

Mystikal

"Big Truck Driver"

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Whaaa, wassup nigga?
This for my niggas in them big trucks
This for all my niggas in them SUV's, you heard me?
This for my big truck drivers, look nigga blow yo' big
truck horn

You still could see me in my big truck boy
Smilin' like a lil' kid when I sped the corner with my
brand new toy
I got a bark in they call, talkin' 'bout
They wishin' I'd would've came out the garage

But, I guess that's too bad
'Cause your truck used to be the shit until they saw my
pad
Strobe lights flash, solar baric, boom boom
Big feet ten runnin' while they, vroom vroom

Another SUV can't do nothin' wit' me
I'm 23's so 22's ain't fuckin' with me
Car so big it make it hard to turn the wheel
I can't watch the TV's from the sturrin' wheel

Shit, plush stronger than the buckskin' ceilin'
Chocolate tan interior really big truck grill
Yeah, that's how you do that there
Got bling and bass, everythin' clean but the ash-tray

I'm lookin' at you behind the wheel
Singin' this song, I'm a big truck driver
In the big ol' truck, with the big ol' grill
Rollin' on big ol' chrome, I'm a big truck driver

And you know when you pass
Those small trucks you doin' them wrong
This is for my riders big truck drivers
Even on a bad day everythin' clean but the ash-tray

Dark lights with brights, the dark windows
With the pistols in the hot spots fuckin' well right
So when you bitches try to act hype
I get the gat get the gat 'cause niggas don't fight

When you get to Ruben 2, then make a right at the light
And you might catch my rims will-millin' 'round night
light
I played a Jag' 'round rags
And now excursion and escalade 'round upscale

The Range Rover's don't even get goals
'Til it's time for rhythm city or either house of blues
My niggas wit' me at your seat to pick my friends up
My brother 'Rice in a mother-fucking Benz' truck

Fresh light don't need no buffin'
Just call a homie where I'm at, west coast custom
Put it on a trailer and ain't no rushin'
'Cause when I get it back y'all 'round can't touch it

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Ain't no slack in my Mack, rollin' slow the windows down
They recognize me so you know how they act
Cuttin' up, fallin' out, tryin' to flirt and get nasty
Raisin' shirt, showin' titties, talkin' 'bout autohgraphs

I try my best to keep my fans happy
I sign my name I grab the nipple they pull off and start
laughin'
Then it's back through the hood, tryin' to find somethin'
good
And after that I'm on my way back to good

I knew that I'm on course at all time
And I love grindin' like alcoholics love sweet creamy
and wine
2002 and you dodgin' me now
Big truck gonna come up ain't no holdin' us down

Grab eyes, turn heads, stop traffic
My black big truck half match my big truck jacket
Do shows and get paid when I travel stay busy it be
gone
Now this a big truck driver

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