

The Cataracs

"Big Dipper"

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(feat. Luciana)

And my heart beats in stereo
Oh, I know I'll let you know!
All my dark secrets you should know

No, I'm never gonna let you go, oh, oh, oh!

Hook:

Uh, got that wicked style
I'll make it work a while
Uh, send that dipper, dipper
Show me that big dipper!
Uh, got that wicked style
I'll make it work a while
Uh, send that dipper, dipper
Now slap your, slap your head!

It's the Cataracs!
Yeah, ok, we overkill
Name her way like Oprah Hills
Hit your face like holy feel
Like a lazy boy, I'm so for real!
My heart beats in stereo
I put MCsin periods
Two left feet and I still got hoes
But enough about that, that!
Try'na make a mill off the beats and raps
Go on, stay clear from the beat and pass
Some say I'm weird, but I don't get mad
Rather be weird than the same old same old!
(Bitch!)

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Show me that big dipper!
Uh, got that wicked style
I'll make it work a while
Uh, send that dipper, dipper

Now slap your, slap your head!

I'm faded, I want
Middle finger up to the sun, to the sun!
Everybody now, all at once
(Now slap your, slap your hands!)

Get naked, go dumb,
Middle finger up to the sun, to the sun!
Everybody now, all at once
(Show me that big dipper!
Now slap your, slap your hands!)

Fuck that noise, what cars you're in?
Girls like boys with confidence
I know too lows are compliments
Just sold out shows with occupants.
My girls all fuck with the moment
Your girls all fuck club promoters
That's girls butt fuck if I'm loaded
I might just try a locomotive.
Go choo-choo train
And fuck that who's who name
And tell me who you banging
Cause I'm trying to smanging!
Smash at that, man!

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