

Garry Rafferty

"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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