

# Big Head

Lil Double 0

(Banga)

Mmm, mmm, mmm

Mmm, mmm, mmm (My Js callin' me no more, no bap)

Big head, think I know (Uh, uh)

Say I got the big head, way I walk around think I'm knowin' (Uh, uh)

Bitch say I got the big head, way I'm poppin' out, I think I'm knowin' a lot  
My niggas sayin' niggas want me dead, way I'm steppin' on niggas and pushin'  
on opps

That boy went on a fast, now he back on the block, he keep a mag' 'cause he  
pray to Allah

He bought a SRT8, that's not a Trackhawk

His trap movin' great 'cause he servin' fentanyl

He movin' weight so he turn to a boss

He take a loss and he shook it right off

Really don't link with no pussy, might rob a rapper, the industry soft

And under no circumstances, no excuses, ain't tell 'em, ain't seen it, ain't  
tell what I saw

Paid the high for the pint when I'm low on codeine

If you ain't got the drank, then we can't even talk, nigga

Uh, walk on stage, get paid to walk

I do shows and I fuck hoes, we ain't the same, no, what you thought?

Leave your lame, come fuck a boss

Brand new chain, this shit hit off

Wanna change your life, get a brick of fentanyl, nigga, sell drugs, do the s  
tick talk, uh

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My niggas sayin' niggas want me dead, way I'm steppin' on niggas and pushin'  
on opps

That boy went on a fast, now he back on the block, he keep a mag' 'cause he  
pray to Allah

He bought a SRT8, that's not a Trackhawk

His trap movin' great 'cause he servin' fentanyl

That's a SRT8, that's not a Trackhawk

He movin' weight, he done turned to a boss

Slime a nigga, take a nigga watch out (Uh)

Stalk him later, make lil' bruhnem watch out (Walk them out)

Flip the block and then we clearin' them out

AR chopper with the stick knock 'em down (Uh, uh)

I was known for trappin', movin' the pounds

Now I'm sellin' records, fan walkin' me now (Walk, walk)

Set trends when they copy, fans watchin' the style

Hit licks and get profit, no splittin' it down

I hit them licks out of poverty, niggas wasn't proud of me

I went and made my own sound

Take over his land, his profit

Money Monopoly, bitches gon' fuck right now

Say I got the big head 'cause I'm lit, whole time you sick, broke bitches do  
wn (Look at you now)

Mmm, mmm, look at you now, bitch

Bitch say I got the big head, way I'm poppin' out, I think I'm knowin' a lot  
My niggas sayin' niggas want me dead, way I'm steppin' on niggas and pushin'  
on opps

That boy went on a fast, now he back on the block, he keep a mag' 'cause he  
pray to Allah  
He bought a SRT8, that's not a Trackhawk  
His trap movin' great 'cause he servin' fentanyl (Uh)