

King Tee f/ Too \$hort

"Big Boyz"

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[King Tee] (Too \$hort)
Ey \$hort (What's up mayne?)
Ah nothin' man, just sittin' up here man
Drinkin' on this big Hennessy
What's happenin' with you?
(Over here smokin' on this big weed
and my big joint sittin' on 20's)
Yeah, yeah, if they can't hang with the big boys
they need to stay off the turf, you know what I'm sayin'?
(That's right... I feel the same way mayne
Put it down like this)

[King Tee]
Me and the players roll tight, sleep all day and play
nights
Blowin' 20 G's with ease at big fights
Keepin' clamps on the crap table, I be runnin' 'em
Man I got problems but cash ain't one of 'em
I stomp out in trucks with humps that bump blocks
Flossin' in The Bay with \$hort and big shot
Wonderin', what else could a nigga go buy
What other bitch could we toss up and get high
Niggaz might lie but I'm a player by nature
Work a hoe quick for the paper
So haters feel the vapors, yeah take a hit from the
bomb
(Chronic) I brought a whole pound, stay calm
(Bionic) East Oak-town and Comp-town
Fuck gettin' down, we vex, we been down
And fuck anyone who thought my shit was for punks
like Richie Rich said, you don't want no funk

[Too \$hort]
I'm from the Golden State, Californ-I-A
You think you already know what I wanna say
Bitch recognize game when ya callin' a pimp
You see this shit don't end so I'm ballin' again
That's what I got my Benz and the Lexus for
You know a nigga like to fuck, bring some extra hoes
If you thinkin', California livin' is fake
There's some real ass niggaz in this big ass state

I took a four hour drive up Interstate 5
Did a hundred miles an hour with a bitch on my side
I wasn't trippin' off shit 'til I blew my woofers
Ridin' back to Oakland with two fine hookers

[King Tee] (Too \$hort)
Big boys, with big dicks and big wheels
Big bank accounts, big cribs on big hills
(Livin' like players for the '9-seezy)
Mackadelic King Tee (With ya nigga Too \$heezy)

[King Tee]
Ain't nothin' but G's and pimps in this pal
Chokin' on the bud and drinkin' Cristal
Big boys with big hats
Big cigars with big bank and big straps
Haters say that I'm a trick 'cause I let my bitch drive my
6-heezy
Now I'm on the mic with Too \$heezy
Livin' life easy, million dollar deals and connections
Drunk in your V.I.P. section
(Rollin' up on the side in your GS, homie you don't know
me)
The Rolly on the arm cost forty
A baby loc Goldy, mackin' at them hoes at the bar
(Baby I can make yo' ass a star)
You on the Metro? Let's hit this X.O. and let's ride
The wide-body's parked outside
Playalistics, I'm on these hoes hoods for '9-7
God I hope players go to Heaven

[Too \$hort]
Hell yeah, she said - "I know why they call ya \$hort
Dog"
"But why you always gotta be so hard on us women?"
What a nigga gotta do?
Treat a young lady like a prostitute
Cause that's how we livin' in the '9-0s
I'm tired of y'all savin' these fine hoes
If you ever see a lady, treat her with class
But these disrespectful bitches, beat they ass
And don't hesitate to represent the game right
Cause it's cool to go home to your same wife every
night
And never say shit about mine
I be seein' your bitch out all the time
Smilin', starin' at me, nigga what's up?
I know your bitch, if I want to I could fuck
But I'm all about my money so keep your punk hoe
And let the funk flow

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