

Nothingface, Make Your Own Bones

Verse One:

To all the ladies in the place with style and grace
Allow me to lace these lyrical duches in your bushes
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mommies
The back of the club, sippin Moet,
is where you'll find me
The back of the club, mackin hoes, my crew's behind me
Mad question askin, blunt passin, music blastin
But I just can't quit
Cause one of these honies Biggie gots ta creep with
Sleep with, keep the ep a secret why not
Why blow up my spot cause we both got hot
Now check it, I got more Mack than Craig and in the bed
Believe me sweety I got enough to feed the needy
No need to be greedy I got mad friends with Benz's
C-notes by the layers, true fuckin players
Jump in the Rover and come over
tell your friends jump in the GS3,
I got the chronic by the tree

Chorus:

[I love it when you call me big pop-pa]
Throw your hands in the air, if youse a true player
[I love it when you call me big pop-pa]
To the honies gettin money playin niggaz like dummies
[I love it when you call me big pop-pa]
If you got a gun up in your waist
please don't shoot up the place
Cause I see some ladies tonight
who should be havin my baby
Bay-bee

Verse Two:

Straight up honey really I'm askin
Most of these niggaz think
they be mackin but they be actin
Who they attractin with that line,
"What's your name what's your sign"
Soon as he buy that wine I just creep up from behind
And ask what your interests are, who you be with
Things to make you smile, what numbers to dial
You gon' be here for a while, I'm gon' go call my crew
You go call your crew
We can rendezvous at the bar around two
Plans to leave, throw the keys to Lil Cease
Pull the truck up, front, and roll up the next blunt
So we can steam on the way to the telly go fill my belly
A t-bone steak, cheese eggs and Welch's grape
Conversate for a few, cause in a few, we gon' do
What we came to do, ain't that right boo [truuueeee]
Forget the telly we just go to the crib
and watch a movie in the jacuzzi
smoke l's while you do me

Chorus

Verse Three:

[How ya livin Biggie Smallz] In mansion and Benz's
Givin ends to my friends and it feels stupendous
Tremendous cream, fuck a dollar and a dream
Still tote gats strapped with infrared beams
Choppin o's, smokin live optimo's
Money hoes and clothes all a nigga knows
A foolish pleasure, whatever
I had to find the buried treasure,
so grams I had to measure
However living better now, Gucci sweater now
Drop top BM's I'm the man girlfriend

[Honey check it
Tell your friends, to get with my friends
And we can be friends
Shit we can do this every weekend
Aight? Is that aight with you?
Yeah... keep bangin]
Chorus