Hypnotize

The Notorious B.I.G.

Uh, uh, uh, c'mon

[Verse One:]

Hah, sicker than your average Poppa
Twist cabbage off instinct niggas don't think shit stink
pink gators, my Detroit players
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn
Dead right, if they head right, Biggie there every night
Poppa been smooth since days of Underroos
Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who
do something to us, talk go through us
Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us
Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff (ehehehe)
Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch
Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3
(Take that, take that, take that, ha ha!)
Bang every MC easily, busily
Recently niggas fronting ain't saying nothing (nope)
So I just speak my piece, (c'mon) keep my piece
Cubans with the Jesus piece (thank you God), with my peeps
Packing, asking who want it, you got it nigga flaunt it
That Brooklyn bullshit, we're on it

Biggie Biggie Biggie can't you see
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me
And I just love your flashy ways
This is why their broke, and you're so paid (uh)

Biggie Biggie Biggie (uh-huh) can't you see (uh)
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me (hip to)
And I just love your flashy ways (uh-huh)
This is why their broke, and you're so paid (hah)

[Verse Two:]

I put hoes in NY onto DKNY (uh-huh)
Miami, D.C. prefer Versace (that's right)
All Philly hoes, dough and Moschino (c'mon)

Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi (haaaaah!)
Now who's the real dookie, meaning who's really the shit
Them niggas ride dicks, Frank White push the sticks
on the Lexus, LX, four and a half
Bulletproof glass tints if I want some ass
Gonna blast squeeze first ask questions last
That's how most of these so-called gangsters pass
At last, a nigga rappin bout blunts and broads
Tits and bras, m

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