

# BIG

## Young M.A

It's that big drip!  
(Zombie on the track)  
I got a bunch of niggas in the studio  
That's gang-gang though (facts)  
Everybody good over there, you heard?  
Uh, ayy, uhh  
I never been a hater  
I just, stick to my paper like a stapler  
Yellow bone smoking purple, LA Lakers  
If she give me pussy on a wake up  
Double cup of carrot juice  
Oh, that's my savage juice  
I just copped a Audemar  
Oh, and a Patek too  
Dripping in that iceberg  
Or in a cabber too  
Ayy bro, don't you cuff that hoe  
'Cause I done had her too (I done had her)  
They say that they packin', oh we packin' too (Oh we packin' too)  
Run up like what's poppin' and what's brackin' too (Brackin' too)  
Said I would get rich and made it happen too (I made it happen too)  
Take a picture with your bitch and tag her too (I gotta tag her too)  
Savage mode (Savage mode)  
Rack it and roll (Rackin it and roll)  
Clappin' a hoe (Clappin' a hoe)  
Now you can go (Now you can go)  
She poppin' a bean (Poppin' a bean)  
Nigga don't leave  
Off-White, off night, cookies and cream  
Ooh, ooh  
That's that big drip (That's that big drip)  
Big wrist (Ooh)  
Big body, big whips (Ooh)  
Big Glocks (Ooh)  
Big guap, big notch (Ooh)  
Big goons (Ooh)  
Small problems, big moves (Ooh)  
Ooh  
Sauce it up (Sauce it up)  
All this drip,  
I could fuck around and wash him up (Have him washed up)  
Hellcat sound like Mufasa when I start it up

That's a wild body, bitch it's hard to park it up (hard to park)  
Uh, buss it like a baby leg, spark it up (Spark it up)  
Homie tuck your chain it don't spark enough (It don't spark enough)  
Ayy, homie tuck your chain it don't spark enough  
(Like what you doin'? Fuck this nigga doin' bro?)  
This nigga got Cubic zirconia stones, man  
Nigga really tryna stunt  
My nigga you a lil nigga, you heard? You a little homie)  
Get your money back  
Double cup a Hennessy we call it money-gnac  
Suwoo!  
Where all of my bloodies at?  
I took her to the crib and I had fun with that (fuck her)  
Now come and get your mother back, I'm done with that  
Yo, I just copped a pocket rocket (Grrr)  
For all you niggas pocket watching (Why you watchin' me?)  
Why your rollie tick-tick-tocking? (Why your rollie tick?)  
Ayy, uh, I fuck her during tax season, perfect timing (Perfect timing)  
I bagged your bitch in Fashion Nova new designer (New designer)  
Uh, man I like them tatted bitches,

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>