

Jon Connor

"I'm Heavy"

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Ah, look, barshit, the code that I live by
Finally made it every nigga in the crib by
Bad bitches, every chick up in the crib by
You fucking clown, I'll show you how to live life
All this hard work done paid off
This how you live when y'all don't take no days off
Eyes red, studio I'm working long shift
You beefing over her, you're fucking with the wrong
bitch
Heavy
Real nigga chronicals
I tell them vamonos, now they falling like dominos
I'm everywhere, looking for me like tryina find a ghost
She give me brain like this hoe is on a honor roll
Real shit, my life been on some I'll shit
Since Mo Cleavs told me nigga go and kill shit
So give me life for this shit I write
Lock me up
Sit back and watch me maseratti pick the bodies up

[Hook]
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy in this biatch
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy on them all
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy in this biatch
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy on them all
It's fly city, to the best
I wake up and grind hard everyday...
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy in this biatch
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy on them all
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy in this biatch
I'm heavy, I'm heavy, I'm heavy on them all

... someone speak Fred Flintstone
Grind through them flint holes,
With the window down with no tints on
They don't know me like John B,
Then I pulled up with John C,
At the club and pop that dime piece
I'm a king, like...
And man, where I go, I'm heavy
... chain, and a 7

Pull up in that chevy, moving d, rest in peace to...
Money talking coming quick fast
Ride so fast... dream bout getting money
Better go with your bitch ass
I round them up, round them up
Bts she down to fuck
This white she see bts, she said what's that
Down to suck
Yeah, let's get it, rather snap back in that fitty
Don't matter man, wherever man
I'ma represent for my city
It's the... open, please don't think that I'm joking
Yeah that money got it rolling
Keep... when I open, yeah
I fuck with shooters holler reggie
And you don't want these problems boy
Cause you're not rolling heavy

[Hook]

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See now these niggas is hating
And all these hoes they be watching
I hit my folks out in callie
They told me let's get it popping
Let the niggas be blocking,
Because they bitches be jocking
Killing rappers is easy, cause most these niggas is
garbage
I call them sons of bitches but I blame that on they
fathers
Now every city them hoes, making it clap, they applaud
us
I hope my mama forgive me, I'm hitting somebody's
daughter
They be looking for balers, in vip with the starters
Shit I'm happy out here, they don't know what to call it
Time is money my nigga, why the fuck is you stalling
Trading paper for plastic, shit won't fit in my wallet
2 bad bitches ass sick, call that shit a mÃ©nage us
Wanna roll with the bosses, see the club that I work
So spread your legs in the office, so why the fuck is we

talking
Me and my nigga mistah fab grind it hard to get it
Now we living every minute, and don't know nothing
different
Cause bitch

[Hook]

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