

# Big Amount (feat. Drake)

## 2 Chainz

I'ma tell you, I'ma tell you this right now  
If you, if you woke up this mornin', nigga you winnin' for real I got a big amount, I took a  
different route

I am the pick of the litter  
I was in juvy, they gave me community  
I had to pick up some litter  
I want it easy, please do not tease me  
I wore my Yeezys to dinner  
This is the season, I got the seasonin'  
Don't make me sprinkle you niggas  
I got my reasons, you wanna please me  
Send me the pussy, not pictures  
Met her this week and fucked her this evenin'  
She turn to freak on the liquor  
Yeah, I am a boss on these bitches  
Yeah, I pour some Voss on these bitches  
Yeah, I have no thoughts on these bitches  
Yeah, rock Double Cross on these bitches, yeah  
Dearly departed, gather today  
On some Prince shit  
You know what they say  
Me and my safe, got a friendship  
Ten on me, thin weight, flip weight, gettin' paid  
Gettin' laid  
Bitch made, took off sick days  
6 Trey, 64 bounce, bitch, bounce  
Hood nigga, favorite spot was the Waffle House  
Patty melt with the hash browns  
Tryna avoid all the pat downs  
Tryna avoid all the lame hoes  
Weirdos in the background  
Black out when I back out  
Blow the horn for a pedestrian  
Shawty ride like an equestrian  
I bought the dress that she in  
Red bottoms in his and hers  
Got a Rollie in his and hers  
Got a car in his and hers  
Walk in the zoo and say, "Pick a fur"  
Last night was a blur to me  
This mornin' I got two with me  
I don't know what to do with me

Goin' ape like the zoo with me  
Got a tool with the screw missin'  
Two girls in the pool kissin'  
Everywhere I go, the rod with me  
Cause these niggas actin' too fishy Fuck y'all niggas on, man?  
Duffle bag forever  
Just left V Live  
Atlanta could never die as long as Tit alive  
Yeah  
Look, I got a big amount  
I think I'm the biggest out  
Got hits and I ain't even put 'em out  
Lit and you can't even put it out  
Got the Billboard melodies  
Rap is somethin' I do on the side  
Crossed over to the other side  
And I didn't even have to die  
Got the money and I never show it  
Let a nigga try to play heroic  
Michael Jackson talkin' to me in my dreams  
And he say, "You bad and you know it"  
Better shamone with my check then  
I'm a J. Prince investment  
Niggas love to talk reckless  
Then see me like best friends  
Got the sand colored FN  
And I've never seen the inside of a Marriott or a Westin  
Five stars, nothin' less than  
Fuck niggas on your payroll  
And you let 'em know the safe code  
And you knew him for a month though  
But you call them niggas big bro  
You could move in the Hidden Hills  
And we still don't live by the same code  
I'm respected everywhere I go  
Nigga, long live Bankroll  
Skip the rainbow, funny style shit  
And it's straight to the pot of gold  
Somebody, everybody know  
6 God with the god flow

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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