

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)