## **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 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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