

Big Tymers, Da Man

(feat. TQ, Trick Daddy)

[Chorus: TQ]

All I ever wanted to do was be da man
Get out the ghetto and feed my whole fam
But the dirty streets in the city won't let me go (let me go, let me go)

All I ever wanted to do was be da man
Get out the ghetto and feed my whole fam
But quarter ki's make G's that's all i know (all i know, all i know)

[Trick Daddy]

A hit of crack frock could get ya fucked up
A ki of coke could get you rich
but too much of this shit can get you stuck up
That's why it's best to deal wit a nigga that you know and chill wit
Case he flip the script, you know where he live at
Plus, the game don' came a long way
Yeah we don' lost a lot of niggas that was speedin down the wrong way
See these days these niggas squeeze triggas quicker than yo boys
Cuz they got guns bigger than yours
Plus ain't not more coppin out
You either ridin or tellin, if you ride then you ride forever
Born the son of a straight killa
Raised by a strong woman, I'll ride for my homies
So, can a nigga get a boooonnd
Or do another nigga have to come along and raise my daughter.....son
Your Honor, answer this question and be honest
If you lock me up for the summer will you support my momma?

[Chorus]

[Baby]

Ay ay, move on over (wooooo)
I sit and took over
2 clips, the AK holder
Brick taped to my bitch
Strapped on her shoulder
Raw grams in the trunk of a jag
Hard ounces stashed in my cadillac dash
It's drought season daddy, we huntin for riches
We fly like birds go divin for fishes
A known deep boy, the #1 Stunna
Got a hundred brick stash in the back of the Hummer
But on my block, a old tymer got shot
I didn't wanna do it but he was holdin my spot
I'm shittin on niggas, grandma got grams
She gave me a revolver, automatics get jammed
I'm *Hood Rich* nigga one feet in the sand
I'm one of a few niggas that beat the man

[Chorus]

[Mannie Fresh]

See, check it out, the dope game is a mother fucker, young man
I bet you yo lil ass ain't even got a gun man
You in the game now you know what you don' done man?
"Yeah, bruh but i gotta feed my son man"
A cutlass supreme, still a young nigga's dream
A solid lil bitch with a whole lot of cream
Well lil one looky here, who you scorin from?
Look, this some shit that'll leave a nigga body numb
Take that, the comeback is incredible
Get caught, then nigga it's federal

By the way, don't say no mother fuckin names
You listenin to me? Don't play no mother fuckin games
You know the rules of this shit
Fuck around and be one dead bitch
It's money and the power
Every second every hour
From sco' to the flo'
Bakin soda to the flour

[Chorus (til fade)]