

# Big Tymerz

Lud Foe

Your bitch is a gunner  
Ride foreigners in the summer  
Pop pills, smoke weed  
I'm the plug with the drugs, I got what you need  
Big rims on Tuxs  
Ran off on the plug, yeah he outta luck  
A dose, shut the lights  
I done dodged fast cars yeah I'm runnin' lights  
Highspeed, Hellcat  
Hell nah, hella nah ain't no catchin' that  
Fuck your bitch from the back  
Hell naw, I ain't want her you can have her back  
Forgiatos mounted up  
Check a big bag of money then I count it up  
Homicides, zip 'em up  
He ain't breathin' tell the coroners go and pick 'em up  
Pull up, slide doors  
Blue strips, open doors  
Designer drugs, designer clothes  
Designer hoes, designer coats  
New whips, pigeon toe  
New ice, rose gold  
New price, show sold  
Bankrolls don't fold  
Rocks, blows, we sell doughs  
So strong make a junkie itch blow  
Water whippin', I broke the stove  
Now I got dope residue all on my clothes  
Red bottoms, Gucci shoes we rock Louis too  
You a killer, April Fools  
Nigga get this shit confused you gon' make the news  
Dealerships, foreign whips  
Cash out, poker chips  
Thick bitch, mean walk  
Yellow tape, red tape and white chalk  
These niggas all talk  
Hit the mall fuck it off, fuck what I brought  
These niggas throw salt  
They just made cause they broke, ain't my fault  
Follow the trails, I'm drippin' sauce  
Leg hangin' out the car cause my doors off  
He off lean, he dosed off  
He ain't see me comin' with that Mossberg sawed off  
Poppin' pills let me be great  
Got a bad bitch and she on Section 8  
Pappadeaux and steak  
Tipped the waitress a hundred told her bring my plate  
Presidential, Obama  
Naw not the president I'm talkin' marijuana  
My eyes low off, I'm high off ganja  
Dawg changed, I can't see you call me Stevie Wonder  
In the strip club throwin' ones  
I'm standin' on the bar, showin' out  
These Gucci shoes ain't comin' out  
Donuts, burnt outs  
Nascar, fast car watch the engine 'bout  
See a lame point 'em out

My homie tweakin' off the shit, he'll knock 'em out  
Your time is runnin' out  
We'll turn a nigga house to a haunted house  
I get it by the large amout  
I hit my plug for the drugs if I'm runnin' out