

# Bigger Than Me

MadeinTYO

This might turn the gas, some shit  
This shit bigger than me  
I love Madeintokyo (yuh)

I had to get it  
I gotta get it  
Okay, young nigga, uh  
My bitch she bad  
Know that she bad  
Wonder if she got a sister, uh  
'05 Bape lookin' like Ape  
Used to smoke out of Swisher, uh  
Gelato in the blunt  
Ape got a front  
Get what you want, uh uh  
I'm in Atlanta for dinner, uh  
My bitch, she look like some dinner, uh  
Calabasas in the winter, uh  
Plane that born sinner, uh  
Free me, free me, uh  
Rolling gas in a Maybach  
Used to be a lil' freak  
Oh my God, why you say that  
Switch up the flow  
Never roll no more  
Never broke the code  
Fuck a basic cold  
Smoking medical  
R.I.P Shawty Lo  
Smokin' like a nigga grow  
Keep it on, you never know  
Girl always on go  
Shawty always on the low  
Tryna' sip on the four  
Tryna' pull on the clothes  
Ben Baller got me froze

Yuh, they no cap on a whole mil  
Now I'm on TV like Seinfeld  
And I eat her like oatmeal  
Bitch I'm too sick, I go ill  
Amy Winehouse, fingers in her mouth  
Louis on her purse, Louis on her blouse  
I need a reason to go, uh  
I need a reason to pour, uh  
Baby no cap on a whole mil  
Now I'm on TV like Seinfeld  
And I eat her like oatmeal  
Bitch I'm too sick, I go ill  
Amy Winehouse, fingers in her mouth  
Louis on her purse, Louis on her blouse  
I need a reason to go, uh  
I need a reason to pour

They hate on me, of course, uh  
Now I pull up in a Porsche. uh  
I told them niggas I'm first, uh

I had to see how it work, uh  
Versace me, tekashi me  
On some weed, broccoli  
You see I grind for the shit, uh  
I ain't sign up for this shit, uh  
Real nigga that can speak, uh  
I'm on my rack on the shit  
You know I'm stacking them shit  
You know me on that Dracula shit  
You know I text your lil bih  
Who rollin' back with lil bih?  
Uh, I'm on that fashion and shit  
You a distraction and shit

Yuh, they no cap on a whole mil  
Now I'm on TV like Seinfeld  
And I eat her like oatmeal  
Bitch I'm too sick, I go ill  
Amy Winehouse, fingers in her mouth  
Louis on her purse, Louis on her blouse  
I need a reason to go, uh  
I need a reason to pour, uh  
Baby no cap on a whole mil  
Now I'm on TV like Seinfeld  
And I eat her like oatmeal  
Bitch I'm too sick, I go ill  
Amy Winehouse, fingers in her mouth  
Louis on her purse, Louis on her blouse  
I need a reason to go, uh  
I need a reason to pour, uh

Yuh, bigger than me  
Ya dig?  
Uh, I love Madeintokyo, yuh

Racked up  
Diamonds neck up  
Flex up  
Look like next up  
Don't flex bruh  
Cause she extra  
I'm extra  
Bitch, I'm extra  
Racked up  
Diamonds neck up  
Flex up  
Look like next up  
Don't flex bruh  
Cause she extra  
I'm extra  
Bitch, I'm extra

Ooh, I'm gon be chasing the guap  
She told me "Daddy, don't stop"  
Money is never non-stop  
You know my pockets gon pop  
Designer my pants and my top  
Buy everything out the shop  
Getting your bag and don't flop  
Niggas don't know me a lot  
I got the shit from the dirt  
Nobody help when my niggas was hurt, uh  
I get the, I get the cash

She get the booty  
I pay for that ass  
Fuck with gorillas, we mad  
Maison Margiela, Pontiacs  
You know I'm making them mad  
I got the racks and they sad

Dat way  
Yeah, my man, yo you put your seatbelt on?  
Your seatbelt on? I hope so  
Alright, cool, safety first  
Dat way, my man gotta have his seatbelt on  
Got mine's on, gotta have your's on  
Make sure everyone's safe  
That's the number 1 rule in America  
Safety first, click it or you will get a ticket

That HR-V flow  
Yeah, I'm in my lane  
Ball like Rob Grain  
Never get a stain  
Diamonds on my drip  
She just want my dick  
I don't want the beat  
Yo that's counterfeit  
Hoppin' on the gas  
Hoppin' on your twat  
Sipping on that rock  
I think I can't stop  
Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Cooking at the pot  
Ya you know it's hot  
Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Sauce me up  
Sauce me up  
Tatted up  
Falling top  
She on molly  
We just fucked  
You ain't up  
Had enough  
Sauce me up  
Sauce me up  
Tatted up  
Falling top  
She on molly  
We just fucked  
You ain't up  
Had enough

That's what I thought you said  
Now, let me offer this as a rebuttal  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, skrt skrt  
Yuh, yuh

Yuh, I want to get the puss  
I put it under my sleeve  
Gave her mouth-to-mouth  
Cause that bih couldn't breathe  
You could beat a fucking minute if you ain't get no cheese  
Who you talking too?  
Hell nah, it couldn't be me, ooh

Baby, I can see it in your eyes, you a freak  
Rubbin off the vickys  
When you hit the door, you on me  
Baby, I can see it in your eyes, you a freak  
Rubbin off the vickys  
When you hit the door, you on me

Yeah, got my cloutie up  
Yeah, she wanna hit me up  
Riding on my dick  
Yeah, giddy-up  
Claiming you a gangster  
Gotta send me top  
I'm a grinder, I'm a skater  
Independent trucks  
Box logo top  
Yeah, y'all niggas suck  
She left your shit on read  
Boy, give it up  
Bolly bop, give me top  
Yeah, she eat me up  
She a thottie for the cam  
Yeah, she a lil' slut  
Palace on your pussy  
Raf on your tits, ooh  
Bitch, yeah you know we've been with the shits, ooh  
Palace on your pussy  
Raf on your tits, ooh  
Bitch, yeah you know we've been with the shits

Yuh, I want to get the puss  
I put it under my sleeve  
Gave her mouth-to-mouth  
Cause that bih couldn't breathe  
You could beat a fucking minute if you ain't get no cheese  
Who you talking too?  
Hell nah, it couldn't be me, ooh  
Baby, I can see it in your eyes, you a freak  
Rubbin off the vickys  
When you hit the door, you on me  
Baby, I can see it in your eyes, you a freak  
Rubbin off the vickys  
When you hit the door, you on me