

Big Spender

Bryson Tiller

(So I get up out of my city to stretch my bag)
Where you from?
(And now I look to my left and I see a girl, she's like lookin' at me)
Huh
(And she look familiar)
I should come 'round there
I should come 'round there (Come 'round there)

You know I'm gon' talk my shit
She love when I talk like this (Like this)
I met this bad lil' bitch (She bad)
She got a nigga braggin' and shit (My bad)
She got a lil' Patek (God damn)
She must be havin' this shit (Big money)
She know I'm really havin' this shit (Big money)
She know I'll go half on this shit (Go half)
And she don't need a man (Nah, nah)
Niggas be lackin' and shit (That's facts)
We cut it like magnets (Quick, quick)
Real quick then we vanish (Quick, quick, quick)
I know niggas gon' panic (Where she at?)
I'ma tip her, automatic (Gettin' ratchet)
I'ma get her out of track, keep bendin' that back
I'm spendin' my racks, I don't know how to act, nah

Juvenile baby, what you doin' out late?
In the club, girl, you know what I'm finna do with my cake
Brodie said, "Don't be savin' that bitch"
But you know I brought my cape in this bitch
You're the reason why I came in this bitch
Four, five, six, seven, eight in this bitch
Hopin' lil' mama don't stay in this bitch
Scrappin' up money, don't play in this bitch

Made enough money now wait, wait
You done made enough money for a great escape
I done made enough money, finna break the bank (Uh-huh)
Goin' broke? Never, finna make it plant
Stay stack it up high like fuck what they think
They muggin', they hatin', you somethin' they ain't
Somethin' they can't replicate
Somehow no pressure make
Shawty got a whole new job
They lookin' at her like wonderin' why
Now she walked in on the high
She brought a lil' friend to the vibe
She know I'm gon' spend on her
Told her friend she can have that fire
Told her friend she can have that ten
I'ma have 'em here again and again
I'm like, "Oh, well, a win is a win"
I better see you when I walk back in
I'm dark, D'USSE, Jack, Henn'
Throw a lil' money in the sky
Shawty got ass, got thighs
But I'm lookin' her dead in her eyes
I'm lookin' her dead in her face like, "Let's get married, you know it can't

wait"

And like Steph Curry, you know I'm gon' make it
Give me my shot, you know I'm gon' take it
Give you that rock

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Nah, like Lola said, "Don't play with it"
Throw them dollars up high (Yeah)
Love like [?], she the type you ain't even gotta dance for a nigga, I just t
hrow the shit
She got me all focused and shit, man
Hoes I'm unfocused on, I don't know sayin' you fine as hell if I'm gonna blo
w on ones
I told her I got a good reason
Lot of rich niggas in this bitch too, man
She ain't new to this shit
That's why I asked her
Where you from? I'ma come 'round there (Come 'round there)
I should come 'round there (Come 'round there)
Hol' up, wait