

# Big Mike, 'burban & Impalas

[Verse 1]

I ain't trippin off these niggas flippin, losin they mind  
Gettin high, chasin hoes, I was like that at one time  
I did my thing, and still on top of my game  
Got niggas askin: Big Mike, when you gon' be droppin again?  
I just smile, go back the to lab, work on my style, collect beats  
Cook it up like a ki, and take it back to the streets  
Cause niggas beef when I don't speak, like they straight missin somethin  
I give em a tape, they be like 'great', pop it in they deck and start bumpin  
Got em humpin like the Gap Band, I'm back, man, look here  
Doin shows straight in all 50 states within one year  
I got tight gear for the stage, blow up and make front page  
Now it's happenin, I'm platinum with tracks my nigga Mike B. laid  
Made niggas mad, then I step, got a new click  
Now I'm ready to do shit, '97 new shit  
Keep on talkin, son, and I'ma keep on stackin  
I'm real with this shit while you niggas are out there actin

[Chorus]

Playa, playa, make the hoes say, dollar, dollar  
'Burbans and Impalas, makin niggas holler  
When they recognize a Louisiana nigga straight comin Texas side

[Verse 2]

Hey what's that nigga's name?  
It's the Peterman, ain't no shame in his game  
Playa, playa, make the hoes say, dollar, dollar  
'Burbans and Impalas, makin niggas holler  
When they recognize a Louisiana nigga straight comin Texas side  
Surprise, who's catchin a eye like the ufo  
This ain't the mothership, I don't return shit that you left, hoe  
Ask her, though, I max the hoe, bags the flow  
Ass to toe, hoes I hit, I let you know  
I'm the original, there's no second, yo  
Because a nigga's kinda special, loc  
Seriously speakin weekend after weekend  
A nigga like me got the hoes seriously tweakin  
Freakin at night, I cracks it like Whodini  
Had a bitch named Jeannie  
Made her act bad for my brother Peanie

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

It's the bigger, the blacker, the nigga comin from that swamp  
About to smoke a quarter for starters, so pass that blunt  
Don't stunt, what you want, niggas, what?  
School em with some of that buddah  
Cos Kooley keep fuckin with them bustas  
And don't give a fuck, so what you wanna make of it?  
Totin on that swisher, I know you wanna hit it, come have your take of it  
Fakin it, never, nigga cos I'm way too real for that  
Rollin with a gang of niggas ready to kill for that  
Green shit, which we smoke from Houston to New Orleans, bitch  
Take a hit and quit, and now I got you seein shit  
So pass it to my nigga, my nigga pass it back to me  
Take it to the head, and that's the last of it  
You see me in the back with my hoes ridin on that gold  
High till I die and that's the way it go, oh  
You know, I see you bitches after the show

[Chorus]

[CeCe:]

(I need it  
I need it  
I want it  
I want it  
I like it  
I like it  
Got to have it  
I got to have it  
I got to have it  
Oh yeah  
Yes  
I like it yeah  
Oh yeah  
I want it  
I want it  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah-yeah  
Makin me holler  
Dollar dollar  
Yeah)