

Mystikal, Big Truck Driver

(Mystikal)

Whaaa, wassup nigga?

This for my niggas in them Big Trucks

This for all my niggas in them SUV's, you heard me?

This for my Big Truck Drivers, look nigga blow yo' Big Truck Horn

You still could see me in my Big Truck boy

Smilin' like a lil' kid when I sped the corner with my brand new toy

I got a bark in they call, talkin' 'bout

they wishin' I'd would've came out the garage

But, I guess that's too bad

Cause your truck used to be the shit until they saw mine pass

Strobe lights flash, solar baric *boom boom*

Big feet ten runnin' while they *vroom vroom*

Another SUV can't do nothin' wit' me

I'm 23's so 22's ain't fuckin' with me

Car so big it make it hard to turn the wheel

I can't watch the T.V.'s from the sturrin-wheel

Shit, plush stronger than the buckskin ceiling

Chocolate tan interior really big truck grill

Yeah, that's how you do that there

Got bling and bass, everything clean but the ash-tray

(Hook: Byou2ful) (Mystikal)

I'm lookin' at you behind the wheel

singin' this song (I'm a Big Truck Driver)

In the big ol' truck, with the big ol' grill

rollin' on big ol' chrome (I'm a Big Truck Driver)

And you know when you pass those small trucks you doin' them wrong

(This is for my riders Big Truck Drivers

Even on a bad day everything clean but the ash-tray)

(Mystika)

Dark lights with brights, the dark windows

with the pistols in the hot spots fuckin' well right

So when you bitches try to act hype

I get the gat get the gat cause niggas don't fight

When you get to Ruby Tuesday's then make a right at the light

And you might catch my rims will-millin' 'round night light

I played a Jag' 'round rags, and now Excursion and Escalade 'round upscale

The Range Rove's don't even get used

Til it's time for Rhythm City or either House of Blues

My niggas wit' me at your seat to pick my friends up

My brother 'rice in a mother-fucking Benz' truck

Fresh light don't need no buffin'

Just call a homie where I'm at, west coast custom

Put it on a trailer and ain't no rushin'

Cause when I get it back y'all 'round can't touch it

(Hook)

(Mystikal)

Ain't no slack in my mack, rollin' slow the windows down

they recognize me so you know how they act

Cuttin' up fallin' out tryin' to flirt and get nasty

Raisin' shirt showin' titties talkin' 'bout autographs

I try my best to keep my fans happy

I sign my name I grab the nipple they pull off and start laughin'

Then it's back through the hood, tryin' to find somethin' good

And after that I'm on my way to Baton Rouge

I knew that I'm on course at all time

And I love grindin' like alcoholics love sweet creamy and wine

2002 and you dodgin' me now

Big Truck gonna come up ain't no holdin' us down

Grab eyes, turn heads, stop traffic

My black Big Truck half match my Big Truck jacket
Do shows and get paid when I travel stay busy it be gone
Now this a Big Truck Driver

(Hook 2x)

(Mystikal)
I'm a Big Truck Driver, I'm a Big Truck Driver
This is for my riders Big Truck Drivers
Even on a bad day everything clean but the ash-tray