I creep, I crawl, I'm like Swiss-made
Fuck are you, bitch-made, I slice you with my
switchblade
Razor, got the H-K with the laser
Slid the Enterpriser, rent a 99 black Blazer
I shot straight at Merino
Thousand dollar suite, layin low at the Peppermint
Casino
I been a player before I had riches
And now I'm eatin steak and crab and fuckin bad
bitches

[CHORUS]

{Jayo Felony}

I don't give a fuck about not one of y'all
Disrespect this here, nigga, it's real clear I'm gunnin
y'all
When night falls, nah fuck, night flies a kite
I take flight like Delta, nigga, helter skelter
Who the fuck could you call to help ya
Nigga, good health couldn't help ya
Put the 's' in spit, bust your tightest shit, never felt ya
Could you picture yourself in the same room when I let
these off
Two rivals, suicidal, take the strap and squeeze off
But before you do it, I take the heater and shoot both
your knees off
Let him suffer, can't get enough of, I'm rougher
Go get my ammunitions and paper, nigga, cause it's a
habit
Let off on ya in a 600, or let's call em rabbit
Is it tragic how the automatic made you breathe like a

asthmatic

Static, what's that? That shit that get up in my fabric
I'm into bitches and beamers and my chips
And I'm keepin four eyes on em schemers when I dip,
bitch

[CHORUS]

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