

Big Ben

G-Eazy

Right here in the game, swear I'ma win
Fresh out the pen, ain't going back there again
My baby mama no drama, said she don't need me to spend
Told her just cop the car seat and I'ma buy you the Benz (Skrrt-skrrt)
Too real to pretend, this mod got me on ten
This a big boy clock, I call my watch Big Ben
Ya'll fight for dollars and cents like y'all ain't got no sense
Niggas killing to live, like would it kill you to live?
If you diss, get mopped, I clean up my shit
My lil' bro got shot, I felt like I got hit
All my dogs brought sticks, told 'em I got this
Gotta take those risks, we abide by this
I got Danny Phantom and Sauce Boy on the drums, bitch
Come with it, smart nigga, but I'm dumb rich
Yeah, them niggas hatin', but the bad bitches love this
Thug shit, I could fuck her slow and make her cum quick (Yeah)

Hit the studio, I came straight from the YSL fashion show
Word to Anthony Vaccarello, we skipped the after, though
I get this cash to flow, models asking, "Who has the blow?"
Uppers and downers, can't tell if I'm moving fast or slow
She just took acid, just kicked in
Got the big face Rollie, call my watch Big Ben
Zero to sixty in three, this a big boy Benz
Black on black, I whipped the Batmobile, it must be him
Skrrt-skrrt-skrrt-skrrt, skrrt-skrrt-skrrt-skrrt
I'm killing 'em when I'm in my 'Rari, feel like a hearse
My garage look like the Jay Leno lot, your feelings hurt
I threw her ten, she put some new plastic under her shirt, look
It's just a gesture, you're welcome, look, it's my pleasure
Put a Birkin on her dresser, it's like she discovered treasure
Plus the YSL clutch, really, it took no effort
I'm Curry in the clutch, look, I dominate under pressure, yeah

Burning cash, wonder where it all goes
Money like the Chapos and Pablos
Paper six feet, fucking tall hoes
This watch don't tick-tock, but it's all froze

Got the big face Rollie call my watch Big Ben
Got the big face Rollie call my watch Big Ben
Got the big face Rollie call my watch Big Ben
Call my watch Big Ben, call my watch Big Ben (Yeah)

My piece she put her tongue on, ain't fucking 'less the glove's on
I'm stuck inside her head just like a love song, no doubt
Been one of the best out, your music got me stressed out
'Cause they ain't got no bars like they fresh out, big clout
Talk about the best, you got me fucked up if I'm left out
The only white boy in the world who could bring the west out
Girls at my shows on shoulders, she pulls her breasts out
On her boyfriend, he's miserable, feeling left out
Last night we got high as shit, almost feel like I died a bit
I just fucked a stranger, I asked her name while she ride my dick
Rumors spreading quick, I tell her to chill and quiet it
Rock and roll stories I'll save the rest for the biopic (Yeah)

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