

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]