

# Him

Big Yavo

Uh  
It's recordin'?  
It's recordin'?  
(Ayy, let that shit ride, Tav)  
It's been recordin'?  
Bet, keep everything  
Uh, let's go  
Let's go, ayy

I told a bitch I'm him, quit playin'  
Tryna ride with a boss? Well, bitch, get in  
Said I stay on the road like the Michelin Man  
Put an M on your head like a Michigan fan  
Ayy, I'm ballin' so hard, I might hoop when I land  
I be ready to dump, I might shoot through my pants  
Been on the block, boy, but we just shoot, we don't dance  
If my opp get locked, put suits on his ass

Shoot my opp that suit, what you mean? That's a case  
What that is in your pants? What you mean? This a Drac'  
Bitch, I don't got friends, all my niggas some apes  
Bitch, I don't got friends, all my niggas gorilla  
Thirty racks on me, ridin' 'round with a killer  
Big-ass bale same size as a pillow  
Real ice on my neck, ho hug me and shiver  
Poured an eight up in Austin, change the color of the river  
Real Wock', I'll turn a bitch purple  
Say I drip like a pastor, I'm servin' the ushers  
Say she ain't gotta clock in, but I'm workin' her  
Bitch, you ain't fuck when I was broke, shit personal  
Hop out with two straps, feel like I'm Urkel  
Ayy, hop out with two straps just like a dyke be  
My niggas ballin', y'all niggas sideline, Spike Lee  
Niggas act gangster, but sweeter than iced tea

I told a bitch I'm him, quit playin'  
Tryna ride with a boss? Well, bitch, get in  
Said I stay on the road like the Michelin Man  
Put an M on your head like a Michigan fan  
Ayy, I'm ballin' so hard, I might hoop when I land  
I be ready to dump, I might shoot through my pants  
Been on the block, boy, but we just shoot, we don't dance  
If my opp get locked, put suits on his ass  
I told a bitch I'm him, quit playin'  
Tryna ride with a boss? Well, bitch, get in  
Said I stay on the road like the Michelin Man  
Put an M on your head like a Michigan fan  
Ayy, I'm ballin' so hard, I might hoop when I land  
I be ready to dump, I might shoot through my pants  
Been on the block, boy, but we just shoot, we don't dance  
If my opp get locked, put suits on his ass

Hit his block with drums, shit sound like a band  
And this money I'm tryna get quicker than sand  
Real hustler, I hope you can get what I'm sayin'  
After the show, gotta have ass to get on this van  
I say gotta have ass to get on this Sprinter (Gotta have ass)

Countin' paper, then caught me a splinter  
And don't think shit sweet, ain't nothin' here Splenda  
I'm gettin' money every day, newer paper than printers  
Ayy, say I'm on they ass like suspenders  
And he be in the house like he on suspension  
And the stick in my pants, that's the reason I'm limpin'  
Just like McCaffery, sneakers be Christian  
We fire, roll the 'Wood, double cup what I'm missin'  
My lil' partners got aim, them young niggas gifted  
So many rods in this bitch like we finna go fishin'  
Before I went to prom, I went on a mission  
Before I went in the bathroom, went in the kitchen  
Learned how to count money 'fore I learned how to spell  
I'm rockin' water, bumped into a whale  
The finesser, I could sell dope to a scale  
The finesser, I could sell hay to a scarecrow  
Ayy, I could sell PC to Metro  
Might just sell a ball to LaMelo  
Heard you broke, can't bond out, jammed like Jell-O

Jammed like Jell-O  
These niggas jammed like Jell-O  
Ayy, ayy  
Bump into your ho, I tell the bitch hello  
You feel me?  
Ayy, said bump into your ho, I tell the bitch hello  
Ayy  
Play and get rolled like a 'rello, gang