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

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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 worser, 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

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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

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