

## Gang Of Four

### "Biggidy Boom"

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[Mr. Lil' One]

People always talking about tongue twisting  
Well I'm gonna show you how it's done in a quick little  
verse

Gotta head back to the pad with my motherfucking  
thirty inch spool card  
Gotta finish that bottle of ali-zam boy  
Haha

[Chorus: Mr. Lil' One]

Biggidy boom pow pow  
Everybody know how  
It's the Lil', got so many styles  
Biggidy boom pow pow  
Everybody know how  
It's the Lil', got so many styles

[Mr. Lil' One]

I gotta be steadily, ready though  
Let em all know exactly how it is up in this bizz  
Motherfuckers trying to diss  
I done been knowing about this bow and arrow level  
that I take it to  
Fools that be faking too, break em off a thing or two  
Rapping and laughing, they passing when walking  
The bottom be touching, I'm hushing and rushing  
Them fools they be tripping and Lil' be flipping  
And Lil' be sticking and Lil' be drinking  
And I don't be giving a fuck about the shit that you be  
doing  
Better believe I'm ready to step and leave you  
motherfuckers ruined  
Ready to blast, ready to buck, ready to bury  
motherfuckers  
Anybody that be wanting drama, better be knowing  
when I be on the  
Sick in the mind, knowing the time, Lil' be finding a way  
to do crime  
Telling you mine all in a rhyme, my moment of shine,  
fuck a divine  
Lil' One, son of a gun, coming and making them all run

Better be knowing that I be the one that be holding a  
kilo wherever you go  
And coming up bucking making them all fall like a  
teardrop  
Bitch bitch bitch

[Chorus x2: Mr. Lil' One]  
Biggidy boom pow pow  
Everybody know how  
It's the Lil', got so many styles  
Biggidy boom pow pow  
Everybody know how  
It's the Lil', got so many styles

[Royal T]  
It's the Royal, gotta be loyal  
Gotta be taking and breaking you fools  
That one knows all you hoes that be screaming out my  
name  
Sick in the brain, sick in the mind, all the time press  
rewind  
All my foes, all my fans gotta be knowing I be the man  
Understanding all my jams, all my plans hitting the fan  
Running right now, gotta be foul, gotta show my  
enemies how  
How it's on and on and on, dropping bombs up on my  
throne  
Let it be on then I'm gone, motherfucker bring it on  
Never hoping, always loc'n if you ever come provoking  
Better believe you'll be the first to leave your ass up in  
a hearse  
How it hurts how I'm spitting, now I'm kicking up all my  
rhymes  
All my flows guiding you hoes that be going to your  
shows  
Give me clothes, give me money, call me papi, call me  
honey  
How it's funny, call you dummy, got you wrapping like a  
mummy  
Heard you're broke, heard you're bummy, Shadow got  
the money  
I laugh cuz it's funny motherfucker

[Chorus x2: Royal T]  
Biggidy boom pow pow  
Everybody knows how  
It's the Royal, got so many styles  
Biggidy boom pow pow  
Everybody knows how  
It's the Royal, got so many styles

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