

I Got a Story to Tell

The Notorious B.I.G.

Who y'all talkin' to man?
Check it out, check it out
This here goes out to all the niggaz that be fuckin' mad bitches
In other niggaz cribs thinkin' shit is sweet
Nigga creep up on your ass
Live niggaz respect it, check it
I kick flows for ya, kick down doors for ya
Even left all my motherfuckin' hoes for ya
Niggaz think frankie pussy whipped, nigga picture that
With a Kodak, Insta-ma-tak
We don't get down like that, lay my game down quite flat
Sweetness, where you parked at?
Petiteness but that ass fat
She got a body make a nigga wanna eat that, I'm fuckin' witchu
The bitch official doe, dick harder than a missile yo
Try to hit if she trippin' dissappearin' like Arsenio
Yo, the bitch push a double-O
With the five in front, probably a connivin' stunt
Y'all drive in front, I'm a peel with her
Find a deal with her, she fuck around and steal, huh?
Then we all get laced
Television's, Versace heaven, when I'm up in 'em
The shit she kicked, all the shit's legit
She get dick from a player off the New York Knicks
Nigga tricked ridiculous, the shit was plush
She's stressin' me to fuck, like she was in a rush
We fucked in his bed, quite dangerous
I'm in his ass while he playin' 'gainst the Utah Jazz
My 112, CD blast, I was past
She came twice I came last, roll the grass
She giggle, sayin', "I'm smokin' on home ground"
Then I heard her moan, honey, I'm home
Yep, tote chrome for situations like this
I'm up in his broad, I know he won't like this
Now I'm like bitch you better talk to him
Before this fist put a spark to him
Fuck around shit, get dark to him, put a part through him
Lose a major part to him, arm, leg
She beggin' me to stop but this cat gettin' closer

Gettin' hot like a toaster, I cocks the toast, uhh
Before my eyes could blink
She screams out, "Honey, bring me up somethin' to drink"
He go back downstairs more time to think
Her brain racin', she's tellin' me to stay patient
She don't know I'm cool as a fan
Gat in hand, I don't wanna blast her man
But I can and I will doe, I probably chill doe
Even though situation lookin' kinda ill yo
It came to me like a song I wrote
Told the bitch gimme your scarf, pillowcase and rope
Got dressed quick, tied the scarf around my face
Roped the bitch up, gagged her mouth with the pillowcase
Play the cut, nigga comin' off some love potion shit
Flash the heat on 'em, he stood emotionless
Dropped the glass screamin', "Don't blast here's the stash
A hundred cash just don't shoot my ass, please"
Nigga pullin' mad G's out the floor
Put stacks in a Prada knapsack, hit the door
Grab the keys to the five, call my niggaz on the cell
Bring some weed I got a story to tell, uhh
Yo man, y'all niggaz ain't gonna believe
What the fuck happened to me?
Remember that bitch I left the club with man?
Yo, freaky yo, I'm up in this bitch playa this bitch
Fuckin run them ol' mink ass niggaz and shit
I'm up in the spot though
[Incomprehensible]One of them six-five niggaz, I don't know
Anyway I'm up in the motherfuckin' spot
So boom I'm up in the pussy, whatever, whatever
I sparks up some lye, Pop Duke creeps up in on some
Must have been rained out or something because he's in the spot
Had me scared, had me scared
I was shook, Daddy but I forget I had my Roscoe on me always
You know how we do
So anyway the nigga comes up the stairs
He creepin' up the steps, the bitch all shook she
Sends the nigga back downstairs to get some drinks and shit
She gettin mad nervous, I said, "Fuck that man
I'm the nigga, you know how we do it, nigga"
Ransom note style put the scarf around my motherfuckin' face
Gagged that bitch up, played the kizzack
Soon this nigga comes up in the spot
Flash the desert in his face, he drops the glass
Looked like the nigga pissed on his-self or somethin, word to mother

Ahh fuck it, this nigga runs dead to the floor, peels up the carpet
Start givin' me mad papers, mad papers
(I told you that bitch was a shiesty bitch 'cuz)
(Word to mother I used to fuck her cousin but you ain't know that)
(You wouldn't know that shit, really though)
(I threw all that motherfuckin' money up in the Prada knapsack)
Two words, I'm gone
(No doubt, no doubt, no doubt)
Yo nigga got some lye, y'all got some lye?
[Incomprehensible]

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