I came in the game
Displaying amazing things
Drop top whips
Ice chains and rings

The flows I flip straight Blow your brains I get with chicks Don't know their names

I don't give a fuck
I ain't got no shame
I got my cash up
So I'm not the same

I'm more thugged out
But I'm not to blame
I need this one
To protect my frame

Niggers that get bread Gotta have toasters Or have a thug friend Whatchin' over their shoulders

Everywhere I go, man I roll with my soldiers Big-Bro fool We takin over

Don't watch were we hang, don't watch were we bang Don't watch were we slang them things Got that whip with amazing rims just for ladies not gentle men Hear my song don't get me wrong you can admire but don't look too long My thing must look extra cris cuz all eyes on me when I'm on the strip Looking at me like I ain't shit Looking at my car like it ain't my whip But I'm fucking your chicks like it ain't my dick So when they're asking for their baby daddy I ain't it - shit

So what if I twist a chick
one time then make a switch
Don't watch that
So what if I get my doe on
the road slanging bo
Don't watch that
So what if I go on the rowdy only bitches and thugs around me
Don't watch that
So what if I mac this way rap

Here we come again, things are not the same, We now run the game Don't watch our flow, our dough and how it grows and grows and grows and grows... You know you can't complain we are not to blame, Snatching all the fame We got the rhymes the beats to thrill You know the deal

You don't want no trouble You just want a bubble Up in the club Getta Drink, getta a double Pull up a girl make sure she don't snob you You can get that if you don't crumble Now you feeling good True your brocking out and that And the base don't fuck about and that When you bounce you'll be leaving out with that Up in the draws you'll be skinnin out the cat If that ass ain't fat don't watch that. Titties ain't all that, don't watch that Matter of fact, you should be happy with that Cos if it wasn't for her, then you wouldn't have tapped trick

So what if my chain iced out bling in the club when the lights out Don't watch that
So what if I scoop a chick regardless of who she with Don't watch that
So what if my car on dubs drop top when I pull up at the club Don't watch that
So what if I hang with the G's and only thug niggas ride with me

Here we come again, things are not the same, We now run the game Don't watch our flow, our dough and how it grows and grows and grows and grows... You know you can't complain we are not to blame, Snatching all the fame We got the rhymes the

beats to thrill You know the deal

Them manz Ain't ruff enough Gimme the mic Let me bust it up I got da lyrical midaz touch

To shizzel my nizzel My rhymes is tough Plus its orginal Every rhyme I bust I must

Come with the shit
To make the dance floor rip
Gun on my hip
But here to spit lyrics

Strictly for the Bitches
And my thug niggaz
And now we're getting riches
And I love figures

Spitting them lyrical, syllables
Thug individuals
The persona is criminal
All I need is a minute to
come up with a miracle
Big Brovaz ain't typical ripping you, stageshows are unmissable
Hitting you, with some shit
you can get into, flip a few
Bars of rap that'll get at
you man, I'm telling you

So what if I twist a chick
one time then make a switch
Don't watch that
So what if I get my doe on
the road slanging bo
Don't watch that
So what if I go on the rowdy
only bitches and thugs around me
Don't watch that
So what if I mac this way rap this way and I'm from the UK

Here we come again, things
are not the same,
We now run the game
Don't watch our flow, our dough and how it grows and
grows and grows...
You know you can't complain
we are not to blame,
Snatching all the fame
We got the rhymes the
beats to thrill
You know the deal