Notorious Thugs

The Notorious B.I.G.

(Just) Bone and Biggie Biggie
We gonna rock the party
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie
Rock the party, party
Yes Bone and Biggie Biggie
Betta run and tell everybody
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie
Everybody, everybody

(Let's) Ride let's ride let's ride let's ride
Get high, get high, get high, c'mon
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No-to-rious, Thugs
Nuthin but them thugsters
Nuthin but them thugster thugsters
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Armed and dangerous, ain't too many can bang with us
Straight up weed no angel dust, label us Notorious
Thug ass niggaz that love to bust, it's strange to us
Y'all niggaz be scramblin, gamblin
Up in restaraunts with mandolins, and violins
We just sittin here tryin to win, tryin not to sin
High off weed and lots of gin
So much smoke need oxygen, steadily countin them Benjamins
Nigga you should too, if you knew
What this game'll do to you
Been in this shit since ninety-two
Look at all the bullshit I been through
So-called beef with you know who
Fuck a few female stars or two
Nigga, blue light, nigga, move like Mike, shit
not to be fucked with
Motherfucker better duck quick, cause
Me and my dogs love to buck shit
Fuck the luck shit, strictly aim
No aspirations to quit the game
Spit yo' game, talk yo' shit
Grab yo' gat, call yo' click

Squeeze yo' clip, hit the right one
Pass that weed, I got to light one
All them niggaz I got ta fight one
All them hoes I got ta like one
Our situation is a tight one
Whatcha gonna do, fight or run?
Seems to me that you'll take B
Bone and Big, nigga die slowly
I'ma tell you like a nigga told me
Cash Rule Everything Around Me
Shit, lyrically, niggaz can't see me
Fuck it, buy the coke
Cook the coke, cut it
Know the bitch 'fore you caught yourself lovin' it
Nigga with a Benz fuckin it
Doesn't it seem odd to you
Big come through with mobs and crews
Goodfellas down to the Mo Thugs dudes
Who's the killa, me or you?

(We forgive you, for you know not what you do)

Seven A.M. woke in the mornin
With Hen and caffine and green and nicotine
No dough so pop a couple of doze
Lil Ripsta, nigga Mista Clean
Nigga Dean, deep in my temple and not to get
sentimentally sting, wit my
Instrumelody, and heated
especially for your team
And a forty-five indeed will beam
in between the scenes destroy your dreams
You willin to die, we'll see
how many flees when I cause the scene
We mean mug, Mo Thugs
Trained to be perfect, disciples
When it's survival tongue, never double-edged sword
Triple, six rivals spittin fire
This the real truth, bitch
Breakin out for lies
My Messiahs better be ready for Armageddeon shit's expired
It's wild, bless the child
The one that became a man
Put in positions off in the Claire
All that I had to do was stare

Test me now, contender never no surrender no pretend
Pick up my pen, in my hand
One of my trusted friend friend, hey
Open it let's see if we're real, we all suited
Beg my pardon to Martin
Baby we ain't marchin we shootin
In daily recruitin there's a tough law
Everyday in the ghetto
We start em off little we give em a bottle
and a pen and a pad to hit the label kick it

Nigga roll wit Bone up into the Thug spot
To the dome wit a shot of bird
Never get tossed to the curb
Be feelin that urge to splurge
But I'm broke as fuck son gimme that Mossberg swerve
Up into my bag, cause I gotta get my mask and shells
to put in this twelve gauge sawed off
Get em all off, nigga yo' loss, take it all off
Got a nigga car door
But the Bone not Leatherface, too many are thinkin they Thugs
They need the most help to pull it in doves
And bitch if you stickin we buckin them guzzlers, fucked up
Now let me get done with the grime
Gotta go purchase a dime
Put in a state to get done with the crime
Smokin the reefer to ease my mind
Swig some wine, step on the block with the rocks
But Willie be servin em clemency
Gotta buck him on down if he come back talkin
like gimme back me money
Thuggin with me killers, need us a leader
or liquor but niggaz ain't got shit
Wit a sawed off pump chrome thirty-eight pistol
Now who ready to get bent
Nigga like me feenin for them green leaves
But I ain't had no dough
Gotta make some money so
I'm makin my dummy rocks if I go broke

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Yeah, Little Lay hey comin in the form of scripture
Finna get ya and hit ya wit magic
Droppin down licks betta call on my gadgets
With an automatics status we spray time to load the glocks
But I'm thinkin not
There's another he forced tellin me do what I gotta do
So my otha potnah nigga die tonight
And I'm always runnin from the boys in blue
Biggie booms on my ass now provide the cellular phone
The carphone, what's happenin
Grab artillery niggaz start packin
Cause a motherfucker try to get me in a jacket, and I did him
Hit him right between the eyes, despise the wise
Wanna test a nigga size, that'll cost him
Nigga fuck around wit the wrong shit
Y'all get mo murdered all day all day
We done paved the way and I'm on the run
I'ma call my boys and bring all the guns
Y'all niggaz wanna have a little fun wit number one
One, one, then it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum
But it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum
But it red red rum

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