

# Big Amount Flow

Tobe Nwigwe

Yeah

I ain't gon' lie

I ran into deuce deuce at the barbershop

And he told me to make sure

That this was on the mixtape

Get twisted

Look

Five out of ten of my partners live

By the ghetto mantra, f you, pay me

Move heavy weight and get to smackin' people

Like that boy E. Honda if it get brazy

Look, I got the juice, that's how He made me

Yellas see me, they start goin' crazy

Sak pase to my Haitians facin'

All the devastation, got to pray for Haiti

Look, you barely hear about it on the news

I just caught the story on the 'gram

Bodies on bodies in Haiti but I see more stories

'Bout Kim and 'Ye runnin' scams

Look, me myself, I need a hundred bands

Times ten, that would get me straight

Fake rappers that be covered in straps

I still see your cookie like lingerie

Look, Curriculum EP is on the way

Shoutout to Roosevelt from SA

When I spit, the Holy Spirit permeates

Swear my flow is straight up out the pearly gates

Look, wait, wait, wait, wait, hol' up

Let me get it straight one more time for you

Look at the game, it's a dinner plate

Full of fakes, I'm just 'bout to dine for you, ouu

Give me a napkin

Swear the flow is cold as Aspen

Every bar is throwed like a javelin

Fat be prayin' like a chaplain, ouu

Tryin' to reassure me that Jehovah jarred

Keepin' Xander's favor in the mix

Word to Nelly, swear I was a lunatic

Before I started clutchin' my own crucifix

Flow electric like computer chips

Used to kill on Madden with them user picks

Then I changed, stopped playin' games

Started peepin' thangs like a revolutionist

Pipeline to prison do exist

Same slave trade, newer ships

All these rappers with they mind in shackles

Need to tie a noose around they loosened lips

Pipe down, this a God flow

Every bar drippin' with the Holy Ghost

Where I'm from, you get beheaded if you breaded

Probably why my partnas pack the toast

Talkin' mula and pistols

Eat the beat down to the gristle

If the only reason why you rap

Is for the artifacts, your flow is artificial, ouu

Look, life is a beach

Just be weary of the quicksand  
And when you're movin' and pursuin'  
What you're doin' don't forget to use a kickstand  
Take a break, take a step back  
Realize, hey, we all human  
If I don't trust you and you run up on me  
Better have a vest, word to Metro Boomin

I'm gone  
Yeah