

Big Tymers, How Should I Ride

(feat. B.G., Cadillac)

[Manny Fresh:]

Everything on me, my skills pay the bills
Buy my momma a house and buy my daddy some hot wheels
I'm the number one pepper star, look at y'all
Hat to the back, make my way to the bar
When I'm in your town, bling, I'm gon' shine
Gimme the best bottle of your best (glub, glub, glub) wine
Can I have your attention, couple of things I'd like to mention
I stay in a big ass house wit' a big gold fence and
Wit' the Beemer, Benz, and a Trooper
Living room Supa-Dupa
Size, Suprose
This a big ass diamond, y'all go ahead and cover y'all eyes
Look out here I come, stunt man number one
I'm makin' airplanes outta fifties just for fun
The boat, the plane, the Viper man
The 4 TV's in the black Range
A black boy havin' all these thangs
Now how should I ride man

[Baby:]

Captin stunter, I ride with a Mack 11
Cause I'm a Uptown hunter, a big dope fronter
And 10 a ki still a number
I ride Rolls Royce Canisus
I took my main hoe out a Yukon and put her in a drop top Benzie
I got these bitches trailin' me nigga, cause I got a little money
Got these hoes wanna give me pussy cause I got a little money
But I got 10 hoes, all with golds
Wiot' my name tatoood on the back of they assholes
Wit' 20 inch rims, that's how I ride nigga
If you ridin' 16's don't ride beside me nigga
I'll give to my niggaz, before I give to these broads
My block on fire, my niggaz in heat
We clockin' a hundred G's a week
I boat the yacht, and a screen TV
And put my face on the hood of the muthafuckin' Humvee
So you niggaz could see me
I'm bout to do somethin' dangerous
I took the steerin' wheel from the left to right so I could look famous
I wear 2 pair of drawers, wit' 2 Rolex watches
Wit' 22 bitches on my log nigga
I guess that's the thug in me
I lie to these bitches 7 days a week
I put that on my lil brother LD restin' in peace

[B.G.:]

They wan' know how I ride
Still get high
Wan' know how I cross and front the feds, still floss
I'm the B.G., in ya car, shit rangin'
I'm playin' cheddar cheese, Hot Boy\$ ain't fakin'
Wanna hang wit' B and Slim gotta have 10 G's
Cause them niggaz spend money like it grow on trees
We ballin' got cars from every company
Expedition, Rams, even a Humvee
Ain't that somethin' none of us over 25
Daog you think they really rapped and got Q thangs for 5
Now lil daddy you got a nigga fucked up
You could live for 'Burbs but nothin' but speakers on that truck
Ah hah, we floss all week man
Every night I got a different bitch under my sheet man

They see me in the drop Jag and get out the way
They know who it is when they see me in the Rover the next day

[Cadillac:]

Call it ghetto wrist nigga, wear filled with bagettes
Crushed out on my neck with the matchin' bracelet
Uh, cocked to the side in my 98 bubble eye
Put on your shades cause you can't stand it with the naked eye
Why, cause I'm a shinda
I got diamonds and golds that'll blind ya, blind ya
Get out my way cause I'm comin' through
Man that 'lac in the Jag, yeah and I'm sittin' on 20's too
Livin' my life like I'm a millionaire
How many young black niggaz you know wit' Rollies and Carliare
Wrist wear, niggafilled with jew-els
Now everybody wanna shine like CMR Cartel
Uh, Wodie, Put on your 'boks and your 'bauds
Uh, and put some 20's on your Benz so you can shine when you roll
We got the finest cars and the finest broads
Buyin' mansions on Washingtoners we take our garage
Uh, now you see now we ride, how we ride
Wit' VCR's and Playstations, wit' the wood inside
For sheezy boy
How you luv that
Done it again BGeezy off the heezy