

# Notorious B.I.G.

## The Notorious B.I.G.

Yo, check it  
Call Lil' Cease  
Tell that motherfucker to bring me some motherfucking weed for this hospital  
Man fuck that  
Tell that reporter to go pick up ten thousand from Dez  
And go take about like twenty G's from Gino  
Tell that motherfucker get this nigga next door up out of here  
Nigga be snoring all night I can't sleep (hehe)  
Call that big butt nurse with the long hair to come suck my dick  
(Bad Boy Big, c'mon)

The doctor said I need about three weeks of recovery  
But the nurses is loving me  
Saying the best part of the day is my half  
Feeding me breakfast, and giving me a sponge bath  
Niggas say I died dead in the streets  
Nigga I'm getting high, getting head on the beach  
Chilling, sitting on about half a million  
With all my niggas, all my guns, all my women  
Next two years, I should see about a billion  
All for the love of drug dealin  
Got no love for the other side, fuck them tricks (fuck them)  
Any repercussion, Junior M.A.F.I.A. spit clips (that's right)  
All the time, Big Poppa kick the war rhymes  
Raw flows, and that's how it goes

Notorious!  
C'mon, we are, we are  
No, NO, NO, Notorious!  
He is.. he is..  
No, No, No, Notorious!

This for my niggaz slingin thangs, had my ring encaged  
Truck, necklace, igloo ring and things  
For the bitches, who see them rims spin and grin  
That shit with the V-trim that win  
And the enormous fields disperse of rap  
On the road to the riches more furs to drag  
More niggaz to kill, than birds to bag

Hit the jeweler and splurge the tab, uh  
Hops, out the truck like, "Trick, what up?"  
Call me Sean if you suck, call me gone when I nut  
That's the end of us, get your friend to fuck  
Untwist and bend her up, you know the deal  
Niggaz talkin real greasy on some ballin shit (that's right)  
Funny how quick these pricks forget  
Actin like I ain't the reason they traded they shit  
Switched that 5, copped that 6 (that's right)  
It's all good, you know who the clone is  
Fuck the Jones's, niggas trying to keep up with the Combses

C'mon y'all  
Notorious!  
We are, we are (what's his name)  
No, no, no, Notorious!  
He is, he is (c'mon, what's his name?)  
No, no, no, Notorious!

Who that queen bitch, keep her glass filled to the rim?  
The Notorious K-I to the M  
That's me, on MTV, no doubt  
Titty out like what, I don't give a fuck!  
Y'all know my attitude, can't stand my cologne  
Then stay your ass home, you and your chaperon  
Things done changed, but we continue to reign  
As the King and the Queen of hip-hop, me and B.I.  
Frank White still listen to all the attention  
I'm by his side, with the chrome fifth, playing my position  
Sexy, young thing, from the ghetto  
That bitch rocking mics in high heel stilettos  
We taking over like Francis  
Switching our styles like the hottest new dancers  
See, I let y'all live to stack a little paper  
Be glad I pushed my album back, I did y'all hoes a favor!

She did you a favor, c'mon now, yeah  
Notorious!  
No, no, no, notorious!  
He is, he is (c'mon, what's his name?)  
Bad Boy baby, D.R. c'mon  
NO, NO, NO, notorious!  
We are, we are  
Queen Bee baby, we are, c'mon  
No, no, no, notorious!

He is, he is (B.I.G. baby, he is c'mon)

No, no, no, notorious!

We are, we are

Bad Boy 2000

No, no, no, notorious!

B.I.G. Born Again (he is.. he is..)

And he won't stop

No, no, no, notorious!

Cause he can't stop, yeah, uh-huh

We are, we are (Brooklyn baby)

No, no, no, notorious!

He is, he is

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