# 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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