

# Long Kiss Goodnight

## The Notorious B.I.G.

[CHORUS]

TIME, TIME FOR YOU TA DIE  
AS I KISS--YO--ASS--GOODNIGHT

I make yo mouthpiece obese like De laRese  
When I release, you loose teeth like Little Cease  
Nigga please  
Blood floods yo dungarees  
And that's just a half of my warpath  
Laugh now cry later, I rhyme greater  
Than the average playa hater, and spectators  
Buy my CD twice  
They see me in the streets they be like yo he nice  
But that's on the low doe'  
Be the cats wit no dough, tried ta play me at my show  
I pull out 4-4's, and go up in they clothes  
Short-change niggas  
Snort-cane niggas  
Extortion came quicker  
Bought the Range' nigga  
Ya still tickle me  
I used ta be as strong as ripple, till Little Cease crippled me  
Now I play hard-like my girls nipples be  
The games sour like like a pickle be  
Ya'll know da rules  
Move from BK ta New Jerus  
Thinkin bout, all the planes we flew  
Bitches, we ran through  
Now da years new  
I lay my game flat  
I want my spot back, take two  
Muthafuckas mad 'cause I blew, niggas envious  
Too many niggas on my dick, shit's strenuous  
When my men bust, you just move wit such stamina  
Slugs missed ya  
I ain't mad at'chya (we ain't mad at'chya)  
Blood rushin, concussions, ain't nothing  
Catch canes, come out frontin  
Smokin something

Sippin White Russians, bitch in the Benz bumpin  
I laced it wit the basic  
6 TV's, a system, knockin Mase shit, face it  
We hard ta hit  
Guard ya shit, for I stick you, for ya re-up  
Wipe the "P"  
Mix shots, "work ya seat up"  
Go in the ashtray, spark the weed up  
LONG KISS

[CHORUS X 2]  
UH-I flamin gats, aimin at, these fuckin...  
Maniacs put my name in raps--"support them"  
Games dat  
Like they hustle backwards  
I smoke backwards, and Duchees  
Ya can't touch me  
Try ta rush me  
Slugs go, touchy-touchy  
Ya bleedin lovely, wit'chyo, spirit above me  
Or beneath me, ya whole life ya live sneaky  
Now ya rest eternally, sleepy, ya burn when ya creep me  
Rest where the worms-n-the weak be  
My nine flies, baptize, rap guys  
Wit the holy ghost  
I put holes in most, you hold ya toast shakey  
Slip-n-tryin ta break me  
Look what'chyou made me do, brains blue  
My team in the Marine blew, six-coupe  
Skiid it out, weeded out, clean it out  
The block for distance is, given long kisses bitch

[CHORUS X 2]  
Frank White the menacin, craw-craw's demenacin  
I got the lettuce in  
You turn green like cucumber skin got the new hummer in the summer when I was  
A new comer  
Then  
Drugs and mac-10's  
Hug from fake friends  
Make ends they hate'chyou, be broke girls won't date'chyou  
That's why I relate to, choke yo ass till ya face blue, make you  
Open the safe too  
No matter how ya call it(how ya call it)  
This "bralick",alcoholic

Like his weed green'd out like his brick solid  
Distribute to kids who, take heart like Valentine, drink Valentine, all the  
Time  
Slugs hit'cha chest tap the spine  
Flat-line  
Heard through the grapevine, ya got fucked foe times  
Damn that three ta nine, fucked you up for real doe'  
"Slink steal slow"  
As you remorse we feel no

[CHORUS X 6]

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