

# Big Meech Era

2 Chainz

I think I may have to take it back to like to 10 years ago, you know  
BIG MEECH ERA (you feel me?)  
Real Real Motivation for a street nigga [x2]

Pull up in all color Ferraris  
Bitches in Tiaras  
If you in here while im still here  
Everybody else starving  
Everybody else starring  
Shawty got the Mclarian and I had the 7

Pulled up at the Compound, clothes smelling like gun powder  
Salute to the real niggas and real bitches who got they own bottles  
I was snapping before fabo my raps come wit aHalo  
Went out with Jeezy we spent pesos like J-bo  
Took E's to the 20 grand he got a pistol on him and 20 grand  
A couple things I ain't glorifying is the kids dying and the mommas dying (S carface)  
Everybody need to calm down stand right by your homie side  
Gunshots in this motherfucker turn this bitch into a homie-side (yeah)

Over a million sold they say I'm crossing over..  
Oh yeah the club packed, I should've brought a rubber  
My whole body inked, my family hardly know me  
You know I put that work in just to get a Rollie (I did)  
BIG MEECH ERA  
Japanese Dinner  
Trap in these denim (damn)  
Ain't stuntin these women (naaa)  
Wood Grain steering wheel I just might catch a splinter.  
If this a flexing contest I think we found a winner  
I think we found a winner  
Pull up in some shorts middle of December  
"Put this shit down, that shit, I can smell that moon rock "  
I got to tell you how that shit started

Trapping off the court on the back porch (I DID)  
Had that pack ordered. We was back door. (We was nigga!)  
That's that good shit that's that hood shit (WE HOOD)  
You a cute bitch and your crew thick (I LIED)  
Got a chopper on me the size of pool stick (this long)  
With a blu davenchy, dog food bricks (Heroin)  
Snowman on repeat, Rest In Peace Nando  
I see Jigg in here I see Quazy too  
When brawl witchu we send them bottles through we send the marters through  
Im on the Carter 2  
Like Tyrese was on the Marta too  
They start calling too  
They starting falling through  
Got them chickens boy like a barb b q (tell em)  
Talk to lame niggas something we hardly do  
I sip the PJ bottle I rock the AP on them. (okay)  
I think my rollie harder this an AG PARTY

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