

# Big Pokey, Do Our Thang

(\*talking\*)

Hold up, it's the Mix Tape Messiah  
Boy Pokey, know I'm tal'n bout  
Rolling vehicles on swangs, diamonds on our chains yeah

[Hook]

Go on show em, how we do our thang  
Throwing diamonds in my chain, show em how we do our thang  
Rolling vehicles on swangs, go on show em how we do our thang  
Throwing liquor in my brain, throw some dick off in your dame  
And let my niggaz, do the same

[Chamillionaire]

Up on a hill, but Chamill time to chill  
I ain't trying to sit still, just trying to peel  
I put my hand, wrapped up around the wheel  
Turned down one mill, and shining still  
Not panicking, I'm landing in Nevada and five grand I spend  
I'm mashing in you mad again, well I'm throwing sand in two tanned twins  
Rims gigantic and, you pissed cursing and slandering  
Cause I'm on the other side, of the planet and  
You stuck watching, Making the Band again  
Having sex with your hand again, keep sticking your dick in your stiff hand  
Act like, you wannna plex with Cham  
Cause your pockets, addicted to stick man  
Don't forget to switch hands, can't knock us the top up  
We fold up trunk locked up, unlocked up and popped up  
You boys think I'm diabetic, I don't mess with you sweet cakes  
I eat steaks and we chase, the green face like beef cakes  
Chamillionaire, but they call me Pistol Pete in each state  
For pete sake if he hate, my heat make his teeth break  
Deface, he think we playing with y'all  
And that boy, be able to taste his DNA in his jaw

[Hook - 2x]

[Mussilini]

It be the M-U double S-I, L-I-N-I  
Me, Chamillionaire, Po-Yo be the billionaire, we be so fly  
We gangsta with it niggaz roll in the gangsta city, stay gangsta fitted  
Don't be in the gangsta bidness, you lil' wanksta niggaz  
I keep a toll on the block, and I'm swanging thick  
Head banging niggaz, blades swang at niggaz  
Duke and jab in the Benz, so I break a nigga  
South claiming nigga, here to slang a nigga  
You can aim a nigga, and I'll tame a nigga  
Pop game in the lane, with a gang of niggaz  
Hot flame through the brain, of a laming nigga  
My name stay the same, won't change a nigga  
Bring pain through the game, like a famous nigga  
Tote stainless niggaz, that's born to hate  
Mad cause they gal, wanna fornicate  
Better meditate cat keep your cool, cause Mussili' ain't make the rules  
But Mussili', gon break the rules  
And make them dudes, and waitress dudes  
Like a And 1 Mix Tape, through the lane I'ma take these fools  
Eight days in the game, we dynamite  
Bout to line a pipe, and take a minor flight  
Necks bling cause the diamonds bright, techs bring cheese finer life  
Fresh thing on china white, da-da-da-la-la-la  
Lo-lo and la-la-la, make them hoes say ma-ma-ma  
We leave a hole in your eye dada, if you fuck with us

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

Y'all know how we do our thang, hoe we from the clutch  
Big rims wide bodies, 6-4's strapped doing double dutch  
I'm the boss I could tote the bucks, line my ducks up in a row  
Nigga out here getting stage money, buying birds pimp hoes  
14-5 when I let em go, stop and go's when I'm on the move  
Glock 4-5 in the pop spot snooze you lose, you know the rules  
Old school like a eight track, my cake stacked like a brick wall  
Put it up don't fuck with it, cause you don't know when you might pitfall  
See the roof when the 6 crawl, hands free when I'm on the phone  
Can't keep the same line, cause bitch niggaz keep talking wrong  
Some hoes catch dial tones, hung up on what you talking bout  
Baby you need to be saying something, for the simple fact we talk a lot  
I'ma keep doing my thizzle, on the fa rizzle  
On the grizzle, I got em for thirty fizzle a pizzle my nizzle  
Everything I touch is fa shizzle, you know the dizzle  
I'm either on the floss with my pistol, or a sizzle

[Hook - 2x]