## **Come On**

## **Notorious B.i.g.**

Motherfuckin' was at, nigga was motherfuckin' hyped up Nigga just grabbed the nigga, snuffed the nigga and it was on From there the motherfucker there wasn't nuttin' stoppin' him

What what did the rest of his niggaz do?

Man the motherfuckers was just ready for anything
Them niggaz was packin' burners them niggaz was ready to fight
Whatever we had to do holmes niggaz was on the real flip out holmes

It was just comin' out like a motherfucker

The nigga amped be like come on, come on motherfuckers

Come on motherfuckers, come on

Let's go deep into the phrase, beautiful sun rays

Off the bald head, everything is real

Biggie me put on this joint so I'm a be the big wheel

Watch it Slim, hey Dad, place yo bet on seven

Peace to one-oh-six, one-oh-eight, one-to-the-hundred-eleventh

Hey Biggie, I understand you're from Brooklyn

With 22's in your shoes, yo keep the shank ready

Well, why not blow up the spot with Sadat

Release the brain storm, to make your motherfuckin' brain warm

A strange form, somethin' kind of lyrical biggie the bastard

Sadat's kind of spiritual eell, in God we trust", guns I bust

Got that disgustin', sewer style dumpin' and that

Do you know, where you're goin' to, do you like the things that I bring?

Make an emcee wanna sing for a livin'

Take the beat down we fuckin' givin', c'mon motherfucker

Come on motherfuckers, come on

Come on motherfuckers, come on
What? Niggaz want drama, puttin' work on my block
When I told y'all last week that shit was too hot
Sellin' pieces and treys, cuts my dimes
Somebody gonna get paid, somebody block get sprayed
Reaction is delayed as y'all run down the block
Caught one in your chest, your breath come in spurts
Hey yo Biggie tell these niggaz I'm a hit 'em where it hurts
The big city it don't spare no bodies call me Papichulo
To all the Spanish Mamis I'm about ten blunts down
Drank three or fo' stouts seen five fat asses
Passed this bitch with glasses

Hey yo money that's yo' stock, yo Bigs pass the glock I'm a tell him it can happen, don't play me with that rap shit

Life is real, so Biggie take the steel

Come on motherfuckers, come on

I got seven Mac-11's, about eight, 38's

Nine 9's, ten Mac-10's, the shits never end

You can't touch my riches

Even if you had MC Hammer and them 357 bitches Biggie Smalls, the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht The two weed spots, the two hot glocks

That's how I got the weed spot, I shot dread in the head

Took the bread and the land spread Lil' Gotti got the shotty to your body

So don't resist, or you might miss Christmas

I tote guns, I make number runs, I give emcees the runs drippin' When I throw my clip in the A.K., I slay from far away

Everybody hit the D E C K my slow flows remarkable

Peace to Matteo

Now we smoke weed like Tony Montana sniff the yayo That's crazy blunts, mad L's

My voice excels from the avenue to jail cells

Oh my God, I'm droppin' shit like a pigeon

I hope you're listenin', smackin' babies at they christening

So you better grab your pistol

'Cause if you sit still, I'm gonna make your fuckin' shit spill And I'm talkin' bout buckets, why did I have to do it? Sadat said fuck it, you got a gun, nigga bust it
'Cause I got mo' shots to pop-ya
Big Pop-pa, breakin' you off somethin' proper
Signin' off is the hardcore rap singer
A K A crack slinger, bring it anytime nigga
Come on motherfuckers, come on

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