

Big Chain

Berner

Yeah, Gotti
Yeah

Everything new, I love the screens in my Maybach (my Maybach)
Blew a 100K today, it took a day to make that
I'm nervous on the plane, now I'm laid back in the lay flat
I pour champagne and smoke wax the whole way back
When I touch down, they ask me, "Where the weight at?" (where it at?)
The city's in this bitch (the city's in this bitch)
Where the bay at? (Where the bay at?)
Where LA at? (Where LA at?)
Where the A at? (Where the A at?)
Your bitch went missing, where her face at? (Where her face at?)
Private chef at the crib, he working Nobu
Yeah, I look good, you couldn't picture what we go through
Bust down Rolex, watches for the whole crew
The day you go broke, they act like they don't know you
It's so true
I'm on a cold run, send another wire out
I hate runnin' flats, I just blew another tire out
I'm on one, they keep tryin' to put my fire out
I run California, I'm the biggest buyer now (ice)

Started off small and I'm still the same
Nigga that I was when I got into the game
Never letting go, what my player weighs (player weighs)
But I can't forget where I came from
When I was young, all I wanted was a Nextel and a big chain
(Big chain, big chain, big chain)
When I was young, all I wanted was a Nextel and a big chain
(Big chain, big chain, uh, big chain, big chain)

Same side, a nigga never switched
No matter the promise of better benefits
'Cause the side I'm with', keep more zips
And take the family on business trips
To make sure we all rock Dior fits
No, I ain't gettin' bored, unless it's planes gettin' boarded
The flight's eight hours, so they got dinner for us
Breakfast and lunch, pick a course
Got the gang's name stitched everywhere
So don't mind if I feel important
Fuck doin' it big, I started small and did it enormous
Hear the tires screech, smell the kush smoke when the doors lift
Roll another joint, feel like she born again (born again)
Got a lot of money, couple brothers, no friends
And I'ma keep smokin' 'til the end
Fill the bong with West Coast and take you on a tour of France
Everything new except the rules to the game
Tanktop and a diamond chain, gang

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Everything new, I love the screens in my Caddy (in my Caddy)
I'm rollin' up trees on the magazines, candy
Side of the roader, but the rollers thought they had me (ssh, ssh)
I'm in Miami (I'm in Miami), on Xanny (on Xanny)
I'm lookin' at the beach from my room, feelin' antsy
I came a long way from movin' weight in a taxi (in a cab)
Take 'em on a high speed, I bet they don't catch me
I made a killing, in Tallahassee (oh boy)
Spin the block, one time 'fore I park it ('fore I park it)
I gotta move me, I know that I'm a target (I'm a target)
We do what we want, we own the whole market
I'm flyin' with my sons, look at what I started (I started)
I'm on a cold run, run another five milli' up (run)
We really cut from a different cloth, tell 'em, "Seal it up" (seal it up)
Eh, fill my cup and put my glass in the air
I send the track and when I put another pack in there (pack in there)

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