

Big Boy

Meek Mill

Anybody go against the gang it's a real bad karma
With them choppers
Ya dig

Niggas know who run the city I'm like yea yea
Gave my sister platinum Amex card was just on welfare
My dawg had asked me to bring that AR out and I'm like
Hell yea
Y'all only be popping out at the club because y'all know
Twelve there
Still step on you like twelve stairs
I can't take no more, catch you rapping and snatch him out
Of his jewels because I can't fake no more
Riding with some shit off C O D can't even play no more
You swing on me my dawg a tap that switch til it don't spray no more
He empty that, I'm from Philly, back door we get into that
I will really, wack you bout that shit you said on the internet
Richard Millie right there in the trenches where we sinnin at
He try cut through the Allie and got smoke right there where the fences at
They don't know where my mental at, I think niggas think it's sweet
Because I been given back, call Cuzzo take them rentals back

Yea
We them niggas that been poppin all that Big Boy Shit
Brand new AP on my Wrist
No that's a Big Big Brick
Hundred rounds from out that chopper this a Big Boy Stick

Who want go to war, show way too much love to all these niggas
I can't even show no more
Put the bitch on 17 Pjets that ain't yo hoe no more, send a blitz
Them killers come with that switch til they can't go no more
Blow it

Lately I been like fuck niggas, because I don't trust niggas
Cut him off I don't fuck with him, must be a fuck nigga
Big phantom in the trenches feelin like a truck nigga
I can fuck for free but I give her racks
Because I fuck with her Million dollar jewelry
I rock Louie with my dunks with it
She act like a groupie I get stupid on her, won't hit it
I fear no nigga, I'm here four killers, no tellin how I'm coming
It might be cullinan or 4 wheelers
She ain't tellin them that we fuckin
Because she can tell that I got more bitches
More glocks more switches, trappin off of Forbes lists

Yea
And these niggas don't want no war with us
Posted up in the trench I got that chop right by the store with us
I get to lockin in like I went broke when I need more millions
More money more killings shit just made me more vicious
I flew her out on a one way ain't been back because she on tour with us

Yea
We them niggas that been poppin all that Big Boy Shit
Brand new AP on my wrist No that's a Big Big Brick

Hundred rounds from our that chopper this a Big Boy Stick
Who want go to war, show way too much love to all these niggas
I can't even show no more
Put the bitch on 17 Pjets that ain't yo hoe nomore, send a blitz
Them killers come with that switch til they can't go no more
Blow it, yea