

Big Tymers, Try'n 2 Make A Million

(feat. Juvenile)

[Juvenile]

Do you know what this ballin is, I'm talking bout marble floors
Tricks in private jets, hoes behind Rover doors
You talked about me bad but what you doin
Nothin but walkin round tha projects shoo-shooing
Get mad when I flash tha karats don't want to see me have it
I guess tomorrow I'll be smokin a 'gar in Paris
My cellular ring, ok let's pick up this change
Beeper blowin up, I'm lookin down at tha game
I'm steady changin cars so tha feds won't mess wit me
Park tha Q 4-5 and hop in tha Cherokee
At about 8:30 I'll be rollin in a millennium
Sippin on conduct on my way to my condominium
Been rollin livin lavish, eatin in commanders palace
Bitches attracted to tha savage
Where niggas is chillin, sleepin in tha Royal Senesta
My girlfriend is my berretta, I never left her
What you know about them Beamers and Moe-Moe's
Them Lexus 4-doors and them '97 Volvos
Hell I might as well buy me a castle instead
And get fed some grace by Miss USA

[Hook (Juvenile)]

How can I make a million?
Without tha feds investigatin my building
I know niggas gone try me, I'ma have to kill them
But I'ma keep on makin money up until then

[Baby]

Golds and hoes, niggas doin videos
My everyday wear is Reeboks and Girbauds
Young nigga look I'm smarter than Russell Simmons
And I got more money than tha average nigga
I done sold coke nigga, I done hit blocks
I done sold rocks, tha cheap shit had to stop
I had to be tha biggest nigga on VL block
So I bust open me a quarter ki spot
Two G's a Q-P, now my block is hot
A hundred G's a week nigga, so I couldn't stop
Now I done stole me a few ki's
I'm tha only young nigga Uptown frontin Q-P's
You don't believe me ask Joe Casey
My background coke history speak for me
Diamonds and gold all across tha T-O-P
And all these hoes wanna ride in my Lexus Jeep
If it ain't cheddar or cheese it ain't gravy
And these car stealin hoes stay up off tha street
And these playa hatin niggas need to stop passin through tha UPT
And all my new hoes gone ride in my Hummer
But I got a top of tha line bitch beside me
And if a nigga fuck up my hoe gone ride for me
See I'll put change on my own brain
Bitch I spent 50 G's bullet proofin my Hummer man
25 G's on Fresh's Suburban nigga
We all pack vests nigga, I know you heard me nigga
Big Rufus got a Tec and a Lex and he flexin
And if a nigga disrespect God gone have to bless em
And let his mom dress em cause it's all good
It's all gravy, bitch nigga stop playa hatin

[Hook]

[Mannie Fresh]

I done did more hoes than Michael Jackson done shows
I done made more money than Tommy sale clothes
I don't think that you can umout shine me man
You need to um stand behind me man
Come through this bitch lit up like December
Givin all these pretty hoes something to remember
I'ma nigga wit some endangered specie boots
Spillin crystal on tha floor oppps
Picture me and yo old' lady butt naked and shit
She drunker than a muthafucka, suckin my dick
I just gave yo hoe a hundred for her trouble
And I'm telling her we can bade in Moet bubbles
Separate my money, and then
Big Tymers whip they ass wit 20's and 10's