

# Big Pokey, Hardest Pit

(\*talking\*)

Say cuz, I'm off the chain mayn  
And it go down for real, niggaz can't see me  
Know I'm talking bout, I'm ean that

[Big Pokey]

Take a trip with me, as I infiltrate your noggin  
I'm to the point of nine bars and, keep it throbbing  
If you swing I'm bobbing, even if I'm dobbed out and mobbing  
The only dope corner, in my Jordans  
Niggaz is stars and, they need to get they game sharpened  
Out there robbing, bound to get they days darkened  
I keep my 4-4 barking, for them lames larking  
And them bustas plotting on me, in the valet parking  
Steady sparking, pounds of killa  
Plus a young nigga grinds for scrilla, on the reala  
I load eighteen wheelers, full of yale  
Dog proof for the smell, all about my mail  
Only time will tell, the FED's on my trail  
Plus you know, that a young nigga built to scale  
A heavy weighter, billboard penetrator  
Biting mics, I'm a rap game gladiator

[Hook - 2x]

The haaaardest, the hardest  
(rule number one, always keep it reala)  
(number two on my chest, a untamed guerilla)  
Keeping it reala, the realest  
(cap peeler, plus I bite mics for scrilla)  
(take it from me who I be, hardest pit in the litter)

[Big Pokey]

I'm a thuggish nigga, on drank I'm sluggish  
Mug mean infa' beam, and a brick in my luggage  
Keep my game face on, when I'm punching the clock  
From a rock to a block, my spot hot as a crock pot  
Dome shot connector, red dot reflector  
Fifty pound dissector, when I'm buying from Hector  
Calls collector, plus a snitch detector  
I.Q. like leopard, dope game perfecter  
Mobstyle protector, sky street infector  
I'm a platinum editor, CEO director  
Chin checker, just a certified wrecker  
Sweeping up sets, like a Black & Decker  
I got Texas ways, it's simply cause I'm Texas raised  
And handle all animosity, with techs and K's  
Split toupees, I stain the brain  
Everything gon remain the same, what's my name

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

Peep the rules, if you snooze you lose  
That's why I choose to strap my shoes, and pay my dues  
Leave no clues, cause niggaz is fools  
Hearts colder than igloos, coolers full of ice  
Teelee, 'fore you shoot the dice  
Or catch that one way flight, to Paradise  
It's nothing nice, if it ain't your time  
Keep on if you think I'm lying, it go down  
I stay on top of mine, my game  
And stains niggaz brains, like mines rain  
It ain't mine, if it ain't wide frame  
(what if you off the chain), then you best to hide mayn

Spit verses for change, and bring the pain  
Rap game John Wayne, (that's a god damn shame)  
Infrared for aim, when I rain  
This a nigga you can't contain, uncut cocaine

[Hook - 4x]