Machine Gun Funk

Notorious B.i.g.

So you wanna be hardcore
With your hat to the back, talkin' 'bout the gats in your raps
But I can't feel that hardcore appeal
That you're screamin, baby, I'm dreamin'This ain't Christopher Williams, still some
MC's got to feel one, caps I got to peel some
To let niggaz know, that if you fuck with Big-and-Heavy
I get up in that ass like a wedgieSays who? Says me, The Lyrical
Niggaz sayin', "Biggie off the street, it's a miracle"
Left the drugs alone, took the thugs along with me
Just for niggaz actin' shiftySticks and stones break bones, but the gat'll kill you quicker
Especially when I'm drunk off the liquor
Smokin' funk by the boxes, packin' glocks is
Natural to eat you niggaz like chocolates
The funk babyI live for the funk, I'll die for the funk
I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk
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I live for the funk, I'll die for the funkI live for the funk, I'll die for the funk
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I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk
I live for the funk, I'll die for the funkAll I want is bitches, big booty bitches
Used to sell crack, so I could stack my riches
Now I pack gats, to stop all the snitches
From stayin' in my business, what is this?Relentless approach, to know if I'm broke or not
Just 'cause I joke and smoke a lot
Don't mean I don't tote the glock
Sixteen shots for my niggaz in the pen
Until we motherfuckin' meet againHuh, I'm doin rhymes now, fuck the crimes now
Come on the ave, I'm real hard to find now
'Cause I'm knee deep in the beats
In the Land Cruiser Jeep with the Mac-10 by the seatsFor the jackers, the jealous ass crackers in the
I'll make you prove that it's bulletproof
Hold ya head, 'cause when you hit the bricks
I got gin, mad blunts, and bitches suckin' dick
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I live for the funk, I'll die for the funkSo I guess you know the story, the rap-side, crack-side
How I smoked funk, smacked bitches on the backside
Bed-Stuy, the place where my head rests
Fifty shot clip if a nigga wan' testThe rocket launcher, Biggie stomped ya
High as a motherfuckin' helicopter
That's why I pack a nina, fuck a misdeameanor
Beatin' motherfuckers like Ike beat TinaWhat's love, got to do
When I'm rippin' all through your whole crew
Strapped like bamboo, but I don't sling guns
I got bags of funk, and it's sellin' by the tonsNiggaz wanna know, how I live the mack life
Making money smoking mics like crack pipes
It's type simple and plain to maintain
I add a little funk to the brain
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