

# Big Pokey, Mind & Muscle

Hey (hey) E May hey, turn my mic up  
And you can put some effects on it though

[Chorus - 2x]

Be a G in these streets, use your mind and muscle  
Be a savage bout your cabbage, put it down you hustle  
Let your nuts touch the flo', when it's time to tussle  
Ah, it's a struggle

[Big Pokey]

Be a G in these streets, it's a constant struggle  
Always know by trouble, I done stayed on the smuggle  
Cartel affiliated, the whole click is cut throat  
From the bushes to the heat, we respect it with the utmost  
Gulf Coast gangsta, multiple millionaire banksta  
No doubt, I run routes like a NFL flamer  
Plus we dropping the anchor, on the yacht  
Pushing baretas dot, marking in secluded spots  
All work no play, all about my pringles  
Steady dropping singles, life was sitting in the shingles  
Or the estates of Vegas gated, Benz Mercedes  
Four bitches in the back, one expecting babies  
Bad bitches to lay me, on the regular  
Blowing in my cellular, serious I'm telling you  
Superior, respect the name  
And don't hate the nigga, hate the game

[Chorus]

[Big Pokey]

Fuck with me, I got something that'll flatten your wallet  
If you want it I got it, either soft or solid  
Got backstreet knowledge, and don't abide by rules  
Make coughing boys crack, with the funk I use  
Keep the context cool, we push Benzes and vics  
Bricks with scorpion prints, three quarter minks and trenches  
Find that ass on the bench, fucking with a contender  
At the bar I'm a big spender, 20's are corner benders  
From H-Town to Virginia, niggas can't see me  
Since I pulled up in your city, in the big body is how you see  
Niggas wanna fight me, but I weigh too many pounds  
Keep a chopper in the trunk, with the same amount of rounds  
I hit they high, kidnap they daughters and wives  
Live my life on the edge of the cliff, ready to die  
24-365, the game gone turn uh, you better learn nigga

[Chorus - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

It's on, this from off the top of the dome  
Three story, five snipers on top of my home  
Everything I sport, I got the matching cologne  
Belt, shoes, and a hat to put on  
Benz on chrome, I got that there  
Gucci to the flo', hopping out that there  
Stop that there, boy I smash the gas  
Dump a slug like a ash, plus my nuts touch the grass  
A G nigga, slash the D dealer  
Make a 6-4 frame, leap and three wheelers  
See nigga, I'm one of the ones  
Young don, dope game phenomenon  
In a six hund', getting wig from a blond  
One of the runners, a head hunter from Tucson  
Two-ston Tex, where boys lose they leg

And depending on the nigga, you might lose your neck

[Chorus - 2x]