

## **Buzzcocks**

### **"Think Big"**

Visit "[Think Big](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[talking]

Yo.. this the shit right here...

Yo, for my niggaz, think big (think big) get big (get big)

Get big... (\*whispered\* think big get big nigga)

Think big (yeah, come on)

[Shamus(?)]

Yo, yo, yo

You pay the price, we'll get ya club jumpin (jumpin)

Cop the brick, my nigga start pumpin (pumpin)

Cross the path nigga start thumpin (thumpin)

Try to hit me up ya gets nothin (nothin)

This black truck, tinted dark, nigga suit it up

MP two-thou, 100 bars, boot it up

We locate close to the Costa Rica, Rica

Daily move a hundred pounds of reefer, reefer

Ya think big, ya get big, ya think small, stay small

You ain't sure, we stay the fuck away from y'all

Hate me, I hate y'all, you want peace, I want war

Shot to ya face, hear the police nigga get the door

The ball dropped, tecs on cop, bottles pop

It's two-thou, we safe and never nigga hit the block

[talking]

Think big, get big...

...yeah, yeah, yeah, no doubt nigga

[Chorus: Raw]

Yo you think big, get big; think small, stay small

Still ain't sure, stay the fuck away from y'all

Think big, get big; think small, stay small

Still ain't sure, stay the fuck away from y'all

Think big, get big; think small, stay small

Still ain't sure, stay the fuck away from y'all

Think big, get big; think small, stay small

Still ain't sure.. stay the fuck away from y'all

[Karachi Raw]

Fuck them other niggaz, kickin bitch business

I figure they dig dick - our names out they mouth

every five minutes bitch; hit windpipes with this

So they can't come off, Raw bustin in they ears  
Feel the killa dealer, get bigger, it's gets no realer  
We never liftin nothin, work for light year figure  
You don't love me - y'all seein cents and dollar signs  
So we see y'all in the same motherfucker gimme mine  
Equal with the numbers, we recruited this summer  
I went, low on the hoe, that love to blow and trace  
numbers so  
Take it easy, don't get hit up, hit up  
Blow stama(?) that'll get you lit up, lit up  
Pour liquor that'll kill ya liver, liver  
Wiser killin got us gettin richer, and richer  
Richer and richer, richer and richer  
Killa - dealer - kill 'em; got to kill 'em off  
No love without y'all, no peace without war  
Battle yourself for all

[Chorus: Raw]

[Skar]  
Straight out the Boogies for you crack-smackin rookies  
Stackin like a bookie, rockin hoodies  
Never was a goodie-goodie, so take this advice  
Pay the price, pray to Christ, I'm worse than Poltergeist  
It's not the bark it's the bite, my heart is trife  
If y'all wanna brawl, I'm like six feet tall  
Keep the piece in my drawers, the heat's raw  
But ain't nuttin like C4, we ready for y'all  
When the shanks get sawed ya legs and dogs  
Caliente like hot sauce, slim but I'm not soft  
I was taught, to hold four in fours  
Bust off, if my dues a buck short  
I harm for the cause, and my niggaz up North...

[Chorus: Raw]

Visit [Buzzcocks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.