

Havin Freestyle

BigXthaPlug

(Tony Coles)

Ayy

I've been living, can't lie, life good
Feel real different, the trunk in the hood
Diamonds on butch, my bitch fucking me good
Bitch, I'm having my way like you wish that you could
Three-five, nothin' less, only dope in my 'Wood
Call this shit a freestyle, yell out, "Uh," like I'm hood
600 block, you can't come, you ain't good
Used to take niggas' shit, but I wish that you would
A-okay, if he play, run him down with a Drac', the same niggas with me every
state
Know we eat good, I put food on the plate, not hibachi, we called up the chi
ef for a steak
You think you can pop it like me, but you can't
Spent five hundred on ice, now I'm finna go plain
Strip club every city, I'm makin' it rain
I've been thinking veneers, partner say Johnnny Dang
Ayy, I just had a good year, might just go cop a new ring
My BM looking good in her new Range
This FN, it look good, it shoot blue things
It's 600, bitch, we the new Wu-Tang
I don't fuck with these niggas, Ku Klux Klan
Now I'm fake? Nah, BigX just a new man
Hottest side on my city like Sudan
Get this paper, that's really my mood, fam
Fuck a bitch, I don't mean to be rude, bae
And these niggas be sweeter than Kool-Aid
Might just loose a lil' weight for this coup thing
Or go big and just glide in that Mulsanne
Got fucked up and threw 10k in Blue Flame
I'm a boss, you can't do what I do, man
I'm the type touch a hundred in two days
Was born off the hustle, can get it a few ways

I'm in Santa Rosa on the liquor, throw bombs out the bay
Got the 'bows of the fraza, this shit tasting great
Pour an eight in the Sprite, got that bitch looking grape
Got that pussy first night, we ain't go on no date
Every day like Friday, it's a payday
Who got beef? Turn a nigga to a grande
Got somethin' on my side that burn, Ashanti
Like it's taco Tuesday, have him leakin' picante
Look from my view, you ain't nothin' but a rendez
I'm in love with the money, take risks with no conscience
Every shot to an opp, we ain't takin' no nonsense
Go dumb where I'm from, hooked on money like phonics
Got blessed with trap, I make plays on a Sunday
Wouldn't trip on a bitch even if I was clumsy
Hit for Egyptian money, I sold him a mummy
Really came up from nothin', no need for assumption
We got motion motion, nine bricks like the Brady Bunch
Goon Berries, baby, these not no Captain Crunch
Watch how you steppin, these streets know you're doozin' off
Before you come in here, tell me, you will or won't
In that trap, I'm like Al, with that green, I'ma get it on

Drop a sixteen, but I still get the load gone
Dirty dog, I ain't nothin' to hold on
She swear I be cheatin', I ain't leavin' 'til the 'bows done
No time for nothin', go argue with a broke nigga
MJ with the comeback, I'm strapped with a four nickel
Give a fuck 'bout no rap, my best friend wrap and ship 'em
How I'm pushin' the P, you thought I'm dropping isms
Leave a stain on they brain, I might give 'em some wisdom
I got chicken on me, every day, I dress Christmas
Even though I be sinnin', my Diors are Christian
Roll the doors off the trap, we gon' do this for Nipsey (Uh)