

Master P "I'm Going Big Time"

Visit "[I'm Going Big Time](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Master P, now that you have made it big time
What do you have to say to those
Who didn't think you can make it
Same shit I had to say last year, fuck 'em

I'm going big time, I got four girls in the safe
With 50 G's and four ki's I got a sure dope case
But I'll smolder the task, fedz was all on my ass
But I got away clean and kept the nine on the dash

Everyday the games get deeper, the week don't
survive
You wanna play, you gotta hustle like a nine to five
Now I'm rolling, car stolen in the 92 Lexus
Driving in California and took a trip to Texas

Come up, you see it ain't about them games bro
It's all about my mil 'cause I gotta get paid doe
With the dope fiends condiving, suckers wanna try me
Got the wholesale and I'm strapped when I'm riding
Peepin' on the turf undercover police
They got me under surveillance trying to check my car
lease

Constantly waiting for the P crimes to surface
One time on the creep but no time to get nervous
See my concerts are packed, people standing in line
Master P done crossed over, I'm going big time

I'm going big time
'Cause a brother like me, I gots to get mine
I'm going big time
'Cause a brother like me, I gots to get mine
I'm going big time
'Cause a brother like me, I gots to get mine

Damn task kicks down my door the got a warrant
Barber pulled me over but my registration's calling
And every time they try to get me, I'm legit, I'm never
slipping
Got a female like a trust but the girl is always tripping

Wondering where I'm going I gotta to what I gotta
I gotta to get paid, girl, I'll see your ass tomorrow
Hurry to the crocks 'bout to pick up my paper
Call the girl up that was blowing up my pager

She wants me to come over and bend over like
rubbering
I walk into the gate but I'm tripping off the Doberman
My pager is blowing up money calling gotta go
My boys are outta crack, I gotta key low in the record
store

I'm back rolling and I'm living like a mack
A 92 Benz bought moms a new Cadillac
I got a mansion full of brothers and maids
I got a built in pools, security guards with a twelve
guage

My pops is rolling large and we hella deep
We used to knock fool's to the concrete
Now we legit and they can't say shit
Chill bought a Lexus, candy painted and no gold kicks

Marvin's rollin' round in a BM
Gold teeth shining, fool you should see him
Daniel got a rag top better gold flakes
Police sweat him boy they gotta get away

C-Murder in a 10 it went a Jaguar
Hella beat and he's cruising like a movie star
Sonya C, she's got a poise and she's clockin'
Cellular phone and everybody be stopping

Police pull up they wanna know what's happening
But I don't sell dope all the sudden I'm just rapping
In other words you see me I bust dope rhymes
'Cause Master P done made it big time, big time

I'm going big time
'Cause a brother like me, I gotta to get mine
I'm going big time
'Cause a brother like me, I gotta to get mine

Untouchables in the house you know what I'm saying
Tell' em how we do 'em fool, we going big time
Yeah C-Murder is definitely and effect
Chilly Powdah in the house, Sonya C is in the house

Marvis Banks is in the house, Rock D's in the house
My boy King George in the house, Daniel Fry is in the
house

And check this out this is definitely dedicated to my
brother
You know what I'm saying, rest in peace Kevin Miller
That was a nigga that was big time

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.