

# Big Chant

Gucci Mane

(Rock Boy Beats)

(That nigga Ladd got the juice, uh)

Ayy, pull up, I might air this bitch out, they call me Big Chant  
I been on the run, they tryna catch me, this a Hellcat (Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt)  
How you get your pistol in the club? I don't need no wristband (Nope)  
Your big homie look up to me, you can call me Big Chant  
Brand new Patek water, now they call me Big Chant  
Pop my shit way harder, so they call me Big Chant (Bling, blaow)  
Push-button starter, now they call me Big Chant (Ooh)  
They can't say shit about us, why? They call me Big Chant

Pull up, big body swerve (Yeah), your BM, man, she lurkin' (Hold back)  
Step back your hoes on purpose, that lil' ho said she worthless  
Big Chant with the big racks (Big racks), breakin' niggas, these big facts  
If I fuck 'em, you won't get your dick back  
Do my lil' Uzi, the choppa got kickbacks (Ah)  
Taste like candy, he wanna lick that banana clip and hoes gon' split that  
Get no play in the bitch, your shit wack  
You know hoes slid on you, come get your lick back  
Runnin', end up like Ricky with a hit back  
Call me Big Chant for a reason, red flag on me, I'm bleedin' (Big B's)  
Real rude, cut him off, no reason  
When I'm through fuckin' his face, I leave  
I feel like Call of Duty, only difference, I'm really shootin' (Really shoot in')  
Yo' bitch got tooted, booted  
When we cuff that bitch, can't do it (No)  
Better hide your ice 'fore you lose it  
Nigga move wrong, he stupid (Stupid)  
Catch a body in a flight, I'm cruisin'  
Nigga love this cookie like Lucious (He love the Big Chant)

Pull up, I might air this bitch out, they call me Big Chant (Big Chant)  
I been on the run, they tryna catch me, this a Hellcat (Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt)  
How you get your pistol in the club? I don't need no wristband (Nope)  
Your big homie look up to me, you can call me Big Chant  
Brand new Patek water, now they call me Big Chant  
Pop my shit way harder, so they call me Big Chant (Bling, blaow)  
Push-button starter, now they call me Big Chant {It's Gucci}  
They can't say shit about us, why? They call me Big Chant (Let's go)

Your CEO look up to me, they call me Big Wop (Wop)  
So Icy boss and you can tell that by my wristwatch (Brr, brr)  
I make trap music, it's too hood to be hip-hop (Skrtrt)  
This for the dope boys cookin' dope up in they flip-flops (Skrtrt, skrtrt)  
Man, I'm Big Gucci, I wear more Gucci than Harry Styles (It's Gucci)  
And it took a while, but real street niggas back in style (Huh?)  
Who want some smoke? 'Cause they can get it, this ain't no Black & Mild (Ah-ah-ah-ah)  
Got eighty rounds and it'll hit you from like half a mile (Well, damn)  
And I ain't jump up off the porch, I took a leap off (Go, go)  
He just a sheep, playin' with wolves, that's why that sheet lost (Wow)  
He tryna keep it undercover, we pull the sheets off (Huh?)  
He put his cape on, tried to save her, but she still creeped off (It's Gucci)  
)

Pull up, I might air this bitch out, they call me Big Chant (Big Chant)  
I been on the run, they tryna catch me, this a Hellcat (Skrrt, skrrt, skrrt)  
How you get your pistol in the club? I don't need no wristband (Nope)  
Your big homie look up to me, you can call me Big Chant  
Brand new Patek water, now they call me Big Chant  
Pop my shit way harder, so they call me Big Chant (Bling, blaow)  
Push-button starter, now they call me Big Chant (Ooh)  
They can't say shit about us, why? They call me Big Chant (Big Chant)