

# Whatchu Want

## Notorious B.i.g.

Throw your hands in the sky, nigga  
I'm stickin' ice picks on the tip of ya dick  
Give your testicles a swift kick, ain't that some shit?  
Am I hard hardcore, harder than a Plymouth  
It ain't no myth, it's a nigga with the spliff  
And a chrome four fifth pressed on ya back  
So what you want, nigga? How you wanna act?  
I hope civilized 'cause I love to see niggaz die  
Brains all leakin' out on the street  
And the pastor preachin', he was a good man  
Played the bad man when the burner was in his hand  
Now he's singin' sad songs with Elvis  
Three to the head, 'bout six cross the pelvis  
Ya fuck with the high guy, ya die  
Yeah, the same motherfucker kickin', look up in the sky  
I'm on some old neck shit  
Suplex shit, hardcore sex shit, and Tec shit  
Whatchu want, nigga?  
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A repetitive loop  
All I need to destroy a soloist or group  
Huh, I put it to ya boy  
Hope you got the scoop  
Biggie Smalls, the rap genius  
I keep the glock by the penis, the cleanest cut  
Fuck the sluts with the big humongous butts  
Huh, I use a rubber, but  
My style is gushy like the hooker's pussy  
And it don't take a lot of back talk to push me

Into flamin' 'em like that little nigga Damien  
Pop 19 to my motherfuckin' cranium  
Game tight, gun totin' motherfucker  
Niggaz in the grave thought Biggie was a sucker  
I tricked 'em, I gave 'em work then I sticked 'em  
I stripped 'em, 'cause niggaz don't want the friction  
Told you before how I bring the drama  
Slam Larry Johnson and his Grand mama  
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Lucky Lefty of the Commission, bow down  
By now you fuckers know this is our crown  
Two Uptown bullies, Brooklyn Biggie  
Bedstuy Hov like Bedstuy Gold  
Behold the flyest  
Bentley drivers, Louis Vuitton buyers  
Jet fuel abusers, sippin' Patruise  
Once Upon A Time In America's muse  
You based on us, you fiction  
Ya eight's don't bust, you a constant contradiction  
Ladies please use contraception  
Conception's at a all time high with sexin', use protection  
You fuckers shoulda never been born  
Shoulda never got signed, how the fuck you got on?  
How the fuck you got Shawn?  
I'm too advanced, the Lance Armstrong of the dance  
Rubberband man before T.I. was  
King of New York like B.I. was  
B.K. all day, it's in my blood  
You wanna see my mask and gloves?  
What the fuck you want?  
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(Whatchu want, nigga? Whatchu, whatchu want nigga?)  
Two of the world's greatest, Brooklyn's Finest  
The Commission lives on, BIG Forever  
The Biggie Duets, let's go

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