

Big Timer

Fiend

Chorus [fiend]: x 2
Whoa there, big timer, big timer
I got money to the ceiling
Whoa there, big timer
Won't 'cha, make your money and do what ya wanna
Let the champagne glasses, cashes, comin out the ass
Drinks for everybody, biggest mama stickin up the tab (mama mia
)
Don't even ask if I could handle it
Bitch you didn't know I'm stackin ends like the clampets (there
it is)
Down south hustlin, workin my musc-lin
Mint greens labeled in God we trust'n
Bustin at the haters in the way of progress
Cause I ain't tryin to live from month to month (naw) that's st
ress
I only want the best that there is off the top
But I ain't bout to brag about the shit I don't got
So when you see the e4-20 know that it's mine, paid out in full
So I put it in my rhyme
Thirty two hundred square foot, no doubt
Manicured landscape, and this my house
Paid out too, so I know I got the room
To state the fact that them hoes don't like that
But fuck that big timers put your knot in the air
And cock your nine for them jackers out there
Live your life, boy
Chorus x 2
I be crackin like chiropractors
Fiend the young bachelor
That's too many muthafuckin million dollars, what I'm after
Meal ticket stash-a from brick flippin plaster
Now forever paid with mama mia and the master
I cause disasters from the s's to the g
No clubs won't start without the presence of me
Ya better ask somebody, my cake give knee chills
Givin migraine headaches from breakin these bills
See these chills but can't get to it, we way out
Every (?) that I drive on chrome, is paid out
Close to the house on the hill, but no wife
Take the diamonds out my rol, your house have no light
The more ice, I'm wicked you're sick, and just piss ya
Might take a long line, the dance floor on whispers
Chorus x 2