

# I Love the Dough

## The Notorious B.I.G.

Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh  
Hah, what, I like this  
Uhh, uhh, I like this  
What? Uhh, what? Uhh  
We push the hottest V's, peel fast through the city  
Play Monopoly with real cash, me and Biggie and the models be  
Shaking they saditty ass and parotta be  
Somethin' you cats got to see  
And the watches be all types and shapes of stones  
Bein' broke is childish and I'm quite grown  
Run up in the club with the ice on, me and Paisan'  
Scope the spot out, see somethin' nice and I'm gone  
You cats is home, screamin' the fight's on  
I'm in the fifteen hundred seats, watchin' Tyson  
Same night, same fight  
But one of us cats ain't playin' right, I let you tell it  
People place yourselves in the shoes of two felons  
And tell me you won't ball every chance you get  
And any chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
Cats pop bottles bone chicks that favor Idalis  
And rack up frequent flier mileage  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
I'm poppin' Magnums while Jigga bag somethin'  
Watch is platinum, got jet lag from  
Flights back and forth, pop corks of the best grapes  
Make the best CD's and the best tapes  
Don't forget the vinyl, take girls break spinals  
Biggie be Richie like Lionel, shit  
You seen the Jesus, dipped to H classes  
Ice project off lights, chick flashes  
Blind your broke asses, even got rocks in big mustaches  
Rock top fashions  
Ain't shit changed, except the number after the dot  
On the Range, way niggaz look at me now, kinda strange  
I hate y'all too  
Rather be in Carribean sands with Rachael

It's unreal, out the blue Frank White got sex appeal  
Bitches used to go, 'W', still tote steel  
Trying' to see five mil off the single, for real  
You ain't fazing' the amazing', while your gun's raisin', mine is blazing'  
See you on see me all talking' to sweetness  
Take it for weakness and leave quick  
Blocker, Roch-a-, Fella, Bad Boy collaborate  
Two MC's with mad dough, ju' know  
I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
Miraculous, pockets stay full  
Niggaz skip the bull 'cause we matadors  
Snatch the P-89's that we pack in the drawers  
And we, clappin' doors in your Acuras  
Snap like, cameras on amateurs  
Make you all dance, hold a hammer to yours  
Jig and Big rock ice, no cracks or flaws  
Everybody got a part to play, back to yours  
Run up in your crib now, crack your doors  
Watch the real players live, it's a habit to floss  
Play the charts like the Beatles, y'all adapt you lost  
And toast Cristal on behalf of y'all  
Too bad for y'all, ain't too many as bad as yours  
Truly, do we, we laugh at y'all, little bastards y'all  
Uhh, uhh, we hit makers with acres  
Roll shakers in Vegas, you can't break us  
Lost chips on Lakers, gassed off Shaq  
Country house, tennis courts on horseback  
Ridin' decidin' cracked crab or lobster  
Who say mobsters don't prosper  
Niggaz is actors, niggaz deserve Oscars  
Me I'm, critically acclaimed, slug past your brain  
Reminisce on dames who, coochie used to stink  
When we rocked house pieces and puffy Gucci links  
Now we buy homes in unfamiliar places  
Tito smile every time he see our faces  
Cases catch more than outfielders  
Half these rappin' cats, ain't seen war  
Couldn't score if they had point game, they lame  
Speak my name, I make 'em dash like Dame  
I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
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