

## Big Wigs

Boldy James

Big creature, one and only, 227, yeah  
Mafia with X, gang tang, block works, yeah  
Who the hell is Carlo?  
Skiddy

All the pops in the Clucks  
All the hens in the leeks  
I done served up enough cubs, duh (Duh, duh)  
All the pops I done touched  
All the racks is I spent  
I done stirred up enough trough (Where we at?)  
I got more than enough Clio (You know it)  
Big four-fifth and a micro (Ay)  
Block works getting me in boutta crate  
Need a forklift and a high-low (It's on)  
Got ten legs, roam desert trails  
With a deadly tail, with a stinger on (Eek)  
The bricks come stamped in the mail  
Double vacuum sealed out of Teterboro (Where we at?)  
Twin fins in the shindig with the big wigs  
Gotta keep it thorough (Salute)  
Spin his Benz, thick, big as a twig  
I was poppin' out of Eberboro (Brr)  
Toe Gang play the banjo  
If he flinch, I see them niggas' hands move (Watch)  
Soul Train on the dance floor  
Niggas got a lot of tricky dance moves (Block works)  
My niggas never need a validation (At all)  
When you have a niggas, it's hard to take (For real)  
Only time I lie was on the stand  
It ain't never been on fabrication (Uh-huh)  
All family orientated  
Call the cavalry, we ball like the Flannery's (Bosses)  
All reality, no animation  
Soaring batteries turn to aggravate (Uh)  
Me and T.O.P. really from the bottom  
Now I'm in the spot with six hundred thousand (Bros)  
Been a lot of labor, gon' be more fruit  
I just sit back and watch it all blossom

Yeah, yeah  
Just wear your matter  
It's shattered just like clay  
Yeah, yeah  
Just wear your matter  
It's shattered just like clay

Clio bustin' out the gallery  
Made a hundred thousand off the pre-sale  
All my fingertips and my toes  
Make next to dimes off the Abigail  
On the block bangin' really dope  
With the molly cap white like C-Shel  
Whole thot with some egg, yo  
'Til I scrap my heart and make cheese eggs  
Hang green like an artichoke  
Niggas say they whole weight bean bags

Pop a shroom like Mario  
I can't hear these hoes over feedback  
Got my first sack, I was sixteen  
I done took the shit out the Westland  
Got the pack over sixteen  
Now my fit clean in my bitch bag  
It get cold like Minnesota  
But the block hot like a heatin' pad  
Mixin' shit like rigatoni  
Cut 'em up, then I give 'em salt baths  
Lysotel with the calamari  
With the caviar, made my stomach fat  
Seen a fiend hit the needle, hit the corner  
Now his forehead a hunchback  
Took a chance, he a high roller  
Took the Coca-Cola, then I gave it back  
Took the chance with the paint  
Now he cuttin' up paper, lumberjack  
On the block, they call me Bosque  
Yeah, Van Gogh, Warhol and all that  
Try to stop the bleeding menopause  
But the thirty ball, he can't talk back

Hair, just will not matter  
It shattered just lately  
Hair, just will not matter  
It shattered just lately