

# 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 blatin  
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 sweetie 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 [truuuuueee]  
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