

Can I Get Witcha

The Notorious B.I.G.

Huh?
Cease-a-Lee'
Doggytyle.. YEAH!
B.I.G.
Uhh.. to all the ladies in the house!
Where they at?
Uhh, uhh, check it out
C'mon Big

Another day in the ghetto
One look outside I'm already upset yo
It look about a hundred-and-two
It's a Saturday and Biggie ain't got nuttin to do
Uhh, I'm interrupted by a phone ring
Sometimes I wish I never got the motherfuckin thing
"Hello hello? Can I speak to Biggie?"
Yo who dis? "Taisha" Yo call back, I'm busy
Why don'tcha hit me on the box a little later
Washed up, got dressed, hits the elevator
Steps out it's the same old scene
Dopefiend, crackfiend, eyewitness news team
I seen a honey with a butt lookin butter soft
I know she looks much better with them clothes up off
Sittin all thick, with the ruby red lipstick
That's the one I gotta get with

Can I get wit'cha, can I get wit'cha
Can I get wit'cha, can I get wit'cha
"Why you wanna get with me?"
Cause you got a big B-U-T, T, see
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She said "If I get witchu
I gotta get witcha whole hood rat crew
Whatcha I think I do? Sling skins for a livin
My name ain't November, this ain't Thanksgivin

You aint Michael Bivins
Mack it up flip it, rub it down
Do me baby, I ain't down
My name ain't Tupac I don't "Get Around"
You hittin this nigga, how that sound?"
Huh, first of all you got me mixed up with
Somebody ya done slept with, hold up
That's my Neneh Cherry shit, I got somethin slicker
Let me just sip up on this liquor
All I wanna do is smoke a little chronic
Slam ya like Onyx, and get ya hooked on
this Biggie Smalls phonics, 102
How to squeeze 22's in them Reeboks shoes, HUH?

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I said walk me upstairs, cause I forgot my Phillies
She said "I don't care, just dont be actin silly"
I knew I had her trapped with my hardcore rap
And it wouldn't take a second 'fore I had her on her back
Foolin with the bra strap, threw on my Silk cd
cause, "I wanna get freaky wit'chou"
Lose control on the skins is all I can picture
Now I'm about to hitcha

Can I get wit'cha (can I get wit'cha)
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"Why you wanna get with me?"
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Uhh.. Lil' Cease.. yo, yo, yo
To all my hoes, respect due
Tamika sorry I left you
Michelle I'm glad I met you
You make the head feel special
Now I know it's official
That I can touch and tease you
Pull up my pants and diss you

And hit the door you came through
Its Cease-a-Lee, a.k.a. Mista Nasty
Germany style, these hoes they blast me
One of the chickenhead with sex appeal pass me
That's her hands, ankles, feet they ashy
I like the flashy type, who pass with dykes
With long hair, and they ass be right
I get up on that ass, see what that be like
I fuck a bitch good, if she ask me right, huh

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