

## **Lil' Keke f/ 1 Da Boy**

### **"Big Rims"**

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[1 Da Boy]

When I ride, you know I'm sitting on dos-two's  
DVD's with TV screens, I'm looking cool  
But uh be looking cool for myself, slowed down  
Slowed down, slowed down  
You know I can't, I see nothing but luck in my  
surroundings  
But, I'm fin's to take over this rap game fa sho  
Me and my raw click, spitting heat you didn't know  
1 Da Boy done linked up, with that Avarice  
Scatting bout fifty deep, been alone  
Avalanche truck what, we out the roof like what  
Stunting and big balling, spending cheese like what  
Costing bout fifty G's, point two's for my truck  
Ice up in my Roley, so blue the wrist shut  
Line chronic my man, we stay rolling it up  
Verse gon stay hot, so you better give it up  
For me and my nigga Po, we ain't to be touched  
Haters I got a message, you can shut the fuck up

[Hook - 2x]

I flip the big trucks, with the big rims  
Fat tires, call em Yokohama slims  
TV screens, with the DVD's  
PS2 playing, on 17 inch monitor screens

[Lil' Keke]

22's 23's, 24's and 5's  
Everything that I ride, sitting wide and live  
This is H-Town's finest, glowing covered in diamonds  
Hard on the mic, forever be chart climbing  
They know who I am, forever don't give a damn  
Sitting low to the ground, in a brand new lamb  
Shot calling, and they shit out of luck  
Here go the kush young nigga, twist that purple up

[1 Da Boy]

You know I'm showing off fronting my mouth, because I  
like to stunt  
Big bodies on 22's, with the special made front  
This my a-bidness boy, how I make my cash flow

And it's my a-bidness boy, always when I wanna ball  
I'm having a conversation, on my cellular phone  
Somebody mad at me, cause me Po ride chrome  
With TV screens up in the head rest, two tone  
Mad because my paint change, like them Color boys

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Keke]

Southsi' for li', Westside fa sho  
Got plenty of endo, got plenty of cash flow  
In a SUV, you know we tinted and bented  
G's thugs and killers, hard heads how all in it  
Let me get a minute, take a second to wreck  
When we step out on the scene, getting much respect  
C.M.G. nigga, we ain't gon tear it apart  
We gon rise in the game, like we did from the start  
We tossing and giving dap, still be rolling slab  
Still be paying ten, living ghetto fab  
We looking for lil' mamas, rolling on Yokahamas  
Hurting these boys mind, we causing em head trauma  
On the money train, trying to dodge hard rain  
Gripping up on the grain, leave a stain  
All in the brain, I push slims on tims  
Sitting and looking good, I'm riding big rims

[Hook - 2x]

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