

Sucka Free

Big Boi

Yeah (Yeah)
Hater-free (Yeah) (Hater-free)
Sucka-proof (Yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, get money, straight up, this some of that)
Yeah, here we go
Turn the music up for me some
(Get money, straight up)
(Hater-free) Hater-free (Sucka-proof) Sucka-proof
Yo, real shit, it's like two in the morning
And I'm finna hop in the whip and just smash the gas on these niggas
Here we go

Hater-free (Hater-free), sucka-proof (Sucka-proof)
I should change my name to Bishop, bitch, I got the juice (Juice)
This ain't no surprise and this ain't nothin' new (New)
If I can't flip a profit, nigga, what's the use? (Use)
Hater-free (I'm hater-free), sucka-proof (Sucka-proof)
I should change my name to Bishop, bitch, I got the juice (Got the juice) (S
traight up)
I know your eyes on me when slidin' through (Slide, ho)
Just know I raise the bar with everything I do

Still on my grind like it way back in '09 ('Back in '09)
Bitch, get wine, I'ma be doin' just fine (Doin' just fine)
Why is you blowin' my high? You could be blowin' my mind (Blowin' my mind)
We should be fuckin' up, bae, I'm hittin' this bitch from behind ('hind, 'hi
nd, 'hind)
You had enough for today, you Ubered our day, goodbye (Goodbye)
I'm a romantic, baby, I wanna grow old together (I do)
But I'm a savage, baby, we gotta fuck hoes together (One or two)
Some in the world'll think we drippin' on pearly paints
Sippin' on syrup and drank, pour up a pint, roll up a zip of the stank
Walk at the cops smellin' like crops, sendin' the private room back to the b
ank
Pulled out a quarter-mil' (Mil') I did a hell of a deal (Deal)
I bought a block in the bluff (Bluff), I got that bitch for a steal (Ooh)
What is a nigga to do? (Do) Make you a mil' and then two (Two)
Make you a three and a four (Four), never buy boats and whores (Whores)
Rich man rules, you learn 'em (Learn 'em)
Ride 'em, rent 'em, return 'em (Return 'em)
Try me, I put burner to sternum (Yeah) and send you to God the Eternal

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Back in the lab, give me my coat and my goggles (Give me my goggles)
This is that chemistry that no other nigga can follow (Follow)
Down the rabbit hole, we're pinnin' and makin' 'em swallow (Makin' 'em swall
ow)
Apocalyptic, cryptic messages to my followers

Still shouting "Fuck the Popo" 'cause they bust like shottas
But let a nigga kill another nigga, that ain't no problem
Trigonometry for the fake broke
And I make most of my time when I'm in this space, folks
They're keeping us divided by race, ho
For riots, looters, vaccine boosters
Fuck Billy Gates and the track team shooters
No spoon of cotton, that shit rotten when you filter through it
This that trunk-knockin' music, the goons and dope boys abuse it
They pull their choppers and knock a chunk off the top of your noodle
See, I convert the brain, break it down and work the game
Like referees, remember me? The wave the size of hurricane
The way I'm slidin' and swervin', everybody's got to be perfect
Everybody got to be nervous when when 'Twan and Michael resurface, ha

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