

First Time In Vegas - Big Scarr Lyrics

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“First Time In Vegas”

**Woah (Ayo, BandPlay)
Frozone**

**Run through the game like I'm cheatin'
Now I ball every season, you niggas talk shit from the bleachers
(Phew, talk shit from-)
My bitch, she bad, she conceited
I cut niggas off if they hatin', they really be leeches (Really be
leeches)
Regular Glock, but it came with two pieces (Came with two pieces)
This life like a poster, this P go through pieces (P go through pieces)
Said he got motion, but that nigga greedy
Them young niggas catch you and turn into hitters (Turn into-)**

**I used to the trap on the block, you ain't seen
Trap nigga don't give a fuck 'bout the four seasons (Runnin' four-)
Straight eight the charger, high speed the police (Phew)
The city too hot (Phew), take a trip to Tahiti (Trip to Tahiti)
Water my neck and my Richard is Fiji (Water on)
I thumb through a check and my fingers start bleedin' (My fingers
start-)
Got all these drugs, I be high for no reason (High, high)
I hit from the back, she be creamin' and screamin'
Phew, Hellcat, fuck a Demon (Phew)
We the ones kill 'em, them niggas be timid (Them niggas be timid)
I went and got me a bag, I know that's why they mad or I think the
bitch is the reason**

**Ice on my teeth, she can't see when I'm cheesy (Wow), can't save
her (Woah)**

How I'ma stay me for Jesus? I'm playin'

I just might show you some shit you can't tell

Free all my niggas locked up with no bail (Locked up with no bail)

Uh (Uh), narcs hit the spot without ringin' a bell (Ringin' a bell)

Fresh off that shit and get rid of the scale (Get rid of the scale)

I was back on the block when I got out of jail (I got out of jail)

They try to get me, but them niggas fail (Them niggas fail)

Pray to the Lord and send niggas to Hell (Niggas to Hell)

I hit the road, don't get shit through the mail

With vaccum seal bags just to cover the smell

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Fill him up with them shots 'fore he feel he was weezy (Go)

First time in Vegas, this shit gettin' outrageous

So Icy the gang and we rockin' out stages (Rockin' out-)

Smokin' exotic, my body feel lazy

If I'm on a beat, then you know I went crazy (You know I went-)

Slidin' sincerely, widebody Mercedes (Phew)

**Keep talkin' my shit 'cause I know they can't take it (Phew, I know
they can't take-)**

Three hundred racks off of dice on the table

Remember them days when a nigga wasn't able (Nigga wasn't-)

We was just turnin' them to haters

**It's crazy how niggas be switchin', but that shit a favor (It's crazy
they hate)**

**Baccarat smell on my clothes and the paper
And recipe dark 'cause I'm smokin' on flavor (Smokin' on-)
Straight from South Memphis, we never had cable
And mamma could barely put food on the table (Food on the table)
Now she want her a house in the Hills with the acres**

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