

# I Got A Story To Tell

## 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' dissapearin' 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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