

# 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 wives 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 ho  
od  
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!