

# Big Hungry Monster

Prof

I'ma get drunk and bury my money (bury my money, bury my money)  
Time to get turnt up, grimey muddy (grimey muddy, grimey muddy)

Big boy, big game, choose a flavor  
Big toys, big chain, you's a hater  
Pink Floyd, Butane, excuse me waiter  
We stand on hallowed ground, go like dun dun dun pay dirt!  
Bush whackin' my way up the tax brackets  
Jack you talkin' bout practice?  
I'm known as the fastest, ever since Cassius passed  
You slow as molasses  
I'm loud and I'm brash  
I'm swerving through lanes like a lass having contractions  
Cut up a half a patch of acid  
A little less conversation and more action

Gotta get it crackin' the minute that they can make it happen  
Working back at Dillon's, I kill em until I'm living lavish  
I could big up every single bro that they say that could help me  
I would rather take out my piece and go take a look at revenge

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Swag long as the moon to earth  
King of the mother fucking universe  
Opps is food, ooooh dessert  
Take dude to church, I'm doing the work  
In the same breath Ima loot the purse  
Too berzerk, my boo shoot to murk  
It ain't hard to tell 'bout who's in first  
Why grab two stones when I can shoot the bird?

Lit as fuck  
Don't want none  
Mercedes truck  
Not enough  
More power, more pain  
More money, more gains  
More haters, more chains  
More houses, more planes

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?  
Dominate until we get into the Guinness  
I wake up in the morning, I'm the shit as is  
If you shoot for the king you better kill that bitch  
Yeah Ima make em feel that shit, pressure non-stop  
I'ma make em eat that shit, with some hot sauce  
I'ma knock the block off, put it in a crock pot  
And do the cha-cha

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Just like that, there you have it...