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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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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