

Da B Side (Squeky Clean)

Da Brat

B side, B side, ha check it, So So Def
Bad Boy collaboration, the Notorious B.I.G. in the house
We got Da Brat in the house and me
Y'all know who I be, check it I got that shit all you niggas just love to ride to
Funk for your trunk is what I provide you
So slide through your hood with me in your deck
Cause your correct way to get your groove on flomps And I paid the costs to be the boss as a kid
Fucked around and made some shit you can't fuck with
They thought luck did it but it didn't 'cause I'm back again
Back with the B.I.G. and my new-found friend Sliding in from the front, never way behind
Niggas wonder how I came with this style of mine
Remain in your seats as I release the clip into yo' hip
Brat and Biggie Smalls Aw shit, on top of all that, I'm so, so remarkable
Flow to make you motherfuckers know
Ain't an MC coming close to touch
Bitches I like to fuck, guns I like to bust, so Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want
Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want I never knew, niggas had a clue on who was the king of the
street
More deep than a Range Rover jeep, guns under the seat
And my nigga just came home from work, release
Cristal in my lap, chronic in the air Nigga, pass that shit like you just don't care
Yeah, you on my shit list, Biggie burns spliffs
When I'm pissed, release the Rolex from your wrist
Nigga, no human being, Korean or European Be seein' what B.I.G. be seein', I leave 'em peein'
In they draws because Biggie Smalls is far from weak
Brat-tat-tat, please speak, nigga close your eyes
'Cause you already see the Notorious B R A T The raw combination, the destination
Number one tote a gun with no hesitation
Live with the funk dafied cutie pie
Gat by the thigh, the Smalls by her side If you fuck with her you got to fuck with me
And we'll be rapping at your motherfuckin' eulogy, so Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want
Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want Brat-tat-tat-tat, please speak I got the funk in my pocket, shit
stay locked down
The nigga you know who represent them platinum sounds
Now baby Biggie, I done heard that Juicy

Didn't find nothin' but truth in the hook B
You're pledging to wreck with a notorious nigga ready to die
Jump in the Benz, took me a little ride
Round the mountain, broke a left, hit So So Def
And told the nigga JD I was the one, fuck the rest
We funkdaified, kicking it live
Robin Leach teach a nigga how to really survive
Whether it be track or blunt, ain't no need to front
Got what you need and I take everything you ever wanted
Nigga, we comin' mass, his pimpin' ass
His glass is full of Moet, the Rolex is bar-bayed
Parkade, B to the R A T
Rolling off swoll on chrome 17
Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want
Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want
Lay back, listen to the B side, slide, glide
Do whatever you want, get out your lighters
We be the rhyme writers, starters from the heart of College Park
New York, Chicago, wherever you wanna go

Songwriters

Wallace, Christopher / Harris, Shawntae / Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Calhoun, Raymond James
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>