

# 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