

# Big Tymers, Suga & Pac, Puff & Big

(feat. B.G., Lil Wayne)

[B.G.]

Me the B.G., and Baby my fuckin rounds  
Two livin legend paper chasers from uptown  
Bout money and bitches, puttin haters in ditches  
We roll in trucks like Hummers and Expeditions  
Our relationship like Moses and Jesus  
Ask one of our hoes, ain't no comin between us  
Two black young kingpins, that's how they treat us  
Steaks and fettucini is what they feed us  
Nigga ridin shinin, me and my nigga be sippin  
the finest wine and spendin G's, makin trips  
back and forth to Texas, we flyin; tryin to make a mill' y'all  
Cause we roll with the motto, "Ball til we fall"  
Fuck wit B, you bringin B.G. all the way out there  
Fuck wit me G you bringin Baby all the way out there  
Since ninety-two ninety-three our love been there  
We never spend to a pussy, Cash Money niggaz share  
I'm a Big Tymer, that's a fact  
Suga Slim just signed a, million dollar contract  
Lil' (?) Capone thuggin quick to bust yo' head  
Watch your tone in that mansion is where we lay our head at  
We play high gold floss rocks and drive drop-tops  
Way I bust it look like Suge and 'Pac

[Lil Wayne]

Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million

[Baby]

Like J. and 'Face, like Russ and Run  
Baby and B.G. comin through like assault rifle machine guns  
Worth more money than these niggaz could wonder  
You better thank quick nigga we hit blocks like thunder  
Comin through a dark tunnel a black on black Hummer  
It ain't no secret we showed our ass last summer  
We both got three or fo' bitches we bank at first  
Embassy playboy to hide our riches  
Me and this young nigga we tighter than stitches  
He the motherfuckin rapper and I'm the game spitter  
And if you you fuck wit him  
I'll clear my bank account on one of you bitches  
And I'll put that on my Ma and my Pa and they both restin in peace  
It ain't nuttin in this industry gon' fuck  
wit Baby and little B.G., wit Mannie Fresh beats  
Wit Suga Slim's brains behind all this heat  
and my Hot Boyz strapped ridin right beside me  
Nigga I'll bet a million dolars to yo' light bill  
I'll bet my Rolex wit my bezel nigga to yo' cable bill  
It ain't nuttin in this industry could fuck wit Cash Money  
cause we keep it real nigga, believe that

[Lil Wayne]

Now what? Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million, what?

[B.G.]

I got love for my nigga Baby  
He heard I rapped, came on VL and saved me

Now we ballin, livin swell it's gravy  
Cause I'm gettin my shine on, don't you hate me?  
B.G. and Baby, livin good pah  
We just determined to hustle and get out the hood dog  
Fuck wit me and my boy, I wish you would dog  
We ridin dirty and I'll put that on the hood dog

[Baby]

Now what make these hoes thank that I ain't rich?  
What make these niggaz think the diamonds on my Rolex ain't the shit?  
My brotha Prime taught me how to wear two Rolexes at one time  
Nigga I'm gon' shine til I die  
Me and this nigga been together since he was twelve  
Hangin out at club, Rolexes daybreak watchin my beeper ring bells  
Now I knew this young nigga would end up swell  
I used my mind to keep him writin rhymes  
cause I knew he'a be major at one time  
Now I done rolled in the flyest cars  
It ain't no secret that B.G.'s a Cash Money superstar

[Lil Wayne]

Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million  
Like Suge and 'Pac, like Puff and B.I.G  
Baby and B.G. tryin to clock six figs  
Like 'Face and J., like Russ and Run  
Nigga Baby and B.G. tryin to clock a million, ha?

[Baby]

Ain't nuttin could fuck wit us playboy  
We take it how you want it, that's the issue nigga  
We clockin it's all gravy  
If it ain't about that money we ain't havin seein no bitches  
We doin what we got to do, we clockin G's  
Lil' Antoine, my lil' potnah from Tennessee  
It's all gravy playboy, how you luv that nigga?  
We clockin playboy, if you don't like it that's the issue nigga  
Get it how you live playboy  
How you luv that nigga?  
If it don't make money it don't make sense nigga  
I wear two watches on my wrist, at fifty G's a piece  
How's that look nigga? That's a hundred  
I done put two hundred G's on my grill  
My dog Fresh bout to redo his shit  
Nigga we just gon' have gold and hoes  
How you luv that playboy?  
Drankin Crystal, poppin bottles  
Niggaz ain't drankin Tanqu-zay no more  
Niggaz wearin rangs cost twenty G's  
Niggaz earrings cost 'em twenty G's  
Niggaz's rims cost 'em ten G's  
Nigga homes costin two mill-ion  
Nigga hoes gettin furs, nigga hoes gettin gators  
Niggaz just.. dumpin playa haters  
It ain't no thang boy, how you luv that nigga?  
Believe that boy (man I love yo' momma)