

Hot Wings

2 Chainz

(Get money)

I'm the big homie now
Don't forget that
I'm the big homie now

I got my spawn Louis Vutton
Truck in the front, what are you doing?
I look so good, don't call me 'Unc'
She wanna suck, this ain't a Buick
I pull it up, they wanna fuck
We gon' get high, what are we doing?
I got some Peres, I got a pound
I got a crib, let's go get to it
I got a semi, I got a Draco
Word to my family
Straight out of Caico
Thought I was sweet
Just like a Faygo
But I had killers
All on my payroll
Watch how I move
Just like it rayon
64 chains, just like the crayons
I bought a hat, the one with the 'A' on it
Pulled out my dick, told her to stay on it

I had a paper tag on three of'em
I had the top dropped with the free on it
I told 'em deuce, one like Deion
I say "Deuce, one, like Deion"
I go Bruce Wayne on you peon's
I fuck with the Falcon's, true (True)
Have more sacks than a lineman
I should'a got a Heisman too

Nigga, huh, shoot 'cause they hikin' that (Hike)
Check like a Nike hat (Yup)
I got the Midas pack, (Ugh)
Told the bitch "Quiet relax" (Ugh)
I got my hoe on the other line
I'm not bitchpolar, but borderline
I just might switch lanes
Drop 'em off, go back, get fried

That's all she want, hot wings
Bitch, you fuckin' for some hot wings
Bitch, you fuckin' for American Deli
Bitch, you fuckin' for some ice cream
She just want her a twenty piece
All flats with the lemon pepper
I was the first one to put her in a first class
Bitch, get your shit together

Bitch ain't never flown before
Bitch tried to come through security
With some tennis shoes on, hoe

Take the shit off, bitch

Real, big, big, boss music (Boss music)
Big boss music
Big boss, big, big boss music (Boss)
That big boss music
Big, big, big boss music
That big boss music
Big, big, big boss music
Big boss music

You better get used to it
Ain't no failin' off, nigga goin' straight up
You better get used to it
I need a raise, ain't takin' pay cuts
You better get used to it
100 for a verse, 100 for a show
You better get used to it
Every ten, a mil on the low
I'm all 'bout the bag
No need to brag (Brag)
Ring costs a Jag (Jag)
Dreads to the back like a shag (Shag)
Smoke you like cig in the mag
I'm all over that
They callin' me Flair
They callin' me DiBiase
My girl ballin', Taurasi
2 Chainz, time Versaci
They don't sell 'em in Foot Locker
Curve game on BluBlocker
Southside with a F
F stand for a few options
Dealership, I don't do auctions
Fuck clothes, I need a new closet
My new watch is moonwalkin'
This somethin' she don't do often

Bitch ain't never flown before
Bitch tried to come through security
With some tennis shoes on, hoe
Take the shit off, bitch

Real, big, big, boss music (Yeah)
Big boss music
Big boss, big, big boss music (I'm the big homie now)
That big boss music
Big, big, big boss music (I'm the big homie)
That big boss music
Big, big, big boss music
Big boss music
Big, big, big boss music (I'm the big homie now, yeah)
Big boss music
Big, big, big boss music
Big boss music

(I'm the big homie now, yeah)