Big Tymers, nigga (Big Tymers, nigga)
I got that work, nigga (I got that work, nigga)
Look, look, listen:

This is where them niggas die fast Sell bricks and buy bags They dodge class to hit the block and go find cash If you try to pass - take my advice: drive fast 'Cause, my man, ain't no escapin' when shots blast You wonder why the cops keep circlin' Niggas murderin' I ain't never saw 'em before Tonight we twurkin' 'em Niggas wearin' masks like glasses Niggas got on tank tops and a pair of Reebok classics Pants to my knees 'cause the glock make it slouch I can't talk right now - I got three rocks in my mouth And, wodie, when we enter-- niggas freeze up like it's winter And if a nigga whisper, pistols eat him up for dinner Seventeen representer - you don't like it, do somethin' And I'll bet you'll see a nigga outside 'bout two-somethin' And we like to dress in all black up in my residence Ain't got on no suits 'cause we ain't tryin' to be presidents

Nigga, we done moved more coke than a nigga could know More money, more cars than a nigga could show And more ice - cheap price than a nigga could score And hit blocks with glocks Make 'em get on the floor

Nigga wakin' up to alley cats and rats Project bitches that tote gats Niggas kickin' the dope, but the crack done smack back Lil' niggas runnin' through the hallways While other niggas playin' ball - made a court in the driveway Things ain't the same where I use to play It's guns and broads New cars, neighborhood superstars And hoes smokin' cigars Lil' ones sittin' on the car Watchin' the bus hollerin', "Them people comin!" when that blue car pull up I'm tired of catchin' cuts, and bendin' corners I got that work - got youngsters on all four corners You got the quarters, and you got them halves I got the quarter ki's, and Fresh got the slabs Ten a ki is the price if you want a brick And if you don't know that, nigga - tax the bitch

Nigga, we done moved more coke than a nigga could know More money, more cars than a nigga could show And more ice - cheap price than a nigga could score We hit blocks with glocks Make 'em get on the floor For sure, wodie

It's the return of the click-clackin' Downtown pistol packin' Y'all remember me from back in the '89 era When killers use to wear mascara And run through the court causin' terror Random riot gunshots Government-issued glocks That's bakin' soda added with that odor - now you got clatch pots Niggas went from (?) to frozen cups To catchin' cuts, to big ole nuts Shorty, I been on missions Jackin' niggas for Balley competitions Stickin' guns in bustas' backs Everybody, come out your Polos and your Zodiacs But that was back in the days See, niggas done changed they ways Went from snug-nose-38's to hand grenades Now it's a must that niggas bust back when they get cussed at Or fussed at Nine-millimeters, glocks, pumps, riot guns, niggas can trust that

Nigga, we done sold more coke than a nigga could know More money, more cars than a nigga could show More ice - cheap price than a nigga could score We hit blocks with glocks Make 'em get on the floor For sure, lil' one

What!

Y'all got to understand We got this shit on lock, wodie If you ain't makin' money you ain't doin' what you suppose to I understand niggas kickin' in doors for twenty-inch momo's Whatever it take, lil' daddy And it don't matter If I get caught up in a struggle, I got to take mines If you get caught up, you better believe it.. that that iron gon' get your mind right, dog We hustlin' for sure, fa Bling-blingin' without a doubt Like new cars, and pretty broads And neighborhood superstars Money Bitches Rags to riches