I Got A Story To Tell

The Notorious B.I.G.

Who why'all talkin to man?
Uhh
Check it out, check it out
This here goes out
To all the niggaz that be fuckin mad bitches
In other niggaz cribs
Thinkin shit is sweet
Nigga creep up on your ass, hahaha
Live niggaz respect it, check it

I kick flows for ya, kick down doors for ya
Even left all my motherfuckin hoes for ya
Niggaz think Frankie pussy whipped, nigga picture that
With a Kodak, Insta-ma-tak

We don't get down like that, lay my game down quite flat
Sweetness, where you parked at?
Petiteness but that ass fat
She got a body make a nigga want to eat that, I'm fuckin' witchu

The bitch official doe, dick harder than a missile yo
Try to hit if she trippin dissapearin like Arsenio
Yo, the bitch push a double-oh
With the five in front, probably a connivin stunt

Why'all drive in front, I'm a peel with her
Find a deal with her, she fuck around and steal, huh?
Then we all get laced
Television's, Versacci heaven, when I'm up in em

The shit she kicked, all the shit's legit
She get dick from a player off the New York Knicks
Nigga tricked ridiculous, the shit was plush
She's stressin me to fuck, like she was in a rush

We fucked in his bed, quite dangerous
I'm in his ass while he playin gainst the Utah Jazz
My 112, CD blast, I was past
She came twice I came last, roll the grass

She giggle, say I don't smoke it on homegrown
Then I heard her moan, honey I'm home
Yep, tote chrome for situations like this
I'm up in his broad I know he won't like this

Now I'm like bitch you better talk to him
Before this fist put a spark to him
Fuck around shit get dark to him, put a part through him
Lose a major part to him, arm, leg

She beggin me to stop but this cat gettin closer
Gettin hot like a toaster, I cocks the toast, uhh
Before my eyes could blink
She screams out, "Honey bring me up somethin to drink!"

He go back downstairs more time to think
Her brain racin, she's tellin me to stay patient
She don't know I'm, cool as a fan
Gat in hand, I don't want to blast her man

But I can and I will doe, I probably chill doe
Even though situation lookin kinda ill yo
It came to me like a song I wrote
Told the bitch gimme your scarf, pillowcase and rope

Got dressed quick, tied the scarf around my face
Roped the bitch up, gagged her mouth with the pillowcase
Play the cut, nigga comin off some love potion shit
Flash the heat on em, he stood emotionless

Dropped the glass screamin, "Don't blast here's the stash,
A hundred cash just don't shoot my ass, please!"
Nigga pullin mad G's out the floor
Put stacks in a Prater knapsack, hit the door

Grab the keys to the five, call my niggaz on the cell
Bring some weed I got a story to tell, uhh...

Yo man, why'all niggaz ain't gonna believe what the fuck happened to me.
Remember that bitch I left the club with man? Yo, freaky yo. I'm up in
This bitch playa this bitch fuckin run them ol mink ass niggaz and shit,
I'm up in the spot though. One of them six-five niggaz, I don't know.

Anyway I'm up in the motherfuckin spot, so boom I'm up in the pussy,
Whatever whatever. I sparks up some lye, Pop Duke creeps up in on some,
Must have been rained out or something *laughing* because he's in the

Spot. Had me scared, had me scared, I was shook Daddy - but I forget I

Had my Roscoe on me. Always. You know how we do. So anyway the nigga
Comes up the stairs, he creepin up the steps, the bitch all shook she
Sends the nigga back downstairs to get some drinks and shit. She gettin
Mad nervous, I said fuck that man! I'm the nigga, you know how we do it

Nigga, ransom note style put the scarf around my motherfuckin face,
Gagged that bitch up, played the kizzack. Soon this nigga comes up in
The spot, flash the Desert in his face he drops the glass. Looked like
The nigga pissed on his-self or somethin, word to mother! Ahh fuckit

This nigga runs dead to the floor, peels up the carpet, start givin me
Mad papers, mad papers. (I told you that bitch was a shiesty bitch 'cause!
Word to mother I used to fuck her cousin but you ain't know that! Hahaha.
You wouldn't know that shit. Really though.) I threw all that

Motherfuckin money up in the Prada knapsack. Two words, I'm gone!
(No doubt, no doubt... no doubt!) Yo nigga got some lye, why'all got
Some lye?

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