

# Big Tymers, You Can't Break Me

[Mannie Fresh]

&quot;True Story.. Fa shoooe-zy.&quot;

[Mannie Fresh (Verse 1)]

Who rock \*shit\* that you never seen befo'?

The Jordans go to me, then Mike, then the sto'.

Two-way beepers.. with built in speakers.

Three inch woofers.. one inch tweeters.

The one and only.. Mac-like-roni,

Shive-like-Rob, \*bitch\* and Pretty-like-Tony,

Trucks.. big leather rotatin' beds.

((MEOWW!)) Siberian tiger spreads.

They call me &quot;Emmit&quot;; cause I only ride twenty two's,

Emmit Smith, number &quot;22&quot;.. Get it dude?

Smoke so much, body smell like... weed.

If I got cut Cristal is what I'd bleed.

Got money? Then \*bitch\* come early.

Got a Benz, come out in 2030.

Cartier frames that make me look nerdy...

Now who's the baller now WHARDIE???

[Lac (Chorus 2x)]

Go-on hate me.. You can't break me.

Used'to ride new \*shit\*, but not none lately.

Wha'sup \*nigga?\* Still ride old schools?

'84 Cutlass with the European lights fool.

[Baby (Verse 2)]

Give me a &quot;dove&quot;; and watch how I flip the \*bitch\*..

One, two, three, four, five slick.

Uno.. dos'e... Bentley's and Rover's,

Jag's, Hummer's, Rag's... it's over!

Put the kit up, \*nigga\*, let's break it down.

Hit the curb, bust the tires, I'm \*fucked\* up now.

Whip my wheel.. twenty inches.

Catch my thrills.. I been pimpin.

Look, I ice my life.. \*Fuck\* what's right!

Twenty on the four-wheel.. fit it tight.

Do..nuts...in a truck.

Corvette lights.. on a pickup.

Baby girl on the bus.... jump off!

Step on Ealton and Cleave.... break off!

Bentleys on Gold D's...

\*Niggas\* say I'm trippin' but ya'll \*niggas\* gon' let me be me.

Whodi! Let me live this life..

Whodi! I done earned my stripes..

I'm Gold'ie! I'm a pimp for life..

I'm Platinum! Let me shoot the dice..

[Lac (Chorus 2x)]

[Stone (Verse 3)] Look...

I push a kitted, tinted Lex. Steering wheel on the right.

Bubble-eye, eggshell, with the extra pipes.

Rich \*nigga\*, I got money to buy extra life.

Now I'm mind'ed to be in hell to try to make me trife.

So it's my life to live with three strikes on me?

With a .4-5 in my six to keep the lights off me.

Like I'm a seven-figure \*nigga\* draped ice, homie.

And for eight or nine years, Ten been the price for a key..

[Verse Four: Lac]

I got some \*shit\*.. Why not stunt?

This is much bigger then broke \*niggas\* with gold fronts,

Big rocks in my watch like 'Montz..

Got quarters on my trucks, and a hatch full'uh Punch.

Got a Bentley and a Jag, \*nigga\*...

With some twenty-inch Mag, \*nigga\*...

License plate say &quot;Bad \*Nigga\*&quot;..

Got a new bike, chromed and stretched.

Got a 50 for my son that I love to death...  
[Lac (Chorus 4x)]