

Can I Get Witcha

Notorious B.i.g.

Doggytyle, yeah
B.I.G.
To all the ladies in the house
C'mon Big
Another day in the ghetto
One look outside I'm already upset yo
It look about a hundred and two
It's a Saturday and Biggie ain't got nuttin' to do
I'm interrupted by a phone ring
Sometimes I wish I never got the motherfuckin' thing
"Hello, hello?"
Can I speak to Biggie?"
Yo who dis?
"Taisha"
Yo call back, I'm busy
Why don't cha hit me on the box a little later
Washed up, got dressed, hits the elevator
Steps out it's the same old scene
Dope fiend, crack fiend, eyewitness news team
I seen a honey with a butt lookin' butter soft
I know she looks much better with them clothes up off
Sittin' all thick, with the ruby red lipstick
That's the one I gotta get with
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
Why you wanna get with me?
'Cause you got a big B U T T, see
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
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Why you wanna get with me?
'Cause you got a big B U T T, see
She said, "If I get witchu, I gotta get witcha whole hood rat crew
Whatcha I think I do? Sling skins for a livin'"
My name ain't November, this ain't Thanksgiving'
You ain't Michael Bivins mack it up flip it, rub it down
Do me baby, I ain't down my name ain't Tupac I don't get around
You hittin' this nigga, how that sound?
First of all you got me mixed up with somebody ya done slept with
Hold up, that's my Neneh Cherry shit, I got somethin' slicker

Let me just sip up on this liquor all I wanna do is smoke
A little chronic slam ya like Onyx, and get ya hooked on
This Biggie Smalls phonics, 102
How to squeeze 22's in them Reebok's shoes?
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
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Can I get witcha
'Cause you got a big B U T T, see, see
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
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Can I get witcha
Why you wanna get with me?
'Cause you got a big B U T T, see
I said, "Walk me upstairs, 'cause I forgot my Phillies"
She said, "I don't care, just don't be actin' silly"
I knew I had her trapped with my hardcore rap
And it wouldn't take a second 'fore I had her on her back
Foolin' with the bra strap, threw on my Silk CD
'Cause, I wanna get freaky witchou
Lose control on the skins is all I can picture
Now I'm about to hitcha
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
Why you wanna get with me?
'Cause you got a big B U T T, see
To all my hoes, respect due Tamika sorry I left you
Michelle I'm glad I met you, you make the head feel special
Now I know it's official that I can touch and tease you
Pull up my pants and diss you and hit the door you came through
Its Cease-a-Lee, A K A Mista Nasty
Germany style, these hoes they blast me
One of the chicken head with sex appeal pass me
That's her hands, ankles, feet they ashy
I like the flashy type, who pass with dyke's
With long hair and they ass be right
I get up on that ass, see what that be like
I fuck a bitch good, if she ask me right
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
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