

Big B

D-Block Europe

(Ayo, Quantich, run them bands up)
Ski, yeah (Ooh, Jony)

Rolling 'round humble but G'd up, boy, I got my game from big B, yeah (Big)
I done seen the boy go against the grain, pull up, whole coupe turned Swiss cheese, yeah (Yeah)
I'm in a Jeep with my white boy talking 'bout corn and broccoli, young boys on go, I can't mislead (Yeah)
Bentley Bentayga, a big B (Yeah)
One thousand and six, that's a big B
I gave game to the little bro, he re-ing on a brick now, I told him "Don't celebrate", yeah (Hmm)
You see, the charges and sentencing guidelines are different when you fuckin'g with the heavyweight, yeah (For real)
Brought you to the water, I played my part, gotta see what you demonstrate
I'm that same twenty-nine, get a call from big Ko, gotta pull up with the thirty-eight featherweight (Yeah)
2015, in that white, Ciroc-o, got it on us, no funny stuff
Fuck around, not sell us no grub, me and LB will rob 'em, they'll cry and call cuzzie up (Take that)
Back then I used to get on the train with three G-packs, walk 'round the town and just fuck it up (Fuck it up)
My little niggas gettin' nicked for the pokings in town so the shotters and the jakes know what's up with us (Yeah, yeah)
When I was young, I used to walk from Lewisham graveyard all the way to frontline to get Lizzie (Yeah)
Chromes and Gutta probably chased somethin' down, probably cheffed somethin' up by the time I hit Chick Chicken (Yeah)
In my black Ralph trackie, got my flicky on my waist, got my shots and my little fuckin' phone here (Yeah)
Had a passa with the fiend outside KFC (Yeah)
TSG pulled up, I'm on my toes, nigga
All I need from you is honesty (Yeah)
Molly water boost my confidence (Yeah)
Trappers, we don't deal with fraudulence (You dig?)
Snitches do not get acknowledgement (You dig?)
I'ma go and fund the war for them (You dig?)
They tryna score, it's a tournament (You dig?)
Gotta speak from my heart, fuck an audience, we was oppressed, now we dominant (Ski)
I fucked around, showed too much love, they abusing my love, got me thinkin' evil things (Mmm)
See, the game is the game, I'ma play to my grave, I'ma deal with the shit that people bring (For life)
I know the real you, the one that you hate, maybe that's why I see it how it is (I see it)
Still got corn for my bro's crackhead friend, when I was eight years old, he was thieving out the crib (Ski)
But now I done grew up (Ski)
She a princess, I might pick her shoe up (Ski)
Ex broke her heart, I'ma buy her a new one (Ski)
Bagging up in the pent, Q of white in the hoover, we get it
I might fly out to Venice, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Five-star spa, she replenished, yeah (Yeah, yeah)
When you fuckin'g with me, can't regret it, I bet that your ex gets the message, you dig? (Yeah, yeah)
We come from the jungle (Yeah)

Got some firearms, bro, we don't tumble (Yeah)
Hair long and real, call her Rapunzel (Yeah)
Plug is flingin' the coca in bundles (Yeah)
I'm a sinner, I say what I want to (Oh)
We go shopping, I buy you some lunch too (Oh)
I done seen a few real niggas crumble (Yeah)
Made a killin' off B like a bumble (Yeah)
I'm chillin', I'm in my kameez (Yeah)
I might fly to Egypt with Capris (Yeah)
I won't lie, I sweep 'em off their feet (Yeah)
Close your eyes and picture, have you seen? (Yeah)
Hope Allah forgives me when we meet (Yeah)
Hear the lies on my name, it's ridiculous
Moncler with the fur, it's indigenous
I'm in court tryna assert my innocence
Name infamous (Ski)