

# Hope You Niggas Sleep

## The Notorious B.I.G.

Check the pain I inflict, like a convict, the Fulton digger  
Jump in the Acura Vigor, after I stick ya  
Rip ya like a razor, straight up Henny with no chaser  
Watch me erase ya, misplace ya  
Put you in the back with the derelicts  
Yeah, I pop plenty shit  
Chump, I'm making hits  
No time for the crack rock and shit  
Took it to another level  
Now I'm getting crazy papes, getting paid from the devils  
Another amateur trying to damage the pedigree  
Of the B-I-G-G-I-E, you know it's me  
Hoes I thought you know I'm smooth as a babies ass  
Smooth as Teeddy Pendegrass, smoke the grass, get in your ass  
The Brooklyn born Teflon don, wrecking shop  
Getting props, proving nobody drops  
Words as potent as the blunt smoking Bed-Stuy bandit  
And niggas just can't understand it  
I bust a cap for the brothers in Nap Nap, Comstock, and Clinton  
You know my shit is hitting  
Yeah ya'll a fly nigga, Biggie Smalls  
Kicking flavor, make a nigga wanna dig up in they drawers  
For the burner, catch a body  
I got styles like karate  
Jujitsu, when I hit you then I split you  
Like a cantaloupe  
Hope you got a rope to hang yourself  
I rob for self, from Brooklyn, where else  
Fat like a Lexus coupe, I'll rip your troop  
Not even Lois Lnae could get the scoop  
What you think I'm stupid  
My crew is mad deep  
I hope you niggas sleep  
  
I throw a bomb through you window  
Burn you up and your hoe  
I catch your mama going to therapy  
And cut her throat  
You lil' sister walking home from school

I abduct her, then I fuck her  
I hit ya park close up with the Louisville Slugger  
BGeezy is the hustla, ignorant motherfucker  
I was taught how to bust heads by the best head busters  
Cluckers, you know I got'em 2 for 1 my nigga  
I'm on V.L. if you want me, get some my nigga, come on

Thuggin is my thing, if I'm beefing I'm banginhg  
Slanging, it's in my nature, gotta be about my paper  
Haters, I don't like'em, bitches, I don't trust'em  
Niggas, I can't stand'em, I creep down and pluck'em  
Strap say in my hand, I gotta protect mine  
Niggas trying to pull it off, pop goes the nine  
That's how it gotta be in these uptown streets  
And a nigga like me, I play the game for keep

I remember when niggaz slang heroin up in balloons  
I paid attention to everything , from killings to cartoons  
Got a picture of Malcolm X on the wall in my room Bitch  
on some ol' nigga fuck wit me I'ma do 'em shit  
Nigga give me dope, I accept it, but don't respect him  
Put my foot in they rectum right after I dome check 'em  
I be popping D, smoking weed, and full of that Hennesey  
Fresh off the streets on my way to the penitentiary  
Everybody whisper in ears when they gone mention me  
I been out doing it for years, since elementary  
Real good relationship with guns and drugs  
Because my whole neighborhood consist of crook and thugs  
Everything is my own shit cause I don't fuck with scrubs  
I don't need you harassing me when I'm up in the club  
Trying to hustle a nigga, asking me for a dub  
Quarter, ki's, and halves is what I sling, cause that's what I love

I know you bitches know that I ain't to be played with  
Dont have no picks and chooses who get they head split  
They die quick, fuckin' with Turk, wodie get whacked  
Spend a bin with Kevin and Randy leave ya flat on you back  
and trust that, ain't bout to let no nigga steal me  
Fuck that, I bust back with 223  
Big and full of that raw with no cut and be ready to creep  
Innocent people move 'cause somebody fix'n to get split

Na, Na, it's iceberg shorty, Lordy have mercy  
Come from under my shirts and flip'em and reverse'em  
I'm coming so alert them

(Ur, Ur) fore I hurt them, desert eagle bursting  
You haven't seen the worst and  
I'm right near you and my gun blast quick, dog  
Could kill you so run, dash, get gone  
Wodies movin slow around this time they got bricks dog  
I ain't got bricks dog, nigga break it off, what

Un huh, B.I.G. with the Cash Money Millionaires, forever  
Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, Baby, Turk, B.G., Manny Fresh  
Slim, CEO, and me P. Diddy, B.I.G, Born Again  
And we won't stop, get money niggas

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