

Busta Rhymes, Big Everything (feat. DaBaby & T

Shooter
Serious shooter
It's Baby, look

I told them niggas I was top five when I was underground (Yeah)
Fuckin' model bitches, give them hoes the runaround (Okay, okay)
All I ever knew that girl to be was just a freak ho (A freak)
I'ma let the world think that she a woman now
To go get some CDs, I sold niggas remix (Remix)
I sold this shit to any nigga want a pound
Used to wrap 'em fast like I was Busta Rhymes (Huh?)
Them niggas had 'em thirty-five, I had 'em twenty-nine
Every day, a nigga flip phone ring a hundred times
Had a foreign car, big coat 'fore I wrote a rhyme
Buy the car, throw the tint on, and I roll around
Yeah, brand new whip, pull a brand new bitch in it

Niggas sick when we pull up, you know how we with it
They cop every bottle, get drunk and they spill it all over the place
Hold up, watch my shoes
I'm gettin' plenty money, how 'bout you?
Baby, we throw so much bread to the point I'm exhausted (Uh-huh)
Drinkin' every bottle 'til a nigga get nauseous (Uh-huh)
Hundred bitches by a nigga, all of them gorgeous (Uh-huh)
Hundred thousand on a nigga, more in the office
Hand-pick an eater bitch, box of chocolates (Uh-huh)
Beat it, little nigga, 'fore I cock the targets (Uh-huh)
Money growing bigger than a brontosaurus
Money I throw at bitches, cop box to Porsches
Get that dough, shorty, get that ho for me (Get it)
Yeah, shorty, sit that low (Uh-huh)
Bring it back, girl, go 'head and put it on a nigga like
Like you tryna get another go (Yeah)
Niggas acting like they throwing money with bosses (Uh-huh)
You don't wanna do that, cut some of your losses (Uh-uh)
Every single thing about a nigga enormous
Lot of gold on a nigga and the diamonds is flawless
See, you motherfuckers could never do the shit I be doing
The best that you knew and been shaking and moving
And showing and proving, you know that we chewing and business is booming
Don't come around me playing 'cause I ain't never fooling with none of you niggas (Aw, shit)
And when I spit, it's spooky to some of you niggas
To tell 'em the truth, see, I ain't moving with none of you niggas
And body shit 'til it's time to be gone, fuck up the building 'til I leave and I'm done with you niggas

Oh, whole lot of shit just to get here
Tried to get in, to fit in, to sit here, oh
Big money, big dreams, big everything
I been workin' all day and all night (All night)
Everything is alright, oh
Big money, big dreams, big everything

Yes, we see y'all, and most of you niggas is B-balls and straight total recalls
You won't understand this shit we on
Fuck around, buy the bar, get your drink on
The owner, he'll fuck with me, he let me smoke my lil' reefer with you
Drinkin' 'yac and tequila (What you drinking?)
You drinking it straight or you need you some ice? I look like I just walked out the freezer (Ice)
Oh, she like her shit straight, she don't chase it
Bitch, that ain't no ice tray, that's a bracelet
Yeah, say she can't wait to get naked (Uh-huh)
Do your thing, bitch, I make you my favorite
She say she won't eat my dick every day, I say no, she gon' take it (No)
I need a minute now 'cause I'm a millionaire, make niggas millionaires

Tell I handle business, have the Lamborghini spinning out
Maybach truck, Maybach car, they can't see in 'cause it's tinted
Can't see us 'til we drop the window
Unrecline the seats, let the tray out, close the curtain and eat, today, we having seabass and spina
Give a fuck 'bout your image
Please do not talk to me until I'm done, nigga, wait 'til I'm finished
I'll leave you a blemish
Swellin' all over your face, fuck it, I'll make you diminish
Use thirty-day tags when you spending
Big smile, who the dentist?
I can keep the whole label independent
Anything out my mouth that I say, then I motherfuckin' did it
Bitch bad like Dennis the Menace (Go)
On a private to Venice
Fucked all her friends, left 'em back in New York, making all of 'em jealous
Order more sweaters
Niggas so cold, had to warm 'em up, then I called all of my fellas
The inside every car made of leather (Yeah, yeah)
Waste the drink, change the car, it's whatever
While shopping, I copped me some Dior and Dolce and then I went and copped a couple Margielas
I sip from a couple wine cellars
The fans write a couple wild letters
See, I'm a nigga that'll always give thanks, I'm friends with a couple bank tellers
They let me skip lines at the bank, they call me Mr. Kirk
The clerks know that I'm paid, so they flirt (Let's go)
Still stay down when you stay down, it hurt
Want the change, want the chains, gotta work
Locking in, clocking in
On an overnight in your state, I press a button, open up the gate, I'm driving in
Nigga, I ain't squashing shit
Fuck a white flag, it's a problem right now if we ever had a problem then
Ain't got too much to say 'cause she swallowing
Want me to open up the gate, you gotta call it in
She a naughty girl, I pull up on lil' baby rocking Nautica
She begging me to put it on her face, I told her, "Not again" (Not again)
I go wherever the fuck I want, it ain't no signing in (Uh-uh)
I do whatever the fuck I want, don't like it? Try me then
She put my dick and both of my balls in her mouth and I stand there in disbelief with my hand on m
Every time we move, you know a nigga gotta win
We got a bag and every DJ nigga got a spin
When we fuck up everything in the building, all of a sudden, nigga got a whole lot again
Give me one more line, OG, one more line (Yeah, nigga)
You know we drown niggas with heat, I hope you know you gotta swim
Okay, one more line, just one more line, one more line
Despite you know we coming to eat, you know we got up in the gym

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