

# BIG WOOS

DUSTY LOCANE

Big woos, with me  
Talk out your neck, you get hit with the semi  
Bendin' in foreigners, this ain't no renty  
Big breesh. plenty  
I'm dripped in Dior, Balenci' I'm steppin'  
I keep a torch, that is my weapon  
Freak treesh, Henny  
She want some dick, she get plenty  
Rather cry in the rain or a Bentley  
Big breesh, big woos, freak treesh, big blues  
AP, big jewels, six-Os, Shu Shu

How you claim you a stepper?  
When shit that you did in the street nobody remember  
No false call, applying the pressure  
Say that you tough, you light as a feather  
Treasure, treasure  
What's mine could never be yours  
Change up the weather, I back out the torch  
Speed up a nigga meeting with the lord  
Met her in Houston, she was seductive  
Slick talk, she know what she doin'  
She told me be honest, I told her, "Of course"  
Ain't makin' no promise, won't show no remorse  
Wanna stick around the Fevers?  
Send the drop, get them sauced  
Sweep up the scene, get 'em gone  
We gon' leave that nigga in the morgue  
What you want, the crip or the set?  
Put your life on the line 'bout a nigga respect  
Shoot out the V, fuck a ref  
Infrared beam on the Tec  
Put trigger fingers to the test, they right but I'm left  
The .40 got kick, it gon' blow through your vest  
They call up the coroner to clean up the mest  
My dog in the game, I told him, "Be blessed"

Fumble the pack, we abort 'em  
It's extortion  
My niggas, they all need a portion  
Put they soul in the air for auction  
Space walkin' like a martian  
In my line of sight, then you a target  
Walkin', barkin'  
All my woos know the chorus (Woo)

Big woos, with me (That's a whole lotta Suvys)  
Talk out your neck, you get hit with the semi  
Bendin' in foreigners, this ain't no renty  
Big breesh. plenty (And a whole lotta money)  
I'm dripped in Dior, Balenci' I'm steppin'  
I keep a torch, that is my weapon  
Freak treesh, Henny (Treasha)  
She want some dick, she get plenty  
Rather cry in the rain or a Bentley  
Big breesh, big woos, freak treesh, big blues  
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Nine shots  
Talkin' 'bout woos, shit, you better mention me  
Do what I want, what the fuck is they tellin' me?  
I got a AR for times they be testin' me  
Should be in [?], mopped up, body go nasty, go turn your thot up  
Shot out my whips in the spot, but I brought some niggas that's still on the  
walk up  
Give me the addy, I'm doing the pop-ups  
I put lil' bro on a drill, that's an [?]  
I had to ask if she wanted the woo  
She told me, "Baby, I already got one"  
Trap on the road, only ate on the pit stop  
Girl I'ma thug, I ain't just doing hip-hop  
I told her tick-tock, tick-tock  
They do they dance on Tik Tok  
I never flip-flop, carry a big chop  
Say he the big what? He get a big shot  
Do with two hands 'cause this shit like to kickbox  
I got two bitches with me tryna lip-lock, uh  
On real nigga time  
What would they be if it wasn't for mines?  
Went through it all, definition of grind  
Got dragged through the muscle, y'all niggas can shine  
And clear up the closing doors, please  
I could show you what's slime  
I'm tryna lick her, stick her  
Baby girl bad like Kendall Jenner  
Do you want cry in the Wraith or a block in the city?  
Barely show love, I ain't showin' no pity  
Whole lotta woos  
Whole lotta woos in the spot came with me

Big woos, with me (That's a whole lotta Suvys)  
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I keep a torch, that is my weapon  
Freak treesh, Henny (Treesha)  
She want some dick, she get plenty  
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