

Bigger Now

Finesse2Tymes

Stayin' out the mix, I
Came from that 6 side
Beefin' with the guys, lil' bro outside and he don't get tired
Xho came in the game in his own lane, no, he don't dick-ride
Came out the ghetto, chains on my sweater now
Ma, I'm doing better now, made vibes that I wouldn't let her down
Forty-nine charges on my RICO, they couldn't sit me down
On God though
I bowed my head and talked to God when shit got harder
(XO think he all that)

I'm bigger now, sack
Know Xho solid, this a fact
If you feel some way, just ask me, talkin' down, no, this ain't that
I should answer when you call, a hundred problems on my back
C-Major locked up for a body, I pray the lawyers bring him back
I'm all in, know I rap, but I'll crash like car wreck
Know they bleed how we bleed, we shed blood, I'm not scared
It's still blood, this all red
I stayed down, did my best
I pull up blowin' at these niggas, know I heard what y'all said
Talkin' 'bout, "Pull up"
This ain't nothin', this here to cook up
With her face soon as she look up
Thirty thousand just to book us, P
And I'm still Sex, Money, bleed
You know Xho still be on East
Tell them boys, "Don't come outside"
Send them niggas straight to God
Heard them boys been talkin' down, why? Shit, 'cause I probably robbed 'em
Go drop off a hundred thousand, why? Shit, that's just for my mama
Know my block get hot, I'm talkin' 'bout boiling
'Member days I couldn't afford it
Niggas hatin', but that shit normal
Hit the switch all through eight hundred

AK in the stash spot, who wanna run with me?
I'm the man in this bitch, who wanna come with me?
Fuckin' with that lyin'-ass nigga, I'm the truth
I'll still eat a cold cut with chips and jungle juice
I'll still pull up in the Chevy sittin' on twenty-eights
I'll still wear the same clothes five days straight
If I wanted to, I'd buy the whole store and make it back
I got four hoes live in one spot like I'm the man
I'm the player of the year, it's like thirty-six zip
It's the tenth, but I'll make this block jump like it's the fifth
I'll still fuck a ghetto booty messy-ass bitch
With them bad-ass kids and them triflin'-ass friends (Keep it hood, Finesse)

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When you see me out in traffic, nigga, look the other way
'Cause I ain't talkin', I ain't clutchin', bitch, I'm comin' off the waist
Give a fuck about no camera, give a fuck about no witness
I'll throw this shit away before I let a nigga get it
I got a million Instagram hoes likin' all my posts
Give a fuck about your feelings, I'm just tryna fuck your throat
Give a fuck about no DJ who don't wanna spin my shit
'Cause if all else fails, I know how to break a bitch
Give a fuck about the feds, tell 'em, "Free the cartel"
Gave Star forty years, I'ma keep him in my prayers
Give a fuck about promoters that ain't fuckin' with my price
Gotta watch who try to book me 'cause I know these niggas shiest'
Wanna trick me out my life, I know the opps been tryna get me
I told Ju to shoot whoever or whatever look suspicious
FNG the clan, nigga, fuck whoever go against it
Gotta reach out to Yo Gotti, tell him crown me king of Memphis
I'm just sayin'

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Memphis, king of Memphis
Crown me king of Memphis
Reach out to Yo Gotti, tell him crown me king of Memphis
Tell him crown me king of Memphis
Reach out to Yo Gotti, tell him crown me king of Memphis, nigga