

## Go Big

Spote

I go big, or go home  
Gotta put it on the line till your chips all gone  
Go big, or go home  
Either climb to the top or you sink like a stone  
Go big, or go home  
You're sounding like a quitter, you should change your tone  
So go big, or go home  
Even peasants, they can make it to the throne, come on

I go big, go big, looking like a kid in all  
Big Boi, Big L, Big Sean, Biggie Smalls  
Looking like a corn kernel, 'bout to pop  
You'll never make it to the top if you're afraid to flop  
My hunger never stops, you can see it in my appetite  
If you want that spot, then you'll need to make a sacrifice  
If you wanna have a slice, you better practice right  
Bitch, I'm so committed I'll be rapping in my afterlife  
I hit the scene with passion, initially like an acronym  
P. Dank till I D-I-E, I rep that team I'm rapping in  
Until bills fill the tub that I'm basking in  
Until I'm massive like the ass of a Kardashian  
Crack up on the track again, you're trash up in the plastic bin  
Play the game like a captain if you wanna snatch a win  
Never cashing in, til' I hit that lotto  
And ever since a kid, going big has been my motto

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Man I've risked my rent money, my food money, my car payment, my quarters  
I went big time, like Flav's clock, now I'm paid off, like extorters  
I got lots of ambition and no guarantees  
I'm only going on IG if it starts with a B  
'Cause I go big big, I'm a big kid, I'm a grownup, but I'm nuts  
I'd bet everything that I have that I could make gold out of this dust  
If you say you want it but you never leave the sofa  
Then I'm sure your highest status on this earth is mediocre  
My attitude is "I'm in it," the dude isn't timid  
Making moves my religion 'cause the mood is the limit  
Rather die enormous than live dormant, that's how I'm on it  
That's the Jay-Z lyric that I'm living by, I promise  
Gotta take that leap and don't look look look look look down  
Or you'll be a pussy and a chicken, bock bock bock bock meow  
Your laurels got rested on, your dreams never invested on  
So you're still working in that restaurant  
You didn't

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I gotta go big, my friends need room to swim through endorphins  
You're boxed in, you're more towards, Bob's Discount Store You're dormant, but enough about you  
Every view from my door Look, are the coordinates I was born in, I rep for Maine like LePage  
But I'm not fat and ignorant, enough ambition for four men  
I been active, I been rapping, but I haven't been the main attraction  
So what you thought, that I gave it up when I came up in to be stagnant?  
Turn into with the feet that'll march to the beat you're tapping  
Forever working so it's happening, don't ever ask what happened  
I'm pretty sure that I'm more busy  
Went high tide and your shore shifty  
The power trip, let the core dry  
Although I'm sure that you're privy  
Same crew, they came through, that with me  
You pretend I'd give you short of five, like four-fifty, more importantly  
Getting where I fit in like it's engineered  
If I don't fit, I find a bigger hammer, or find another spot to fish

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