

Amos Tori

"Big Body"

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* a re-issue of the original "Ballin' 4 Billions"

[Beelow]

What? What? What?
Off top, we flossin'...
Down South, off top,
Beelow check this out...
Remix...wha?

Chorus [Beelow]:

Big Bodies, them big bodies what'cha playin' in?
Them Big Bodies, big bodies, what'cha thuggin' in?
Big bodies, them big bodies, what'cha flossin' in?
Big bodies, them big bodies

First Verse [Beelow, Thug Addict, Juvenile]:

[Beelow]

Whoa na, Wootay that's me,
Ridin' fly in all types of rides in the big body,
I'm layin' it down with my rounds, like my dog B,
We flossed out with the ice in the ES-3,
The six-hundred got a clip sittin' on chrome, brah,
Window tent, leather seats, with the phone, brah,
Gimme a pop through the city and it's on, brah,
Best believe might take her home and wet her down,
brah,
We paid hustlas in this game tryin' to make a mil,
Have a house on the hill and sit back and chill,
Cuz down South them boys they be bout that scrilla,
Say we hustlin' in this game to clock seven figures,
Reala, what?
Now I'ma run it to my playas in that B.R.C.,
Thugged out, straight flossin' in them big bodies,
We paper chasin', slangin' weight cuz all we want is the
cheese,
Down South takin' over it's off the heezie,
I'ma run it through my playas in that B.R.C.,
Thugged out, straight flossin' in them big bodies,
We paper chasin', slangin' weight cuz all we want is the

cheese,
Down South takin' over it's off the heezie,

[Thug Addict]

Hunh,
I got TWENTY BIG BODY CARS,
WITH TWENTY BIG BODY BROADS,
TWENTY BIG BODY TRUCKS,
TALKIN' BOUT BIG BODY YARDS,
Pushin' Lexus GS's, Impala SS's,
Navigators, 4runner's,
Expeditions and hummers,
Got the bounce in my car,
Trunk nothin' but raw,
I GOT THE BIGFOOT TRUCK WITH THE SHOCKS AND
ALL,
T.V., C.D., with the DVD,
I got EVERYBODY OUT'CHEA WANNA RIDE WITH ME
Skkkkkerrttt, burn rubber on the highway with me,
I'm doin' eighty on that ass as I mash the gas,
I run over everything on the floor if you don't let me
pass,
I'ma bulldoze through, like a Gangsta Mac,
Say what?
Them boys ridin' big bodies we done did that,
Pushin' F-150's, 250's, and doin' it boy, we doin' that,
Lookin' like "Who them people in them big ol' truck that
think they runnin'
that?",
Them boys ridin' big bodies, how ya luv that?

[Juvenile]

Look what'cha thinkin' bout my nigga when you say
what you say?
You must have like let down your guard and shit we
breakin' yo head,
It ain't nothin' you can say to me that'll make me afraid,
I done walked with niggas like you, every one of 'em
dead,
I done fucked some of the baddest hoes, chocolate
and red,
Put the dick on the bitch like I just came home from the
Feds,
Can you picture a nigga holdin' my dick on the cover of
Rage?
Number one spot up in the radio for seventy days,
Throw a concert in the Superdome and pack it like
Ma\$,
Ca\$h Money put it together so the family pays,
We was tied up in the race but now we runnin' away,
Niggas ain't gone shut us up we got our guns in they

face,
And we gone keep these bitches shakin' they ass up in
the place,
Drank everything we pay for cuz ain't nothin' to waste,
All you niggas bout'cha issue I know y'all could relate,
I'm tryin' to lace y'all with this game so all of y'all can
be straight

Chorus

[Beelow]

I say black navi's, suburban accessories,
Leather seats, watch the remix on your four T.V.'s,
I'm layin' it down, STILL clownin' when I hit yo streets,
Yo baby Momma and yo kid all over my D,
Beelow (what's up?) doin' gold and bezzled up,
They ride through the park in the big black truck,
I'm actin' back like I told ya,
And if you don't have a big body then pull over,
Twenty-inch shells on them burbans how we roll, brah,
My Ballin' clique is actin' donkey on ya, hanh brah?
This big bodies all the time, brah,
That's how we shine, brah,
I'm on the grind, brah,
Flossin' all the time, brah,
I turn they heads and they wonder what I'm ridin' in
next?
With J.D. and Larell in that bubble-ah Lex,
Whoa na, we done did it, ha?
And you don't like it cuz we flossin' big bodies, ha?
Luh-luh-luh-look

Chorus (1/2x)

[Beelow]

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Thugged out, straight flossin' in them big bodies,
We paper chasin', slangin' weight cuz all we want is the
cheese,
Down South takin' over it's off the heezie,
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Chorus

