

Da B Side

Da Brat

B Side, B side, ha, check it
So So Def ... Bad Boy ... collaboration
The Notorious BIG in the house
We got Da Brat in the house
And me, y'all know who I be
Check it ...I got that shit all you niggas just love to ride to
Funk for your trunk is what I provide you
So slide through your hood with me in your deck
Cause your correct way to get your groove on FLOMPS
And I paid the costs to be the boss as a kid
Fucked around and made some shit you can't fuck with
They thought luck did it, but it didn't cause I'm back again
Back with the Big and my new-found friend Sliding in from the front, never way behind
Niggas wonder how I came with this style of mine
Remain in your seats as I release the clip into yo' hip
Brat and Biggie Smalls...Aw, shit!
On top of all that, I'm so, so remarkable,
Flow to make you motherfuckers know
Ain't an MC coming close to touch
Bitches I like to fuck, guns I like to bust, so...Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want I never knew, niggas had a clue
On who was the king of the street
More deep than a Range Rover jeep, guns under the seat
And my nigga just came home from work, release
Cristal in my lap, chronic in the air
(Brat: Nigga, pass that shit like you just don't care)
Yeah, you on my shit list, Biggie burns spliffs
when I'm pissed, release the Rolex from your wrist
Nigga, no human being, Korean or European
be seein' what Big be seein', I leave 'em peein'
in they draws, because Biggie Smalls
Is far from weak -- Brat-tat-tat, please speak ...
(Brat: Nigga, close your eyes, cause you already see
the Notorious B-R-A-T)
The raw combination, the destination,
Number one tote a gun with no hestiation
Live with the funkdaified cutie pie
Gat by the thigh, the Smalls by her side

If you fuck with her you got to fuck with me
And we'll be rapping at your motherfuckin' eulogy, so ...Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you wantBrat-tat-tat-tat, please speak ...I got the funk in my pocket,
shit stay locked down
The nigga you know who represent them platinum sounds
Now baby Biggie, I done heard that Juicy
Didn't find nuthin but truth, in the hook B
You're pledging to wreck with a notorious nigga ready to die
jump in the Benz, took me a little ride
round the mountain, broke a left, hit SoSoDef
and told the nigga JD I was the one, fuck the rest
We Funkdafied, kicking it live
Robin Leach teach a nigga how to really survive
Whether it be track or blunt, ain't no need to front
Got what you need, and I take everything you ever wanted, nigga
We comin' mass, his pimpin' ass, his glass is full of Moet
The Rolex is bar-bayed, parkade, B to the R-A, T
Rolling off swoll on chrome 17Lay on back, light up the blunts
As we give you motherfuckers just what you wantLay back, listen to the B-Side
Slide, glide, do whatever you want
Get out your lighters
We be the rhyme writers
Starters ... from the heart of College Park,
New York, Chicago ... wherever you wanna go

Songwriters

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