

Lower Case (no cap)

Big Boi

Just another motherfucking day out in Atlanta, it's your nigga, Daddy Fat
One half of the mighty O, them playa-listic Cadillac
Boys riding through your city, if you with me, bring it back
I'ma stay styling, wilding, profiling while sticking to the facts
See, 'round here we doin' laps while some might be feeling trapped
Never hating, just graduating, I been done threw the cap
No cap, do the dash and cruise the map, do the math
I've been around the world and I, I, I, I, I am true to that
Now who is that? B-I-G Boi, first generation D-boy
I be designated P-I-M-P and you's a peon
Canary-yellow diamond in the pinky ring, now kiss it
Keep it so exquisite, bro official, ho, we on a mission
We the tissue-tissue, you the toilet paper, go on and flush it
Told the baddest man to hit the hand, I had to go on and touch it, nigga

Rolling through the city, got the radio thumping
Just ran up another bag, can't nobody tell me nothing
How you love that? (How you love that?)
Tell me how you love that (Tell me how you love that)
It feel good to be a player, baby, catch me off in traffic
Got me swervin' all the lanes, steady dodging all the static
How you love that? (How you love that?)
Yeah, tell me how you love that (Tell me how you love that)

One time for the money, two time for the figure
Three time for the bitches and they bitch-ass niggas
I like money, like hoes, fresh clean clothes
I can speed-dial Diddy, still texting with Hov
Put that on me, bitch, first name Michael
Ain't shit, nigga, but I ain't a damn liar
And I'm really bein' honest, bitch, you can take it higher
Your dances are trash and your head ain't fire
Boss bigger, boss bigger, mean money go-getter
Seven-figure nigga still in the hood with the pistol
But the paper all come from the pad and the pencil
And the house been paid off and own twenty rentals
I'm pimping like Pippen in a Lincoln Continental
Say my name right, ho bitch, Michael fucking Render

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How you love that? (How you love that?)
Tell me how you love that (Tell me how you love that)
It feel good to be a player, baby, catch me off in traffic
Got me swervin' all the lanes, steady dodging all the static
How you love that? (How you love that?)
Yeah, tell me how you love that (Tell me how you love that, yeah)

Soon as we step out the door, y'all know what time it is, know what I'm talking about?
From the tennis shoes or the hard bottoms all the way up to the cap
And we don't even be cappin', you feel me?
Daddy Fat Sax, man, Sleepy Brown
It's a Dungeon Family affair, broadcasting live from Stankonia
The place where all the funky things come from
Know what I'm talking about? Are you having a good time?
You know what we doin' over here, man, you feel me?

We gon' hit the summer from the back
Yeah-yeah