Kick In The Door

Notorious B.i.g.

Welcome back
We're here on Bad Boy television and I'm Trevin Jones
And I've been conversing with the mad rapper
And quite frankly, he's very mad
We're gonna try to find out why
So we'll take some questions at this point from our studio audience
Yes ma'am, please stand and state your name and where you're from
Hi, my name is Shay, and I'm from New Rochelle
And I just don't understand, why you so mad
Like what are you so mad about?
You wanna know why, yo first of all, yo first of all you can't
Be askin' me no question kno' what I'm sayin' who the fuck is you?
You kno' what I'm sayin'?
You can't be askin' me no question
I'ma tell you why I'm mad, you kno' what I'm sayin'?
I'ma tell you why I'm mad, I'ma tell you why I'm mad
These niggaz is makin' five hundred thousand dollar videos
You know you sayin', they drivin' around in hot cars,
Yuu know you sayin', they got bitches, they got all that shit
You kno' what I'm sayin', I'm still livin' with my moms
You kno' what I'm sayin', that's my word
You know you saying, I'm makin' records, I ain't made no money
Yet I done made this is my fourth album yo, this my fourth album
I ain't made a dime yet
This nigga made one album, he makin' wild records
That Ready to Die shit, it was aight, it was aight
You know I'm sayin', that shit was aight, it was cool
But my shit is more John Blaze than that, I got John Blaze shit
And they not recognizing, they not sayin' I recognize
And fuck is that, who is you to be askin' me questions
You kno' what I'm sayin', who is you?
I gots to talk, I gotta tell what I feel
I gotta talk about my life as I see it
This goes out to you
This goes out to you, and you, and you, and you
This goes out to you
This goes out to you
This goes out to you, and you, and you, and you
Your reign on the top was short like leprechauns

As I crush so-called willies, thugs, and rapper-dons
Get in that ass, quick fast like ramadan
It's that rap phenomenon Don-Dadda, fuck Poppa
You got ta, call me, Francis M.H. White
In tank-light totes, tote iron
Was told in shootouts, stay low, and keep firin'
Keep extra clips for extra shit
Who's next to flip on that cat with that grip on rap
The mo shady, "Tell em", Frankie baby
Ain't no tellin' where I may be
May see me in D.C. at Howard Homecomin'
With my man Capone, dumbin, fuckin' somethin'
You should know my steelo
Went from ten G's for blow to thirty G's a show
To orgies with hoes I never seen befo'
So, Jesus, get off the Notorious
Penis, before I squeeze and bust
If the beef between us, we can settle it

With the chrome and metal shit
I make it hot, like a kettle get
You're delicate, you better get, who sent ya?
You still pedal shit, I got more rides than Great Adventure
Biggie, "How are you gonna do it?"
Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more
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All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more
On ya mark, get set, when I spark, ya wet
Look how dark it get, when ya marked with death
Should I start your breath or should I let you die?
In fear you start to cry, ask why
Lyrically, I'm worshipped, don't front the word sick
You cursed it, but rehearsed it
I drop unexpectedly like bird shit
You herbs get stuck quickly for royalties and show money
Don't forget the publishin', I punish 'em, I'm done with them
Son, I'm surprised you run with them
I think they got cum in them 'cuz they nothin' but dicks
Tryin' to blow up like nitro and dynamite sticks
Mad I smoke hydro rock diamonds, that's sick

Got pay off my flow, rhyme with my own click
Take trips to Cairo, layin' with yo bitch
I know you prayin' you was rich, fuckin' prick
When I see ya I'ma
Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more
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All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more
Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more
Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more
This goes out for those that choose to use
Disrespectful views on the King of NY
Fuck that, why try, throw bleach in your eye
Now ya Braille in it, stash that light shit, or scalin' it
Conscience of ya nonsense in eighty-eight
Sold more powder than Johnson and Johnson
Tote steel like Bronson, vigilante
You wanna get on son, you need to ask me
Ain't no other king in this rap thing
They siblings, nothing but my chil'ren
One shot, they disappearin'
It's ill when MC's used to be on cruddy shit
Took home, Ready to Die, listened, studied shit
Now they on some money shit, successful out the blue
They light weight, fragilly, my nine milly
Make the white shake, that's why my money never funny
And you still recoupin', stupid

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