

# I Really Want To Show You

## Notorious B.i.g.

Woo! There's gonna be a lot of punchin' in this motherfucker  
Y'all better be swift with that punch button Jack  
Biggie, Biggie  
I know how it feel to wake up fucked up  
Pockets broke as hell, another rock to sell  
People look at you like you's the user  
Selling drugs to all the losers, mad buddha abuser  
But they don't know about your stress-filled day  
Baby on the way, mad bills to pay  
That's why you drink Tanqueray, so you can reminisce  
And wish you wasn't livin' so devilish, shit  
I remember I was just like you  
Smokin' blunts with my crew, flippin' over 62's  
'Cause G E D wasn't B I G  
I had to get P A D, that's why my moms hate me  
She was forced to kick me out, no doubt  
Then I figured out licks went for twenty down South  
Packed up my tools for my raw power move  
Glock nineteen for casket and flower moves  
For chumps tryin' to stop my flow  
And what they don't know will show on the autopsy  
Went to see Papi, to cop me a brick  
Asked for some consignment, he wasn't tryin' to hear it  
Smoking mad Newports 'cause I'm due in court  
For an assault that I caught in Bridgeport, New York  
Catch me if you can like the Gingerbread Man  
You better have your gat in hand 'cause man  
Come and run with me  
I really wanna show you  
How I run the streets  
I really wanna show you  
How I'm clockin' G's  
I really wanna show you  
Come and run with me  
I really wanna show you  
I had the master plan  
I'm in the caravan on my way to Maryland  
With my man Two-Tecs to take over this projects  
They call him Two-Tecs, he tote two tec's

And when he start to bust he like to ask, "Who's next?"  
I got my honey on the Amtrak with the crack in the crack of her ass  
Two pounds of hash in the stash  
I wait for hon to make some quick cash  
I told her she could be Lieutenant, bitch got gassed  
At last, I'm literally loungin' black  
Sittin' back, countin' double digit thousand stacks  
Had to re-up, see what's up with my peeps  
Toyota Deal-a-Thon had it cheap on the Jeeps  
See who got smoked, what rumors was spread  
Last I heard I was dead with six to the head  
Then I got the phone call, it couldn't hit me harder  
We got infiltrated like Nino at the Carter  
Heard Tec got murdered in a town I never heard of  
By some bitch named Alberta over nickel-plated burners  
And my bitch swear to God she won't snitch  
I told her when she hit the bricks I'll make the hooker rich  
Conspiracy, she'll be home in three  
Until then I looks out for the whole family  
A true G, that's me, blowing like a bubble  
In the everyday struggle  
Come and run with me  
I really wanna show you  
How I run the streets  
I really wanna show you  
How I'm clockin' G's  
I really wanna show you  
Come and run with me  
I really wanna show you  
I'm seeing body after body and our mayor Guiliani  
Ain't tryin' to see no black man turn to John Gotti  
Guns and diamonds  
Bitches put they tongues where the sun ain't shinin'  
Take ki's till they spot us, snakes flee with consignment  
This kid he got his krib rated, police found grams  
They locked up his whole fam, mom's sister his old man  
Nigga bailed his moms out, then he told on his man  
Now they home actin' like nuttin' wrong, hustlin' again  
He tried to be the next Frank White and Escobar  
Pickin' up coke a fiend holds it in a seperate car  
Cooks it up till it's bright white, cut it tight right  
Then he slings it to the fiends lookin' like Fright Night  
Coppin the motorbikes, the scooters, countin' dough on computers  
High technology dealers to the users and losers  
Half-leg DiDi, try to swap drug for TV's

Stores run out of baking soda from BK to QB  
My niggaz die for the cause, .45 on the drawer  
City laws made by Big Nas and Biggie Smalls  
Bitches, holdin' my weight in they titties and drawers  
My bitches out of state get bust while they pushin' my cars  
Callin' me up, callin' me baller, call for they cut  
Pretty hoes bring me my cash, swallow all of this nut  
Seats on the Bent' stay nasty, push the dash  
For the stash box is where the cash be, watchin' for task force  
'Cause I know they comin' but I'm reachin' my goal  
Fuck bummin', I'm makin' sure I leave this whole game wit' somethin'  
Crib in West Palms for my dime, crib for my moms  
Ridiculous, you lookin' at the next Nicholas Barnes, baby  
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