Want That Old Thing Back

Notorious B.i.g.

Uh yeah, Bad Boy Baby, Ralph Tresvant
Biggie Smalls, listen
Uh, yeah baby oh, listen to me, oh yeah
When it comes to sex, I'm similar to the thriller in Manila
Honey's call me Bigga, the condom filler
Whether it's stiff tongue or stiff dick
Biggie squeeze it to make shit fit, now check this shit
I got the pack of Rough Riders in the back of the Pathfinder
You know the ep along by James Todd
Smith I get swift with the lyrical gift
Hit you with the dick, make your kidneys shift
Here we go, here we go, but I'm not Domino
I got the funk flow to make your drawers drop slow
So recognize the dick size in these Karl Kani jeans
I'm in thirteens, know what I mean
I fuck around and hit you with the Hennessey dick
Mess around and go blind, don't get to see shit
The next batter, here to shatter your bladder
It doesn't matter skinny or fat or
Boy skinned or black, baby I drop these
Boricua mommies screamin' "Aiy papi"
I love it when they call me Big Poppa
I only smoke blunts if they rolled propa
Look, I gotcha caught up in the drunk flow
Fuck Tae Kwon do, I tote da fo'-fo'
For niggaz gettin' mad 'cause they bitch chose me
A big black motherfucker with G ya see
All I do is separate the game from the truth
Big bang boots from the Bronx to Bolivia
Gettin' physical like Olivia Newton
Tricks suck my clique dick all day with no trivia
So gimme a hoe, a bankroll and a bag of weed
I'm guaranteed to fuck her till her nose bleed
Even if your new man's a certified mack
You'll get that H-town in ya, you'll want that old thing back
What you wanna do? I got that old thing back
What you wanna see? Baby sing relax and feel him
What you give, where you are
You won't give it, you wouldn't start, oh

Just screamin' want that old thing back
Like I double G I E whit some R U L E
Notorious know to bust in the E Y E, baby baby
Bitches know they love and hate me
I come, you come, we come with back some maybe
How close we came to come the getto is crazy
How come you ain't, your sis make semi your faces
When I come you be cryin' like I'm killin' ya bitches
Knows when picture in the camera rolled
'Cause I only be knowin' how the shits unfolded
Back shots in the rear, got the mack unloaded
And got a reload, like every show off
You sayin' I got ma swag a back
I'm lookin' like bitch, ma swag near look left
It's so hard pressed, to be impressed by these new rappers
They actors, and the fact is you want that old thing back, shit
What you wanna do? I got that old thing back
What you wanna see? Baby sing relax and feel him
What you give, where you are
Where you are, you wouldn't start, oh
Is my mind playin' tricks, like Scarface and Bushwick
Willie D, havin' nightmares of girls killin' me
She mad because what we had didn't last
I'm glad because her cousin let me hit the ass
Fuck the past let's dwell on the 500 SL
The E and J and Ginger Ale
The way my pockets swell to the rim with Benjamin's
Another hon's in the crib, please send her in
I fuck nonstop, lick my lips a lot, used to lick the clits a lot
But lickin' clits had to stop
'Cause y'all don't know how to act when the tongue go down below
Peep the funk flow, really though
I got the cleanest meanest penis
Ya never seen this stroke of genius
So take off your Tim boots and your bodysuit
I mean the Spandex and hit my man next
Sex gettin' rougher when it come to the nut buster
Pussy crusher, black nasty motherfucker
I don't chase 'em, I replace 'em
And if I'm caressin' 'em, I'm undressin' 'em
Fuck whatcha heard who's the best in New York
For fillin' fantasies without that nigga Mr. Walk
Or Tattoo I got you wrapped around my dick
And when I'm done I got to split, shit
Back shots is my position

I gotcha wishin' for an intermission
Fuck the kissin', lickin' down to your belly button, I ain't frontin'
They don't call me B.I.G. for nuttin', all of a sudden
What you wanna do? I got that old thing back
What you wanna see? Baby sing, relax and feel him
What you give, where you are
You wouldn't start, ha

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