

# TG KOMMAS, Big Steppa

Oh, oh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh Lord, Jetson made another one

Shots fired, man down, it go baow, chickapow  
My lil' youngin' caught him lackin', all you heard was choppa sound  
Knock him down, get yo' bitch-ass off the ground, nigga  
That's what you get for all that fuckin' playin' 'round, nigga  
This ain't no playground, nigga  
But if you wanna play, well, shit, come outside  
Where we out just sellin' drugs and dodgin' slugs and totin' Glock 9s  
You were sixteen in the house and you were spoiled, your life not like mine  
I was sixteen in the trap house, met a plug, and I am not lyin'  
Until I made my mama proud because I graduated on time  
But, shit, my mindset at the time, "Get rich or die tryin'"  
A nigga try to take my shine, they gon' die tryin'  
Bitch, slow your roll, nigga

Like slow your roll player, I be with some big steppers  
Hundred shots rang out the bell, that's a lot of pressure  
Niggas cowards, they be foldin' under pressure  
Bullet shower, better get your umbrella  
Check the calendar, murder always on the schedule  
Bullets hot as a cayenne pepper (Brtr)  
.223s will put him on the stretcher (Ayy)  
Yeah, I be with some big steppers (Ayy)

Steppers who we runnin' with, who the fuck you gunnin' with?  
Pressure bust pipes, I swung the pipe and then now he call it quits  
Murder fits, I used to murder then this shit get murderous  
I'm murderless, we cross his name out right after we murder him  
The police asking us about him, we never heard of him  
Wrappin' and catchin' them bodies, just like we Soulja Slim  
Bend at the curve right behind him, ayy, we gon' follow him  
Destination, pull up and face him, whoever ridin' with him  
Silos and kilos, got me feeling like I'm Dino  
Pack touch down, the drugs in, we blowin' tree smoke  
Big Loc, made him reload, can't touch, I'm wired, no  
Choppa got a wide scope, bullseye, hit him right on the nose  
I asked my nigga, "Did he see when I hit him?"  
He say no  
So you know I had to go and spin the Benz again fo' sure  
When I see a nigga leavin', I'ma shoot 'til he ain't woke  
Look at his eyes, he saw a ghost, I told him it was time to go

Like slow your roll player, I be with some big steppers  
Hundred shots rang out the bell, that's a lot of pressure  
Niggas cowards, they be foldin' under pressure  
Bullet shower, better get your umbrella  
Check the calendar, murder always on the schedule  
Bullets hot as a cayenne pepper  
.223s will put him on the stretcher  
Yeah, I be with some big steppers

Oh, oh (Bullets hot as a cayenne pepper)  
(.223s will put him on the stretcher)