

Big Amount

Sauce Walka

This is the end of the road
We got twenty guys here all armed to the teeth, we got you surrounded
We never said we were gonna play fair
Why don't ya give it up kid
Everybody's a tough guy
Ok have it your way
Get him boys

Know what I'm talking bout young splash here
I don't care how many times you went to sleep broke nigga you can still wake
up rich nigga
You just gotta make them dreams come true

I got the seasonin' and I am the reason every song got Soulja Boy flavor in
it
I remember niggas trapping and drug dealing now everybody pimping
But really they sipping and really tripping
You ain't getting paid off of women
Bought her shoes and then payed her rent but she ain't never come and pay yo
u for that dick
She got friends in your house riding in your car pulling up on other niggas
You been babysitting three bitches for three weeks and still ain't got no sk
rilla
Taking pictures for the instagram with these renegade bitches stunting hard
Only reason that you got a little money cause your bitch scamming credit car
ds
That shit don't get you respect from me
I mind cut your bitches telepathy
Send a bitch with ya for a week you gave her twenty bands she gave it all to
me
You had the bitch at your momma's house even had dinner that was so sweet
Gave her tickets to your ball game just to see you play gave her front seat
You gave my bitch your endorsement money she brought it to me I laughed so u
gly
I done got husbands divorcement money for some reason rich niggas wifes love
me
Rappers making forty for a show I was making forty for a ho
Caesar's Palace fortieth floor, fell asleep with the bitch she took your dou
gh
You thought my bitch was your biggest fan
She played you good with the biggest plan
She took the watch that was for your hand
She took your bag and took all your bands
You was on perkys and popping xans
Doing it big like a macho man
Hit the stash brought me a Benz and you'll never ever see this bitch again
You woke up and ran to the elevator
My bitches ain't stupid when stealing paper
She been gone, different directions, that's a sweet lick no Now and Later
Get your shit together not later
I'm you rap niggas father, Darth Vader
Ain't none of my kids disrespecting me ain't no one you can call to protect
from me

Lil ass boy
Fuck is you rap niggas talking bout?
Bragging bout these mothafucking [?]

Rapping bout this street shit nigga you ain't never live by a bus stop in a
ghetto corner
Nigga fuck a deal

I apologize to the fans
I ain't been being a business man
I ain't been shaking these niggas hands
I ain't been kissing and kicking cans
I ain't squashing shit with a rap nigga until we square up or shoot it out
Niggas think they safe cause a bodyguard on sauce I'll smack em out
Get a rapper shot in the club while he throwing money at his favorite spot
My youngins is dumb they don't give a damn
They'll hit you and get right on instagram
They move with my car right before I pay 'em
I give a look and a nigga good
I ain't go platinum last year cause I was pimping slanging choppas in the hood
Fuck the line this a trill spill
Made a half a million no deal
Said fuck my whole rap career
Pissed the game off and I'm still here
Ain't no records selling stopping shit
I'm still buying cars popping shit
Still buying houses out the bitch
Buying new chains worth a brick
All of a sudden you the big man big man getting extorted like a bitch
You afraid of the big bad wolf you a little red robin bitch

Oooweee!
Ha ha ha
Hey!
On sauce
Hadouken!
On sauce
Fatality!