

Armand Van Helden Feat. Duane Harden

"Big Tymers"

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[Baby]

For sure, lil' one

Off top, playboy

Look here

These lil' young jive motherfuckers just jumpin' off the porch

[B.G.]

Let me at 'em

[Baby]

Better catch they motherfuckin cut, nigga

Look, this block is mine

And I don't need these niggas playin' with our hoes

Cause they're my hoes (say, playboy)

I done fucked the whole block already, ya understand

[B.G.]

We don't even want you comin' 'round no more

[Baby]

Bitch-ass nigga, catch your cut

We got this shit, wodie

[B.G.]

Gotta hustle

[Baby + (B.G.)]

Back where I started on my set in black (Uh-huh)

Hopped out the passenger side of my 'llac (Then what?)

Under my nuts was two ounces of crack (Yeah?)

My lil' nigga Geezy, say he needed a stack (For sure)

Fronted my lil' wodie, a ounce of crack (Give it here)

The bricks look the same, but them youngsters be strapped (Uh-huh)

From snortin' dope smokin' momo's, and jackin'

Old folks scared that's why they be snappin' (What?)

Callin the law, look-a-who'n and rattin'

I told the young nigga to learn to mack

Pop in a Too \$hort tape ("Born to Mack")

We hard-headed, head bustas
We don't give a fuck untamed motherfuckers
Jumped off the porch as a young motherfucker (What?)
My momma's dead (what) my daddy's dead (What?)
My brother's a dope fiend, I'm duckin' the Fed (You lyin')
Word got around that a nigga was paid (Yeah?)
Supplied the whole uptown word was said (Yeah?)
With quarters and halves (Yeah?), chickens and bricks (Yeah?)
Bundles of dope, and ounces and shit
We drive Bentley's and Jags (What?), 'vettes and bikes (What?)
Two Mercedes Wagons, with kits and lights (What?)
Excursions and Prowlers (What?), Suburbans and jets (What?)
Twenty-inch mo-mo's with a-thousand a bet (For sure)

(Hook 2X - B.G.)

Big Tymers they G's, too, them niggas'll creep, too
They'll slang iron where your family sleep, too
Big Tymers they thug, too, them niggas sell drugs, too
They don't just stunt - Baby and Fresh'll bust, too

[Mannie Fresh + (B.G.)]

What?

Now, I know you been waitin' playa, all night long (For what?)

For me to say, "Fuck a bitch" in a tight-ass song (What?)

Well, this the one, lil' daddy - fuck that bitch (Fuck her)
Y'all know who I'm talkin' 'bout - she can suck my dick (Eat up)

They wanna be with a nigga when your money come right (for real?)

When shit get bad, them hoes clean outta sight (For real?)

B.G. downed the broad and he passed her to Juvy (What?)

Baby got the bitch, and he put her in a movie (You lyin')
Triple-X rated (Huh?) Joe Casey say, "The bitch ate it."
Our two DJ's say, "The bitch can't be faded."

Once again it's on, the bitch jammed up with Stone (Then what?)

Wayne and Turk did the bitch when we left her alone
Then the sharks, nigga (Sharks?)

Yes, the sharks, nigga (Yes, the sharks, nigga)
Fucked the bitch in her ass in the park, nigga (In the park, nigga)

I don't know that lil' nigga, but I'ma pass her to him
Motherfuck that dog ass, jive bitch Kim

(Hook - B.G.)

Big Tymers don't trust hoes, Big Tymers don't love
hoes

After they finished with 'em, them niggas they'll shove
hoes

Big Tymers - they toss hoes, they don't brown-nose
They think they all that, they got the whole clique down
them hoes

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nose

They think they all that, they got the whole clique down
them hoes

[Lac]

What, what, what

We put diamonds, and Rolies, and bracelets, and
rings, and

necklace, and pendants, and \$'s, and chains, and

twenties on Bentley's, and Prowlers, and Jaguars

Cadillacs, and Benzes, and Beamers, and fast cars

Houses and mansions with marble and mink floors

Movie-screen TV's with automatic glass doors

Hoes say they love me, but friendships don't last
though

We rich, but we fucked up from shit with the last hoes

The dollar ain't on the chest, the body is still tatted

Ride or die for CMR - get outta line, get battered

Lil' Weezy more platted, Baby more platted

Big Tymers, Hot Boys, and them sharks - they all
gatted

My watch thirty karats - Suga Don the grand-daddy

Rappers, while you're hatin' your car, we now have it

Droughts we move packages, shouts out to Ms. Jackie

Man stood and rest in piece - head bustas was his
jackin'

Dog, when I grow up, I wanna be just like me

A millionaire, bobbin' his head to a Mannie Fresh beat

And I swear under my shirt, June Miami heat

Around my neck with some fingers'll last 'til January

(Hook 3X - B.G.)

Big Tymers stunt very hard, drive the finest cars

Big Tymers got that work got it in powder and got it
hard

Big Tymers they livin lavish, neck and the wrist is
platted
Every kind of diamond that they got, them niggas have
it

[B.G.]
For sure, nigga (For sure, nigga)
B.G. and the fam'
If you gotta be a B.T.
([B.] It's like bein' a H.B.)
A H.B.
([B.] Ya understand)
Ya understand
Ya undersmell that
Ya gotta go get it
Damn, Baby, you're blindin' me, yeah
You're blindin' me, yeah
Boy, you're blindin' me, yeah
You're blindin' me, yeah
([B.] Turk and Lil' Wheezy)
Lil' Wheezy
([B.] To then B.Geezy)
To then B.Geezy, to O.Geezy
How you love that
And it's all good, nigga (It's all good, nigga)
([B.] Get your mind right)
Get your mind right
Big Tymers been doin' this here (Been doin' this here)
Since '92, nigga
Pimpin' ain't easy (Pimpin' ain't easy)
([B.] Been stun'n)
Been stun'n
([B.] Repped out like a motherfucker)
Number-one stunna, nigga
([B.] Uptown New Orleans, nigga)
The world's number-one stunna, and the world's best
producer, nigga
The Big Tymers

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