

Wildside

"Big Bank"

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[Hook: repeat 4X]

We got big bank, big rank
walkin through the club like my shit don't stank

[Verse One]

Remember back in the day we used to sport fox
Izod alligator shirt with the socks
Louie Vuitton, I used to rock it like farm
Gucci with the tag, not painted on
Now them days done gone, and shit done changed
I went from a bronco to a six range
Nawmakazel, now it's Cartier frames
Light weight chains, princess cuts mang
Chedda like velveta, i'm in the club
V.I.P, with a black heata
Thug drama, smokin on blue sticky
They see me ballin in this game
and they wanna hit me. (Cog-nonsense)
Lets go, giocanna eyes low
Two-way E, tell 'em to meet us at Roscoes
Ball til I Fall, thats my motto
In LA, NY even in Flo
Sittin on 'tractin rims
wit' a mexican, took X again
want sex again
Jot it down, it was told to me
by that boy, A.K.A. The P-O-E

[Hook] - 4X

[Verse Two]

Deep in ya brain, the nigga you cant stand
Most get upset when I switch cris hands
Shoulda left band, it gets worsen man
Ice so bright, you salute both hands. (switzin')
To the dot 6 we ride, got two chicks that promise to say
Ahh
We'll pop a X and swallow between thighs
Yall get it right, while I chase the sky
Been here, been bubblin' like coke pots
Boy, I cant stop

Bentley, Lex or a drop top
The fo' on, ?? soft leather til pop
Lyrically man, niggas to the turf like cops. (goddamn)
Little mama got class, absolutely, Gucci dime ass
Oooh, I wanna hit it from the back til ya cry
Cognito, you the best I wont lieeee
V.I.P, you know me, mob related
Toast style like Kool & the gang, celebratin'
Guns stay cocked, why not? It's real life
Cause playin' in this game you lose your real life

[Hook] - 4X

[Verse Three]

Aint it a shame the way the ferrari vibrate the body
Collectin mo' chips than laser sex parties
Me, I, be with the P-O-E
Til I'm calm, restin the box with crossed arms
The beat double, look around where you say it cause
its like trouble
Who's watchin? My man Ricky Ross
Six-six giocanna, twelve and don't test the calico wrist
Cant forget E-class, sniper-like
Even if peripheral view, you lose sight
With so much ice, we turn night into day
We too fly, in front of the Source awards
Red Eyeeeee

[Hook] 6X

Walkin through the club, like my shit don't stank

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