Mo Money Mo Problems

Notorious B.i.g.

Now, who's hot who not
Tell me who rock who sell out in the stores
You tell me who flopped who copped the blue drop
Who jewels got robbed who's mostly Goldie down
To the tube sock, the same ol' pimp
Mase, you know ain't nuttin' change but my limp
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
Guarantee a million sales pullin' all the love
You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up
We don't play around it's a bet lay it down
Nigga didn't know me ninety one bet they know me now
I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound
Can't no PHD niggaz hold me down, Cooter
Schooled me to the game, now I know my duty
Stay humble stay low blow like Hootie
True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty
And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
Yeah, yeah, ah, ah, from the C to the A to the D D Y
Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
I call all the shots rip all the spots, rock all the rocks
Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin' now's when all the ballin' stops
Nigga never home got a chrome one and a yacht
Ten years from now we'll still be on top
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop
Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool
Bag a money much longer than yours
And a team much stronger than yours, violate me
This will be your day, we don't play
Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way
'Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here
For you to shine here, deal with many women but treat dimes fair
And I'm bigger than the city lights down in Times Square
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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Uh, uh, B.I.G., P O, P P A, no info, for the, DEA
Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant
Tap my cell and the phone in the basement
My team supreme, stay clean triple beam lyrical dream
I be that cat you see at all events bent
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders
Playboy, I told ya, bein' mice to me
Bruise too much, I lose, too much
Step on stage the girls boo too much
I guess it's 'cause you run with lame dudes too much
Me lose my touch, never that if I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
Where the true players at? Throw your roadies in the sky
Wave 'em side to side and keep their hands high
While I give your girl the eye, player please
Lyrically, niggaz see, B.I.G. be flossin' jig on the cover of Fortune
Five double oh, get the phone number your name
I got to know, I got to go got the flow down phizat, platinum plus
Like thizat, dangerous on trizack, leave your ass kizzack
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I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
What's goin' on? What's goin' on?
I don't know what, they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see
What's goin' on? What's goin' on?
I don't know what, they want from me
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