

# BIG

K.A.A.N.

Sonus  
Uh-huh  
Alright

I'm careful who I sit with  
You don't need a beauty shop to get your wig split  
Damn near thirty, gotta miss me with the kid shit  
Big dick, big hits, bitch, I'm big lit (Uh)  
My niggas calculate the work like a Fitbit  
If your mama still work, you ain't did shit  
We was really going broke just to live rich

It was me, twelve, young wanting bread, bread  
Uh, we 'bout a decade strong (Strong)  
Started from the bottom now the check's way long (Long)  
I'm here for a night then the next day gone  
Consistent with the mission while the rest stay home  
Wrong if you niggas thinkin' I'ma screw it up (Huh?)  
They ain't know the Vasi gang until I threw it up (Yeah)  
True enough, now the paper lookin' blue as fuck (Yeah, yeah)  
You can feed me any beat and I'ma chew it up  
Lock lips, I ain't into the gossip  
I get this bitch jumpin' like a mosh pit (Uh)  
On my Harry Pot' shit 'cause we got sticks  
Put you in a box quick like Rod' Ricch  
Don't compare a fly bitch to a side dish (No)  
Sick of all the fake shit, come and try this  
You need some real nigga dick, come and ride this  
On some real nigga shit, I'ma glide this

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We was really going broke just to live rich (Huh?)  
We was really going broke just to live rich

Been about this shit since I was knee-high, nigga  
It's in my motherfucking genes, not no Levi's, nigga  
Independent 'til I die, I need the strings, my nigga  
I'm cooking up like I'm the RZA, where the C.R.E.A.M, my nigga?  
What do you know about that D-Run fight?  
That trailer park livin', roaches scatter under the lights?  
Vienna sausage sandwiches don't sit in my stomach right  
It'd take an Alex Haley novel to disseminate my plight, this is life (Life)  
What do you know? Niggas came up from the gutter, for real  
I've been turning my pain into paper, nigga, ain't that ill?  
Like King Jaffe Joffer, the way that I feel  
The nigga you left in the field is at the top of the hill, it went well  
On point with my shit, all my lyrics, they impale  
Niggas talkin' 'bout smoke, don't you know that we inhale?  
I keep it all to myself, I don't fuck with the intel  
They try to count a nigga out, but I made it off of my will (Ayy)

I'm careful who I sit with (With)

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Street nigga, gotta watch who I talk to  
Bought a Rollie and a ring on a walkthrough  
Nowadays I can't chill, I just stop through  
Rap nigga, I was ill with the pot too  
Huh, I ain't never sit at the fake table  
We can tell by the stitching that it's fake label  
Used to pull up with the syrup, this is not maple  
Coach K, they be shootin' like Jeff Capel  
'85 SS with the tints on  
I'm gettin' too much money for a diss song  
Bubblegoose on the stoop with the longjohn  
Your main bitch a cheerleader with the pom poms  
Look, I'm just sayin', what my wrist saying?  
Shoot my shot, I'm like Melo with the headband  
California King, got your bitch layin'  
And I don't have short thoughts, I got big plans

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We was really going broke just to live rich, bitch

(Yeah)  
(Uh-huh)  
(Yeah)