

Rocky

Big Tymers

Stay in line, bitch
Get your mind right
Let's go, playboy
Look:
I'll bat the piss out a bitch quick
Oh yeah, he'll do it!
I'll wilin' off that Ruby Red and Absolute
Catch me hoppin' out somethin' from 2002
Leave a scar on your hoe from the side of my shoe
Bitches gotten fucked up - I ain't never been cheap
All I know is bricks, money, pussy, and streets
Niggas hatin' 'cause my teeth lookin' like they piece
I done spent about a-hundred-fifty grand at least
Boy, don't make me smile 'cause I'll blind a bitch
Hoes shout when I pass - that's a Tymer, bitch
Don't pop up at the house, you might find your bitch
on my video tape - man, rewind that shit
And if my main hoe flip, she get one for that
If she takin' private trips, her lip hung for that
I don't love no hoe - after I fuck 'em, I don't know 'em
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, I'm Rocky Balboa

If lil' momma actin' bad, then, nigga, you show her
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If lil' one outta line, then, nigga, you go-a
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If a broad touch yurn, then, nigga, you show her
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If she wilin' with another nigga, wodie, you go-a
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa

Meet me at the cat cave, bitch, in a hour
And I'ma show your dog ass, yo, I got the power
to have you screamin', "No, no!"
Shove you in your go-go
I got my nut - I'm 'bout to get up and take a photo
Wait a minute, hold up, baby, slow it down
Touch your toes, toot your ass, now turn around
And admit you the shit - damn, I love you, girl
Yeah, I'm lyin', but I'm tryin' to fuck up your whole world
Got your picture suckin' dicks in a big black Chevy
What your name? That's a shame - I forgot already
I told 'em you got super-suction on your head
I told 'em you do bad-ass tricks in the bed
I told 'em you could flip and land dead on the dick
I told 'em they could do you next, freak, 'cause I quit
Catch you from behind
Bend your perfect spine
Baby got that pussy, but that ass is mine

If lil' momma actin' bad with you, nigga, you show her
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
If lil' one outta line, then, nigga, you go-a
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, Rocky Balboa
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Listen up, lil' nigga - I got a story to tell
'bout a bitch that I left down in ATL
Went to Miami, and I met a freak
She been workin' on me, slurpin' on me one whole week
Got a freak that I love down in Acetown
Can't remember how she look 'cause she keep her face down
One in L.A., two in New York
One in Chicago, stay in Hyde Park
Three from China
One in Carolina
Ten in my city
Six of 'em pretty
Lil' momma from Tennessee: drunk off Hennessy
I should've stuck her a long time ago, but she killin' me

I love this lifestyle 'cause I'm real with this shit
Been runnin' 'round uptown with the baddest bitches
Took a flight to Chicago to holler at my clique
Rollers, hustlers, and niggas who pimp bitches
My main man, Johnson, Big Man, and Shorty
I got to be here for my son and my daughter
Now five a ki if you're transportin'
My nigga hit a lick and bought a Range Rover
My hoe went to the beef, but I don't know why, wodie
The hoe know I got ki's, dope, and Dossier
Nothin' but guns
Bitch, I'ma show ya
Bauw, b-b-bauw, bauw, I'm Rocky Balboa

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