Dead Wrong

The Notorious B.I.G.

Bad boy baby
Yeah, yeah
Junior M.A.F.I.A., yeah
Yeah, B.I.G. 2000
B.I.G. 2000 Born Again, c'mon

The weak or the strong, who got it goin' on
You're dead wrong
The weak or the strong, who got it goin' on
You're dead wrong

Relax and take notes, while I take tokes of the marijuana smoke
Throw you in a choke, gun smoke, gun smoke
Biggie Smalls for mayor, the rap slayer
The hooker layer, motherfucker say your prayers
Hail Mary full of grace, smack the bitch in the face,
Take her Gucci bag and the North Face
Off her back, jab her if she act
Funny with the money oh you got me mistaken honey
I don't wanna rape ya, I just want the paper
The Visa, kapeesha? I'm out like, "The Vapors"
Who's the one you call Mr. Macho, the head honcho
Swift fist like Camacho, I got so
Much style I should be down wit the Stylistics
Make up to break up niggas need to wake up
Smell the Indonesia, beat you to a seizure
Then fuck your moms, hit the skins til amnesia
She don't remember shit! Just the two hits!
Her hittin' the floor, and me hittin' the clits!
Suckin' on the tits! Had the hooker beggin' for the dick
And your moms ain't ugly love, my dick got rock quick
I guess I was a combination of House of Pain and Bobby Brown
I was "Humpin' Around" and "Jump-in Around"
Jacked her then I asked her who's the man, she said, "B-I-G"
Then I bust in her E-Y-E (Yo Big, you're dead wrong)

"I don't care what nobody say"
"I don't care what nobody say"
"I don't care what nobody say"

"I don't care what nobody say"
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When I get dusted, I like to spread the blood like mustard
Trust it, my hardcore rain leaves you rusted
Move over Lucifer, I'm more ruthless, huh
Leave your toothless, you'll kibbitz, I'll flip it
Tears don't affect me, I hit 'em with the tech G
Disrespect me, my potency is deadly
I'm shootin' babies, no ifs ands or maybes
Hit mummy in the tummy if the hooker plays a dummy
Slit the wrist of little sis
After she sucked the dick, I stabbed her brother with the icepick
Because he wanted me to fuck him from the back
But Smalls don't get down like that
Got your father hidin' in a room, fucked him with the broom
Slit him down the back and threw salt in the wound
Who you think you're dealin' with?
Anybody step into my path is fuckin' feelin' it!
Hardcore, I got it sucked like a pussy
Stab ya til you're gushy, so please don't push me
I'm using rubbers so they won't trace the semen
The black demon, got the little hookers screamin'
Because you know I love it young, fresh and green
With no hair in between, know what I mean?

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Ladies and gentlemen

There's several different levels to Devil worshippin' horse's heads,
Human sacrifices, cannibalism, candles and exorcism
Animals havin' sex with 'em, camels mammals and rabbits
But I don't get into that, I kick the habit - I just,
Beat you to death with weapons that eat through the flesh
And I never eat you unless the fuckin', meat looks fresh
I got a lion in my pocket, I'm lyin', I got a nine in my pocket
And baby I'm just, dyin' to cock him
He's ready for war, I'm ready for war
I got machetes and swords for any fagot that said he was raw
My uz' as, heavy as yours, yeah you met me before
I just didn't have as large an arsenal of weapons before
Marshall will step in the door, I lay your head on the floor
With your body spread on the bedspread, red on the wall
Red on the ceilin', red on the floor, get a new whore
Met on the second, wet on the third,
Then she's dead on the fourth - I'm dead wrong

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Uh-huh, and we won't stop, because we can't stop

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