

Dead Or Alive

"Big Poppa"

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Verse One:

To all the ladies in the place with style and grace
Allow me to lace these lyrical dooches in your bushes
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the
mommies
The back of the club, sippin' Moet is where you'll find
me
The back of the club, mackin hoes, my crew's behind
me
Mad question askin', blunt passin, music blastin'
But I just can't quit
Cause one of these honies Biggie got to creep with
Sleep with, keep the ep a secret why not?
Why blow up my spot cause we both got hot
Now check it, I got more Mck than Craig and in the bed
Believe me sweetie I got enough to feed the needy
No need to be greedy, I got mad friends with Benzes
C'Notes by the layers, true fuckin players
Jump in the Rover and come over
tell your friends jump in thje GS3, I got the chronic by
the tree

Chorus:

[I love it when you call me big pop-pa] x3
Throw your hands in the air, if youse a tru playa
To the honies gettin money playin niggas like dummies
If you gun up in your waist, don't shoot up the place
Cause I see some ladies tonite who should be havin my
ba-by,
baybee, uh

Verse Two:

Straight up honey really i'm asking
Most of these niggas think they me mackin', but they
be acting
Who they attractin' with that line
"What's your name, what's your sign?"
Soon as he buy that wine, I just creep up from behind

And ask you what your interest are, who you be wit?
Things to make you smile, what number to dial
You gon' be here for a while, I'm gon' call my crew
You go call your crew
We can rendezvous at the bar around two
or three o' clock, Lil Ceas pull the truck up out the
parking lot
Roll the blunts cause he like to spark a lot
So we can steam on the way to the telly go fill my belly
A T-bone steak, cheese eggs, and Welches grape
Conversate for a few, cause in a few, we gon' do
What we came to do, ain't that right boo(truuuuue)
Forget the telly, we just go to the crib
And watch a MOOVAE
In the JUCUZAE, BAY-BAY

Chorus

Verse Three

[Jermaine Dupri]
How does a true playa live?
[B.I.G.]
Nigga, Versace down
Donna Karan, Diamonds glarin'
Niggaz starin'
Now I got my pants draggin
In the Benz wagon, Raggin' sippin' D.P.
On my way to D.C.
The biggest willies
Smokin' phillies
Tying skunk together
Junior M.A.F.I.A. forever
Thuggin to say youngin and you knows that
I step in where the Mo and the Hoes at, BABY
Niggaz know the better on the Coogi sweater
Butter leather , chrome beretta see
You know who that nigga be

Outro: Jermaine Dupri

Shit you ain't know, ha ha, That's the stride for ninety-
five Baby
Straight up playerlistic mentality
You just do your thing, Cause i'm definintley gone do
mine
And we gon' hook up a lil later and do thing you never
heard of
Can you feel me?

Chorus

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