

# Kick in the Door

## The Notorious B.I.G.

Your reign on the top was short like leprechauns  
As I crush so-called willies, thugs, and rapper-dons  
Get in that ass, quick fast, like ramadan  
Its that rap phenomenon Don-Dadda, fuck Poppa  
You got ta, call me, Francis M.H. White  
In tank-light totes, tote iron  
Was told in shootouts, stay low, and keep firin  
Keep extra clips for extra shit  
Who's next to flip, on that cat with that grip on rap  
The mo shady, "Tell em!", Frankie baby  
Ain't no telling where I may be  
May see me in D.C. at Howard Homecoming  
With my man Capone, dumbing, fucking something  
You should know my steelo  
Went from ten G's for blow to thirty G's a show  
To orgies with hoes I never seen before  
So, Jesus, get off the Notorious  
Penis, before I squeeze and bust  
If the beef between us, we can settle it  
With the chrome and metal shit  
I make it hot, like a kettle get  
You're delicate, you better get, who sent ya?  
You still pedal shit, I got more rides than Great Adventure  
Biggie, "How are you gonna do it?"

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

On ya mark, get set, when I spark, ya wet  
Look how dark it get, when ya marked with death  
Should I start your breath should I let you die

In fear you start to cry, ask why  
Lyrically, I'm worsen, don't front the word sick  
You cursed it, but rehearsed it  
I drop unexpectedly like bird shit  
You herbs get, stuck quickly for royalties and show money  
Don't forget the publishing, I punish em, I'm done with them  
Son, I'm surprised you run with them  
I think they got cum in them, cause they, nothing but dicks  
Trying to blow up like nitro and dynamite sticks  
Mad I smoke hydro rock diamonds, that's sick  
Got pay off my flow, rhyme with my own click  
Take trips to Cairo, laying with yo bitch  
I know you praying you was rich, fucking prick  
When I see ya I'ma

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Kick in the door, waving the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

This goes out for those that choose to use  
Disrespectful views on the King of NY  
Fuck that, why try, throw bleach in your eye  
Now ya Braille in it, stash that light shit, or scalin it  
Conscience of ya nonsense in eighty-eight  
Sold more powder than Johnson and Johnson  
Tote steel like Bronson, vigilante  
You want to get on son, you need to ask me  
Ain't no other king in this rap thing  
They siblings, nothing but my children  
One shot, they disappearing  
Its ill when, MC's used to be on cruddy shit  
Took home, Ready to Die, listened, studied shit  
Now they on some money shit, successful out the blue  
They light weight, fragilly, my nine milly  
Make the white shake, that's why my money never funny  
And you still recouping, stupid

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by Hawkins, Jay / Wallace, Christopher / Martin, Christopher E  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

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