

# 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

Let's ride let's ride let's ride let's ride

Get high, get high, get high

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Everybody, everybody

No-to-rious, Thugs

Nuthin but them thugsters

Nuthin but them thugster thugsters

No-to-rious, Thugs

Nuthin but them 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  
But it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum  
But it red red rum

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written by Combs, Sean / Wallace, Christopher / Henderson, Anthony / Jordan, Steven A / Mc Cane, Bryon /  
Howse, Steven

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