Warning

Notorious B.i.g.

Who the hell 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 whyIt's my man Pop from the barbershop
Told me he was in the gamblin' spot and heard the intricate plot
Some people wanna stick me like flypaper neighbor
Slow down love, please chill, drop the caperRemember all you people from the hill up in Brownsville?
That you rolled dice wit, smoked the blunts and got nice wit
Yeah, little Fame up in Prospect
Nah they're my people, nah love wouldn't disrespectI didn't say them, they schooled me to some types
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 I'm warnin' you
I got the mac Biggie tell me what you gonna do?Damn, why they wanna stick me for my paper
Damn, why they wanna stick me for my paper
Damn, why they wanna stick me for my paper
Damn, why they wanna stick me for my paperThey 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 downThey 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 burglar alarm starts ringin'Whatcha think all the g*** is for?
All purpose war, got the Rottweilers by the door
And I feed 'em ***powder, so they can devour
The criminals, tryin' to drop my decimalsDamn, people wanna stick me for my cream
And it ain't a dream, things ain't always what it seem
It's the ones that smoke *** witcha, see your picture
Now they wanna grab the guns and come and getchaBetcha 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 bodies in a bad predicament, where all the foul people wentTouch my cheddar, feel my Beretta
Buck what I'ma hit you with you motherfuckers betta duck
I bring pain, bloodstains on what remains
Of his jacket he had a ** he shoulda packed itCocked it, extra clips in my pocket
So I can reload and explode on ya ***hole
I mess around and get hardcore

C-4 to ya door no beef no more ***Feel the rough, scandalous
The more w*** smoke I puff, the more dangerous
I don't give a damn about you or your weak crew
What you gonna do when Big Poppa comes for you?
I'm not runnin', chump, I bust my gun an'
Hold on, I hear somebody comin'Come on n****, I'm only comin' to pass the gat
Just bring your mother*** *** 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 mother***, c'monAh fuck it better be his mother*** house
F*** right here, this better be this mother*** house
Oh s***, what, what's wrong? It's that red dot on your head man
What red dot? Oh s***, you got a red dot on your head too, oh s***

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