

# Niggas Bleed

## Notorious B.i.g.

Today's agenda, got the suitcase up in the Sentra  
Go to room 112, tell 'em Blanco sent you  
Feel the strangest, if no money exchanges  
I got these kids in Ranges, to leave them niggas brainless  
All they tote is stainless, you just remain as  
Calm as possible, make the deal go through  
If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do  
Please make your killings clean, slugs up in between  
They eyes, like 'True Lies', kill 'em and flee the scene  
Just bring back the coke or the cream  
Or else, your life is on the shelf, we mean this Frank  
Them cats we fuckin' wit put bombs in yo' moms gas tank  
Let's get this money baby, they shady, we get shady  
Dress up like ladies and burn 'em with dirty 380's  
Then they come to kill our babies, that's all out  
I got gats that blow the wall out, clear the mall out  
Fuck the fallout, word to Stretch I bet they pussy  
The seven digits push me, fuckin' real, here's the deal  
I got a hundred bricks, fourteen-five a piece  
Enough to cop a six, buy the house on the beach  
Supply the peeps with Jeeps, brick apiece, capiche?  
Everybody gettin' cream no one considered them leech  
Think about it now, that's damn near one-point-five  
I kill 'em all I'll be set for life, Frank pay attention  
These motherfuckers is henchmen, renegades  
If you die they still get paid, extra probably  
Fuck a robbery, I'm the boss, promise you won't rob 'em, I promise  
But of course you know I had my fingers crossed  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture me bein' scared of a nigga  
That breathe the same air as me  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture me bein' shook we can both pull burners  
Make the motherfuckin' beef cook  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture a nigga hidin', my life in that man hands  
While he just decidin'  
Niggas bleed just like us  
I'd rather go toe to toe with all of y'all

Runnin' ain't in my protocol  
Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron  
From Tuscon, pushed the black Yukon  
Usually had the slow grooves on, mostly rock the Isley  
Stupid as a young 'un, chose not the moves wisely  
Sharper with game, him and his crooks, called The Juxs  
Heard it was sweet, 'bout three-fifty a piece  
Ron bought a truck, two bricks laid in the cut  
His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up  
That's when Ron vanished, came back, speakin' Spanish  
Lavish habits, two rings, twenty carats  
Here's a criminal, nigga made America's Most  
Killed his baby, mother, brother, slit his throat  
The nigga got bagged with the toast  
Weeded, took it to trial, beat it  
Now he feel he undefeated, he mean it  
Nothing to lose, tattooed around his gun wounds  
Everything to gain, embedded in his brain  
And me I feel the same for this money and diamonds  
Specially if my daughter cryin', I ain't lyin'  
Y'all know the science  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture me bein' scared of a nigga  
That breathe the same air as me  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture me bein' shook we can both pull burners  
Make the motherfuckin' beef cook  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture a nigga hidin' my life in that man hands  
While he just decidin'  
Niggas bleed just like us  
I'd rather go toe to toe with all of y'all  
Runnin' ain't in my protocol  
We agreed to go on shootin' is silly  
Because niggas could be hidin' in showers with Mac-Milli's  
So I freaked 'em, the telly manager was Puerto Rican  
Gloria, from Astoria, I went to war with her  
Peeps in ninety-one, stole a gun from my workers  
And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us  
We blazed they place, long story, Glo' sent my face  
Got shook, thought a nigga was comin' for the safe  
Now she breakin', shut up, 112, what's shakin'?  
A Jamaican, some bitches I swear, they look gay  
In a black Range Rover, been outside all day  
If it's trouble let me know, I'll be on my way

Please, I got kids to feed, I done seen you make niggas bleed  
Nightmare, this bitch don't need it  
Ron, get the gasoline, this spot, we 'bout to blow this  
Get the cash before the cops and Range Rover cats notice  
Room 112, right by the staircase, perfect place  
When they evacuate, they meet they fate  
Ron pass the gasoline, the nigga passed me kerosene  
Fuck it, it's flammable, my hunger is unexplainable  
Strike the match, just what I expected  
The dread kid ejected in seconds  
And here come two, opposite sexes, one black, one Malaysian  
We in the hallway waitin' patient  
As soon as she hit the door we start blastin'  
I saw her brains hit the floor, Ron laughin', I swear to God  
I hit Maxi Priest at least twelve times in the chest  
Spit around, shot the chink in the breast  
She cryin', head shots put her to rest  
Pop open the briefcases, nothin but Franklin faces  
The spot's hot, sprinklers, alarm systems  
That's when other guests start to slip in  
It's time for us to get to dippin'  
I know them niggas in the Range is on they way up  
Flippin', pistol grippin', I load the clip in  
The hallway, got real loud and crowded  
They walked right past us, I don't know how they allowed it  
The funny thing about it, through all the excitement  
They Range got towed, they double parked by a hydrant  
Stupid motherfuckers

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