

# Sunday Night

Big Tymers

Believe it, playboy  
You know we the # 1 stunnas  
How you diggin' that, nigga  
Look, look-

Went to Miami - bought a Lam', and sure 'nough  
My Bentley, Fresh Bentley on twenty-inch dubs  
Monte Carlo's, Cadillac's, and Jags  
If it ain't a V-8, that shit ain't fast  
Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Neighborhood superstars, cars, and broads  
Everybody wan' fuck a Hot Boy  
Mercedes trucks  
Lexus trucks  
Cadillac trucks  
All the best for your buck  
Six TV's with DVD's  
Twenty-G's worth of sound so a nigga can hear me  
We shine and floss  
We pay the boss  
Ten-G's a night - we buyin' the ball  
But one thing, nigga: things ain't changed  
Find me at a second line doin' my thing  
I'm rockin' ice  
I pocket pipe  
Corner pocket goin' down - we gon' be there tonight  
It's wall-to-wall  
Killers and dogs  
Niggas actin' crazy - they ready to ball  
They shoutin' at 'Nolia, shoutin' at Melph  
Shoutin' at Yo, everybody to the south  
They shoutin' at 'Nolia, shoutin' at Melph  
They shoutin' at Yo, everybody to the south  
See, a 3rd ward nigga don't play that shit  
You get outta line, we'll kill you quick  
See, a 3rd ward nigga don't play that shit  
You get outta line we'll kill you quick

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Shorty, shit don't stop - nigga, keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Nigga, shit don't stop - playa, keep it real

Look,  
Now who Whee?  
The nigga ridin' top-down in the two-seat  
You see more diamonds than they got on Blue Streak  
You know it's Lil' Wheezy goin' off  
Slim and Baby bought him somethin' new he showin' off  
I will buy Bentley - body real wide  
Sixteen with no license - still drive

That's a wild fella  
Watch your wife - I'll sell her  
I'm up in the 2000 Kompressor - loud yellow  
Dubs on skinnies - yeah, killin' ya  
Pop the hood, souped up with a twelve-cylinder  
Niggas ridin' big body Benz - stop it  
I'll pull up next to 'em in a Lam' - top this  
I know they be like, "Man, them boys got to stay home."  
Different color Hummers lookin' like a box of crayons  
Open up the back - sound got they damn head achin'  
Me - I'm in the back seat playin' a Playstation  
What!

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Nigga, shit don't stop - playa, keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Wodie, shit don't stop - we gon' keep it real

That remote - hand it here  
Trucks with chandeliers  
He don't have America Online up in here  
Lay it down when I park it  
Iceberg carpet  
Standin' 'cross the street sayin', "Watch me start this."  
Ascursion from thirty feet away  
Lil' niggas go and say, "How the fuck he did that?"  
"You heard where he live at?"  
"Piranhas and iguanas - marble and glass."  
"The bottom of his swimmin' pool said, 'KISS MY ASS'.  
Niggas motherfuck it  
I take the St. Bernard project and gut it  
and make it into one big crib  
And when you pass in separate ward, scream out,  
"That's where Mannie Fresh live!"  
Three-piece livin' room set in the back of the Caddy  
Plus the alarm that say, "I love you, Daddy."  
VCR - nigga, please - unhook it  
Run the DVD when the satellite crooked  
Honey, what you mean you ain't never seen  
a big-screen in the back of the Navigator that's green?  
Chromed-out amplifiers  
Twenty-two inch tires  
I don't want them - I want the fiber optic wires  
I'm so hot I'm responsible for forest fires

What?

How you love that

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Wodie, shit don't stop - we gon' keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Wodie, shit don't stop - y'all keep it real

Look, Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Shorty, shit don't stop - let's keep it real

Vettes, Vipers, trucks, and bikes  
Pullin' all that shit out on a Sunday night  
Cutlass, Monte Carlo's, and Regals still  
Man, shit don't stop - keep it real

Understand  
We gon' keep this real  
Goin' into 2001 on up to 3000  
I'ma (?), I ain't goin' nowhere

For sure, Fresh  
Without a doubt, playboy

I meant that shit  
Ball 'til you fall

Believe that, nigga

They gon' clone my ass  
It's gon' be  
Huh?  
about eight of me, you see what I'm sayin'

Without a doubt

They can't get rid of me  
Feel that shit  
And I'm gone  
You can't kiss me, but you can kiss my chain  
Without-  
You can kiss my watch  
Lick the ice  
You can kiss my belt  
Lick the ice  
You can kiss my shoes  
But don't put your lips on me  
Ice everywhere  
It ain't like that

We gon' dip 'em platinum, playboy

Ahhh, good night

Dip one up  
We gon' dip one up platinum  
Right now  
If y'all can see, you gon' see  
nothin' but a brown-skin nigga  
dip platinum  
Grill platinum  
Nothin' but ice  
Nothin' but ice  
Ice everywhere  
Ten karats in my grill  
And I keeps it real  
How you love that nigga