

Takeover

Big Moochie Grape

(Ayoza, you wrong for this shit)
Ayy, man, like
I been settin' trends on these niggas, man, you know what I'm sayin'?
You niggas been bitin' my shit, man, you know what I'm sayin'?
I just don't get the credit for it, you know what I'm sayin'?
This shit for real, for real, dog
But fuck this shit, I ain't worried 'bout this shit
Guess who it is, though?
Gigantic

Big Moochie Grape back, bitch, it's a takeover
Pull up and jump out and give 'em a makeover
Fuck your bitch, put her out, no, she can't stay over
Just look at the trophy, I ain't got time to wait on you
Uh, thigh pads all blue just like the Titans
Stealin' my style, man, these niggas been bitin'
Same lil' nigga say he don't like me
Same lil' nigga wanna be just like me
Man, I'm so sick of these copycats
Applyin' that pressure, you know I ain't havin' that
Niggas been bitin', but fuck it, I don't want it back
Ain't no comparin' to me, this ain't no tit-for-tat
Catch your ass out, then we knock off your fitted cap
Knockin' shit back with lil' cuh, come and double back
Come to your spot and I'm like, "Where the money at?"
By any means when it come to the racks

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Through the pandemic, yeah, I was really pushin' packs
Skippin' school fifth grade, nigga, them facts
Schoolhouse, face tats, nigga, them facts
When I did that, they said I wasn't gon' be shit, that was way back, yeah
Look at me now, bitch, I'm a fat young rich nigga with a whole lotta racks,
yeah
Stallion thick bitch and she bad bad, yeah
Hit her from the back 'cause the ass fat, yeah
Strike her real hard like I'm Mad Max, yeah
Now she put gigantic in her hashtag, yeah
Back from the dead and I'm comin' to get what's mines, nigga
Drop back-to-back and I'm spittin' straight crack, y'all other niggas ran out of time, nigga

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First young nigga out my hood to get to it, yeah
Big bankroll in my pocket, know I had to all-blue it, yeah
One call to the shooter, tell him get ready, get suited, yeah
Get the drop, spin the block, yeah, go'n 'head, shoot a movie, yeah
Baguette my watch and I baguette my chest
Fuck it, might just go'n baguette my mouth next
Baguette my watch and I baguette my chest
Fuck it, might just go'n baguette my mouth next
Niggas be cappin', they know they ain't 'bout that
They thought I was gone, so I had to come right back
Big Moochie back, yeah, they gotta come face that
When I pop out, man, I swear they gon' hate that

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