Clarence Williams "Big Shots"

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[Chorus: Begetz]

Aiyo we Big Shots, we Big Shots
And we done fucked all ya bitches, ya bitches
I only fucks wit my niggas, my niggas
So we them true-to-life killas, killas
We takin Other People Money, they money
And then we buyin all the cars, the cars
Man bump 'em on chrome, chrome
Besides that yo we stars, we stars

[Fredro Starr]

I'm the Gafo DeGafo, boss of New York
Cover my mouth when I speak, feds watch what I talk
Throwin hits at the judges, in the criminal courts
Criminal thoughts, these streets wit killas to sport
This is Mafia music to murder you wit, inserted the clips
Drive-bys, on convertible whips, the verdict is this
4/5th, burnin my fist, pullin shades down, murderous
bitch

Anonymous threats, blueprints designin ya death Organize crime times, throw a bomb in ya Lex Fadam or Begetz, killas might climb in ya rest Two nickel nines left a dime in his vest, sometimes in his chest

Crime scenes covered in tape, blood in the gates Black robes, funeral homes, shootin ya wake Kidnap, raised as children, to be rulin Other People Money, we kill men

[Chorus]

[Sincere]

My goods pull, like Sammy the Bull
Sin'll pop you, D.O.A.'ll bomb you
Mafia style, boss me? Body a child
When I get locked it's like Gotti on trial
Five years in the pen, separated from friends
I'm only 21, kept the shakers and gun
Blow in ya face, stab you below ya waist
The type to chase death, like faces of death
Sippin the Henny, pray, let the Lord forgive me

I know I spit hot like the Devil was in me
Claimin my Church, the type to put 'woke' in the church
If my gun jerk, more holes in ya shirt
Bustin my gun, who you know fuck wit dunn
Put six in ya burners, I ain't feelin you son
Stop the bull, ya ain't got guns to pull
Ya still yappin, ain't enough gun clappin

[Chorus 2X]

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