

Big Sant

"Made Alot"

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(Sample from 8Ball & MJG's "On Top Of The World")
Made a lot of cheese(cheese), people say I changed
Made a (made a) lot of cheese(cheese), people say I
changed
Made a (made a) lot of cheese, people(people) say I
changed
But if you thinking that you never knew me from the
gate
Made a (made a) lot of cheese(cheese), people say I
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Made a (made a) lot of cheese, people(people) say I
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But if you thinking that you never knew me from the
gate man
Ay but fuck it then,
cause I rather ride Bubble Benz and push a bucket
break, scrubbing paint,
Bubbling up again, on my hood
Gotta get it while the gettin good,
A chemist with the pimpin mix the leather with the
cherry wood,
If you could you should,
Slam doors on hoes,
I 5th wheel my trunk while white-wallin my vogues,
I tight walk on these foes just to flex,
Ain't no sense in stepping out if I can't never look my
best,
Damn, don't stress my bankroll,
Just know I keep my bank swoll,
Ain't no place I can't go, never trick on no stank hoe,
It was like that back when I was in my mama's stomach
A player slid up out the womb and hit the ground
running,
Never stumbling always gunning like a popped glock,
Keep a hater boxed out,
So I could rebound and ball for the top spot,
All the same I'm a staple in the game,
Ain't never been no lame,
That's why I find it strange when I.

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Who the fuck are you,

Texting me at 1: 46 in the evening,

Meant the morning,

After midnight,

While I'm yawning,

You were sleeping

4 door Chevy roll I'm out'chea creeping,

Slamming doors in,

Heavy things but I want some more,

With playa pose, Roll up on hoes,

They say they knew me from high-school,

Maybe community college, claim you wanna do some
thangs

But I can do without it,

My mama name "Such and such" and we gonna be like
baby powder,

Baby I doubt it,

It it's hard to swallow,

You wanna lay up, I want a dollar,

For the machine, I'm kinda thirsty,

A little parched, she wanna ride, no you cannot,

She say I'm mean I say just a hoes,

And dumb niggas, kinda like you,

Them Bs and doe's,

Reject request on Facebook,

Daily duckin lames,

All you know is my patna & 'em then my name,

Plus you heard that I.

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(Big Sant)
You probably see me in the street but nigga you dont
know me,
Big *sut* bitch motherfucking OG,
From the Sip get a grip, wanna visit take a trip,
Ain't a nigga dead or alive that can say that I done
flipped,
Im from the land of the cheese, home of the slave,
Don't confuse me with no lame,
Cause that's what just I ain't,
Alumni forever put that on the nigga next to me,
Started out writing rhymes ended up writing a legacy
(Big K.R.I.T.)
They hollerin there he go again,
What's his name, where his folk?
Call him Kurt, call him KRIT?,
Fuck that nigga I ain't sure,
He got beats, heard him flow,
Like a couple years ago,
He alright, kinda tight,
Shawty like him on the low,
There he go, too much soul,
I wouldn't buy it out the store,
Plus I saw him in the club,
One who hollered at my hoe,
Just because he got some dough,
From a deal he think he ill,
I bet thats how that motherfucka feel,
And on the real I think he changed.

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