

# Big Tymers, Money & Power

[Chorus: Manny Fresh (2x)]

If you could be me for an hour  
Have Money and Power  
Stand tall and ball and send your records to Tower  
You Would love that (Hot, Hot)  
You Would love that (Hot, Hot)

[Baby:]

Nugga ge yo shit together  
Tell the homeboys, we gone shine in the rainy weather  
Strap up we gon' ride tonight  
Cause all I wan' do is play with hoes tonight  
And my Rollies with my bezzel speak through the ice  
Let my Jag drop top speak through the gold head lights  
Man, I'm on an all night flight  
Worth about a millie on a silly night  
On the really, I'm worth about a hundred millie on a rainy night  
Playboy and my game be tight  
I wanna holla at my little brother L, he restin' in peace  
My daddy Johnny, playa he restin' in peace  
Or my momma Gladys or my sister Noreese  
Man half of my family already deceased  
But this baller life don't mean nothin' to me  
Playa if I can't share it with my muthafuckin' family  
I'ma roll with my heat and ride with my H.B.'s  
And make all my hoes say the love me  
Fitted hats, stayin' strap, Ree's on my feet  
Ask 'Lac playboy if you don't believe me  
You better stay strapped rollin' in the UPT  
Besides all these cars and all these broads  
Holla at me playa thangs for 10 a ki  
Playboy you could believe me

[Chorus: Manny Fresh (2x)]

[Manny Fresh:]

It was one summer night in the middle of June  
Me and Belle blowin' blunts up under the moon  
When this nigga croos the street start talkin' shit  
Tellin' all his jive niggas that my music don't hit  
See I payed it no matter  
Every album gets hotter, than the last one partner  
What's ya real reason nigga, for hatin' me man  
Cause the bitch that ya wit', was datin' me man  
You bout hoe shit  
Keep it on the down low shit  
Hoe broke and lonely don't know shit  
Usually Captain Kirk a bitch  
I'll rough a bitch  
'Til she say, "I had enough shit"  
I know ya bumpin' Cash Money, ya like Manny tracks  
Got ya Sony CD pumped up to the max  
You should be on Jerry Springer, 'cause nigga you the king of  
Hatin' on niggaz that's keepin' it real  
Big Tymers had money before the record deal  
Uh, If fuckin' music don't work nigga then I still got the wheels  
Hmm, How you diggin' that  
How you diggin' that  
How you diggin' that

[Chorus: Manny Fresh (4x)]

[Baby:]

I owe my dedication to my homeboy Manny

Cause I'd probably still be in a penitentiary  
Or still sellin' yey on these dark city streets  
Or duckin' these haters tryin' to visit me  
Or the feds, want me to face 4 to 40 for conspiracy  
Playboy this life is real to me  
I'm rollin' Uptown wit' automatic artillery  
All I can say s Fresh kept it real wit' me  
But I know my lil B.G. could feel me  
That's why I'm hollin' Chopper City in my song nigga  
And you wearin' earrings with bezzels 'cause I bought 'em nigga  
But you the reason why I keep it real with niggaz  
Juvenile came and formed this Hot Boy Clique  
And Lil Weezy I know you planted the seed  
And when it come I know you gon' name it after me  
I owe it all to the Lord and to Suga Slim for savin' me  
From these guns, round the white  
And puttin' that ron on another nigga son  
And tellin' me that I can be all gravy  
And tellin' me that I could save this nigga baby  
And if you don't believe me playa I put it on that 99 big body Benz  
And the Lord and My friends cause Cash Money out to win  
Playboy you could believe that  
How You Luv That Boy  
Hah Nigga, How You Luv That Playa  
Tell Me nigga, How You Luv That Playa  
Hah Nigga, How You Luv That Playa  
It's all gravy baby  
Nigga been havin' shit nigga  
Ridin' flossin' before we did all this shit nigga  
Million dollar homes nigga  
Everybody in my clique ride on chrome nigga  
I don't make nah nigga wait for shit  
Once we want it we gon' get that shit  
Playboy you could believe that