

Big Rim's

Lil' Keke

When I ride, you know I'm sitting on dos-two's
DVD's with TV screens, I'm looking cool
But uh be looking cool for myself, slowed down
Slowed down, slowed down
You know I can't, I see nothing but luck in my surroundings
But, I'm fin's to take over this rap game fa sho
Me and my raw click, spitting heat you didn't know
1 Da Boy done linked up, with that Avarice
Scatting bout fifty deep, been alone
Avalanche truck what, we out the roof like what
Stunting and big balling, spending cheese like what
Costing bout fifty G's, point two's for my truck
Ice up in my Roley, so blue the wrist shut
Line chronic my man, we stay rolling it up
Verse gon stay hot, so you better give it up
For me and my nigga Po, we ain't to be touched
Haters I got a message, you can shut the fuck up

I flip the big trucks, with the big rims
Fat tires, call em Yokohama slims
TV screens, with the DVD's
PS2 playing, on 17 inch monitor screens
(2x)

22's 23's, 24's and 5's
Everything that I ride, sitting wide and live
This is H-Town's finest, glowing covered in diamonds
Hard on the mic, forever be chart climbing
They know who I am, forever don't give a damn
Sitting low to the ground, in a brand new lamb
Shot calling, and they shit out of luck
Here go the kush young nigga, twist that purple up

You know I'm showing off fronting my mouth, because I like to stunt
Big bodies on 22's, with the special made front
This my a-bidness boy, how I make my cash flow
And it's my a-bidness boy, always when I wanna ball
I'm having a conversation, on my cellular phone
Somebody mad at me, cause me Po ride chrome
With TV screens up in the head rest, two tone
Mad because my paint change, like them Color boys

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Southsi' for li', Westside fa sho
Got plenty of endo, got plenty of cash flow
In a SUV, you know we tinted and bented
G's thugs and killers, hard heads how all in it
Let me get a minute, take a second to wreck
When we step out on the scene, getting much respect
C.M.G. nigga, we ain't gon tear it apart
We gon rise in the game, like we did from the start
We tossing and giving dap, still be rolling slab

Still be paying ten, living ghetto fab
We looking for lil' mamas, rolling on Yokohamas
Hurting these boys mind, we causing em head trauma
On the money train, trying to dodge hard rain
Gripping up on the grain, leave a stain
All in the brain, I push slims on tims
Sitting and looking good, I'm riding big rims

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