

LL Cool J f/ Canibus, DMX, Master P, Method Man, "Big Thangs"

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We havin big thangs
Ice Cube, the only nigga that can bring Too \$hort out of
retirement
Representin money
Hmm, beeitch

Verse One: Ice Cube, Too \$hort

Wise crackin felines, unh
Can a nigga make a bee-line?
to that nappy area, don't wanna marry ya
Just wanna bury ya head in a pillow
Sorry but I got a kilo pussy-willow
Janked ass penicillin, ain't got ta ask how ya feelin
I'm tha nigga that got ya squealin
Ya wanna know how we keep these hoes in check?
Keep them broke and keep their panties soakin wet

I like to smoke big, ride fat, and always stack cash
Believe me, keep her breezy with her fat ass (fat ass)
Big thangs on my mind ain't trippin at all
They call me \$hort, but I got a big dick in my drawers
I feel like a giant sometimes, bitch don't stare
You'll go blind from my diamonds
Tryin ta size me up, but basketball I ain't playin
Call a tech, blow the whistle, throw the bitch out the
game

Chorus:

We havin big thangs (like it's the thang to do)
Big thangs baby (\$hort Dawg and Cube)
We havin big thangs (like it's the thang to do)
Big thangs baby (you know it's true, really doe)

Verse Two: Ice Cube, Too \$hort

Now how can I let this bitch run it?
When her ass ain't never felt the seats of a 600 (now)
Tricks we take shits at the rents, we don't get excited
over long hair and big tits

\$hort Dawg they get hella weak, when I tell the freak
we the richest niggas that you gonna ever meet
We got bosses in the back, countin the stack
We got cunts in the front with Hennesey and blunts
Now what you want?

She wanna get fucked all night long, bitch what's up?
You know I got a tight song
Heard me on the radio, I can't go wrong
but you ain't got no features, this can't go on
You're like a bundle of joy, but you're unemployed
You ain't throwin, so the pussy is just null and void
Do you really understand what I'm tellin you
Looks can be deceiving, and bitch I ain't even feelin
you

Chorus: add additional line

Best believe me, it ain't easy, to be off the heazee
(repeat 2X)

Verse Three: Ice Cube, Too \$hort

You can try and figure out the new shit we on
Before you break yourself, make yourself at home
Give thanks, when it's Ice Cube, \$hort Dawg, and Ant
Banks
We all platinum, now ya got ta add francs
to the salary, that'll be cash or charge
So large, got a whole floor actin mirage
We like big thangs, we like runnin big trains
of big beautiful bitches with big brains

Bitches with big brains, I went to Spelman College
To see if my dick could get some higher knowledge
But pussy is pussy from Bel-Air to the projects
Bitch better suck my dick
Ain't nothin new, the game is old
You think the bitch is decent, and that's the same old
hoe
Used to fuck the whole crew, we was ballin man
Westside!!! You know we doin big thangs

Chorus: same as Verse Two

Outro: Ice Cube, \$hort Dawg

We off that heazy bitch
Beeeyyitch
Hey \$hort, give em yo part
Bitch bitch bitch bitch make me rich

Do all that shit
She can even lick my dick, but I ain't lickin no clits
West-sieede. Westside!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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