

# Player's Anthem (feat. Notorious B.I.G.)

## Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Niggas uh, bitches ha uh(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa  
Gotcha, open off the words I say because  
"This type of shit it happens everyday" Now who smoke more blunts than a little bit?  
What are you a idiot?  
Listen to the lyrics I spit like M1's  
Got mad guns up in the cabin  
'Cause Cease ain't the one for the dibbin' and dabbin' shit  
I make it happen, you got your ass caught  
All you saw was fire, from the Honda Passport  
Or the M.P., what if you see, then I miss ya  
I blow up spots like little sisters  
G'wan grit ya teeth, g'wan bite ya nails to the cuticles  
Like Murray, my killings, be the most beautiful  
Junior M.A.F.I.A. click, thick like Luke dancers  
Niggas grab your gats, bitches take a glance at  
The little one, pullin over in the Land Rover  
Playin' Big Willie style with a chauffeur, yaknahmean?  
Stack the green, read all between the lines  
A nigga act up, makes the bastard hard to find(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa  
Gotcha, open off the words I say because  
"This type of shit it happens everyday"(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
(Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa  
Gotcha, open off the words I say because  
"This type of shit it happens everyday"(How ya livin' Biggie Smalls?) I'm surrounded by criminals  
Heavy rollers even the sheisty individuals  
Smokin' skunk and mad Phillies  
Beatin' down Billy Badasses, cracks in stacks and masses  
If robbery's a class, bet I pass it  
Shit get drastic, I'm buryin' ya bastards  
Big Poppa never softenin'  
Take you to the church, rob the preacher for the offerin'  
Leave the fucker coughin' up blood, and his pockets like rabbit ears  
Covered the wife, Kleenex for the kid's tears  
Versace wear, Moschino on my bitches  
She whippin' my ride, countin' my one's, thinkin' I'm richest  
Just the way players play, all day everyday  
I don't know what else to say

I've been robbin' niggas since Run and them was singin' "Here We Go"  
 Snatchin' ropes at the Roxie homeboy you didn't know my flow,  
 Detrimental to your health  
 Usually roll for self, I have son ridin' shotgun  
 My mind's my nine, my pen's my Mac-10  
 My target, all you wack niggas who started rappin'  
 Junior M.A.F.I.A. steelo, niggas know the half  
 Caviar for breakfast, champagne bubble baths  
 Runnin' up in pretty bitches constantly  
 The Smalls bitch, who the fuck it was supposed to be?(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
 (Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa  
 Gotcha, open off the words I say because  
 "This type of shit it happens everyday"(Niggas) Grab your dick if you love hip-hop  
 (Bitches) Rub your titties if you love Big Poppa  
 Gotcha, open off the words I say because  
 "This type of shit it happens everyday" I used to pack Macs in Cadillacs  
 Now I pimp gats in the Ac's, watch my niggas backs  
 Nines in the stores, glocks in the bags  
 Maxin' mini-markets, gettin' money with the Arabs  
 No question, confession, yes it's the lyrical  
 Bitches squeeze your tits, niggas grab your genitals  
 Proteins and minerals, exclude subliminals  
 Big Momma shoots the game to all you Willies and criminals  
 I kick the reali' with my peeps all day  
 325's roll by with the windows down halfway  
 D-K-N-Y, oh my, I'm jiggy  
 It's all about the Smalls and my fuckin' nigga Biggie  
 Bitches love the way I bust a rhyme  
 'Cause they all in line screamin' one more time  
 Niggas, grab your dicks if you love hip-hop  
 Bitches rub-a-dub in the back of the club, straight up

Songwriters

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