

Webbie Flow

Big Yavo

I'm finna keep it as trill as possible on this bitch
Yeah, the Trill Young Savage way
LJ. Purple.

Now, baby, come give me that top just like a headset
Top just like a set
Shawty ate that dick so long, she got my bed wet, aw
Hopped out the bed, couldn't even walk, I had the dead legs
Crib around the corner, but for Santa, I'm waiting on FedEx
I'm waiting on this box right now
I can't wait till it touch down
Get outside your body and get loud, I bet you in your mouth
Suggest you calm your ass down
Call the plug, we on the last pound
I know I'm the coach, but I'ma clip you, catch you out of bounds
Don't call my phone about no city shit, I'm out of town
Don't care about that mugging when you broke, nigga, you gotta frown
I was just broke, but I ain't tripping, bitch, I got it now
You ain't gotta call, if he was dissing, nigga, gun him down
Nigga, I ain't sending no hits, I'd rather itch
Pull up by myself, scream "Help," then hit his ass with switch
I throw a dress on with a wig, I walk down like a bitch
Bitch, it's Big Yay, scum the shit, been fucking hoes and kick
Bitch, I was broke, I hurt my wrist, I had to ice this bitch
Baby, you so fine, let me bite your ear, I'm on some Tyson shit
Selling these bows, rocking these shows, I'm starting to like this shit
My face card clean, pull up right now and I'll swipe this bitch

Pants low, afro, no shirt, blowing purp
I'm not a star, I'm just a regular old hood nigga
VIP, doing shows, fucking hoes, nigga
I used to have gold, but now I'm finna go back diamond mouth
A half of Runtz, pack of Blacks, whole pound of Thraxx
Presidential shit, pussy nigga, I'm at Obama house
Murder weapon, got a flat back on the nine, I ain't lying
That fully sticky, hold a whole motherfucking hundred

Aye, think before you move 'cause you don't wanna move wrong
Send your hitman, nigga, I'll put that tool on him
Sound like a broom, don't it?
Bitch, I'm the larger West Hammer, come on, tell me, who want it?
Who really want this shit?
In the hood like my motor getting fixed
I know I'm fat, but about that bread, I'll push up on you people
Yeah, aye, about that cheese and about that bread, bae, I buy exercise
Tripping if it's petty, but if it's big, bitch, I can't let it ride
Like the girl that sued the lick, leave that four, but spend that sack at Fi
fth
I just spent a fifth at Saks
I can't front you, might not get that back
My plug keep throwing bricks, I think this nigga Ken the Shaq
Bae, you missing crepes, don't arch my enemies the way you bend your back
Bae, how you do that shit? I ain't even know you knew that trick
Pussy so damn good, I might just crash, I need to sue this bitch
Been married to the game, gave her a ring, put on a suit and shit
I put on the cape, fly to the trap, tryna get super rich

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