

# 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  
 Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four  
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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  
 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  
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  
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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