Warning

The Notorious B.I.G.

Who the fuck is this? Pagin me at 5:46
In the mornin, crack of dawn an'
Now I'm yawnin, wipe the cold out my eye
See who's this pagin me, and why
It's my nigga Pop from the barbershop
Told me he was in the gamblin spot, and heard the intricate plot
Of niggaz wanna stick me like flypaper neighbor
Slow down love, please chill, drop the caper
Remember them niggaz from the hill up in Brownsville?
That you rolled dice wit, smoked the blunts and got nice wit
Yeah my nigga Fame up in Prospect
Nah they're my niggaz nah love wouldn't disrespect
I didn't say them, they schooled me to some niggaz
That you knew from back when, when you was clockin minor figures
Now they heard you blowin up like nitro
And they wanna stick the knife through your windpipe slow
So, thank Fame for warnin me cause now I'm warnin you
I got the mac nigga tell me what you gonna do

Damn! Niggaz wanna stick me for my paper
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They heard about the Rolex's and the Lexus
With the Texas license plates outta state
They heard about the pounds you got down in Georgetown
And they heard you got half of Virginia locked down
They even heard about the crib you bought your moms out in Florida
The fifth corridor --
-- call the coroner!
There's gonna be a lot of slow singin, and flower bringin
If my burgular alarm starts ringin
Whatcha think all the guns is for?
All purpose war, got the Rottweilers by the door
And I feed 'em gunpowder, so they can devour
The criminals, tryin to drop my decimals
Damn! Niggaz wanna stick my for my cream
And it ain't a dream, things ain't always what it seem

It's the ones that smoke blunts witcha, see your picture
Now they wanna grab the guns and come and getcha
Betcha Biggie won't slip
I got the calico with the black talons loaded in the clip
So I can rip through the ligaments
Put the fuckers in a bad prediciment, where all the foul niggaz went
Touch my cheddar, feel my Beretta
Fuck what I'ma hit you with you motherfuckers betta duck
I bring pain, bloodstains on what remains
Of his jacket - he had a gun he shoulda packed it
Cocked it, extra clips in my pocket
So I can reload and EXPLODE on ya rasshole
I fuck around and get hardcore
C-4 to ya door no beef no more nigga
Feel the rough, scandalous
The more weed smoke I puff, the more dangerous
I don't give a fuck about you or your weak crew
What you gonna do when Big Poppa comes for you?
I'm not gunnin, nigga I bust my gun an'
Hold on, I hear somebody comin...

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(C'mon nigga) I'm only comin to pass the gat
(Just bring your motherfuckin ass on, come on)
Are we gettin close, huh?
(It's right over here)
Are you sure this Biggie Smalls crib man?
(Yeah I'm sure motherfucker, c'mon!)
Ahh fuck - it better be his motherfuckin house
Fuck right here..
This better be this motherfucker's house
(Oh shit!) What, what's wrong?
(It's that red dot on your head man!)
What red dot on you head. Oh shit! You got a red dot on your head too!

Ohh shit!

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