

# Notorious B.i.g.

## Notorious B.i.g.

No, no, no, Notorious, no, no, no, Notorious  
No, no, no, Notorious, no, no, no, Notorious  
The doctor said I need about three weeks of recovery  
But the nurses is lovin' me  
Sayin' the best part of the day is my half  
Feedin' me breakfast and givin' me a sponge bath  
Niggaz say I died dead in the streets  
Nigga I'm gettin' high, gettin' head on the beach  
Chillin', sittin' on about half a million  
With all my niggaz, all my guns, all my women  
Next two years, I should see about a billion  
All for the love of drug dealin'  
Got no love for the other side, fuck them tricks  
Any repercussion, junior mafia spit clips  
All the time, big poppa kick the war rhymes  
Raw flows and that's how it goes  
Notorious, come on, we are, we are  
No, no, no, Notorious  
He is, he is, no, no, no, Notorious  
This for my niggaz slingin' thangs, had my ring encaged  
Truck, necklace, igloo ring and things  
For the bitches, who see them rims spin and grin  
That shit with the v-trim that win  
And the enormous fields disperse of rap  
On the road to the riches more furs to drag  
More niggaz to kill, than birds to bag  
Hit the jeweler and splurge the tab, uh  
Hops, out the truck like, trick, what up?  
Call me Sean if you suck, call me gone when I nut  
That's the end of us, get your friend to fuck  
Untwist and bend her up, you know the deal  
Niggaz talkin' real greasy on some ballin' shit  
Funny how quick these pricks forget  
Actin' like I ain't the reason they traded they shit  
Switched that 5, copped that 6  
It's all good, you know who the clone is  
Fuck the Joneses, niggaz tryin' to keep up with the Combses  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
We are, we are, what's his name?

(No, no, no, Notorious)  
He is, he is, come on, what's his name?  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
Who that queen bitch, keep her glass filled to the rim  
The Notorious K-I to the M  
That's me, on MTV, no doubt  
Titty out like what, I don't give a fuck  
Y'all know my attitude, can't stand my cologne  
Then stay your ass home, you and your chaperon  
Things done changed, but we continue to reign  
As the king and the queen of hip-hop, me and B.I.  
Frank White still listen to all the attention  
I'm by his side, with the chrome fifth, playin' my position  
Sexy young thing, from the ghetto  
That bitch rockin' mics in high heel stilettos  
We takin' over like Francis  
Switchin' our styles like the hottest new dancers  
See, I let y'all live to stack a little paper  
Be glad I pushed my album back, I did y'all hoes a favor  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
We are, we are, what's his name?  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
He is, he is, come on, what's his name?  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
We are, we are, what's his name?  
(No, no, no, Notorious)  
He is, he is, come on, what's his name?  
(No, no, no, Notorious)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>