

# Fredro Starr, Big Shots

(Chorus: Begetz)

Aiyo we Big Shots, we Big Shots  
And we done f\*\*ked all ya bitches, ya bitches  
I only f\*\*ks wit my niggas, my niggas  
So we them true-to-life killas, killas  
We takin Other People Money, they money  
And then we buyin all the cars, the cars  
Man bump 'em on chrome, chrome  
Besides that yo we stars, we stars

(Fredro Starr)

I'm the Gafo DeGafo, boss of New York  
Cover my mouth when I speak, feds watch what I talk  
Throwin hits at the judges, in the criminal courts  
Criminal thoughts, these streets wit killas to sport  
This is Mafia music to murder you wit, inserted the clips  
Drive-bys, on convertible whips, the verdict is this  
4/5th, burnin my fist, pullin shades down, murderous bitch  
Anonymous threats, blueprints designin ya death  
Organize crime times, throw a bomb in ya Lex  
Fadam or Begetz, killas might climb in ya rest  
Two nickel nines left a dime in his vest, sometimes in his chest  
Crime scenes covered in tape, blood in the gates  
Black robes, funeral homes, shootin ya wake  
Kidnap, raised as children, to be rulin  
Other People Money, we kill men

(Chorus)

(Sincere)

My goods pull, like Sammy the Bull  
Sin'll pop you, D.O.A.'ll bomb you  
Mafia style, boss me? Body a child  
When I get locked it's like Gotti on trial  
Five years in the pen, separated from friends  
I'm only 21, kept the shakers and gun  
Blow in ya face, stab you below ya waist  
The type to chase death, like faces of death  
Sippin the Henny, pray, let the Lord forgive me  
I know I spit hot like the Devil was in me  
Claimin my Church, the type to put 'woke' in the church  
If my gun jerk, more holes in ya shirt  
Bustin my gun, who you know f\*\*k wit dunn  
Put six in ya burners, I ain't feelin you son  
Stop the bull, ya ain't got guns to pull  
Ya still yappin, ain't enough gun clappin

(Chorus 2X)