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 halfs 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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