

Running Your Mouth

The Notorious B.I.G., Snoop Dogg, Fabolous, Nate D

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?
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Where Brooklyn at? One, two, three and
Now they say you ain't never suppose to envy no man
Can't tell that to a dingy old man
Who see a young *** getting plenty dough man
Icy Audemar, Hendy gold band
With a mean girl like Lindsay Lohan
That's why I keep the nine in the Bently door pan
Trust it's gon' bust you roll on us
Know it's gon' blow for my dough
Why would you try with that guy?
Scene told you he keep it G
We can bang like the two chains on my neck
The hood is Iraq, I'm Hussein in the 'jects
The coup's up, take the new Lame for a sec
Twelve inches up, new cane in the deck, ***
Right now with a *** and a coozie
And I'm goin' out like Keyshia with the ***
They talk about it, we all about it
They making plans, we sit and counting
Our cheddar stack, it's just like a mountain
You heard about it 'cause she running her mouth
She wants to ride and she's trying to hide it
I'm cool as ever, she's too excited
Her man look like he want to fight
He ain't doing nothing, but running his mouth
*** around and feel the fury of a high, ***
When I get busy, throw your hands in the sky, ***
I got the illest of the ill mentality, *** be grabbing me
Knowing that they'd rather be stabbing me
All up in my back trying to take my track
When I used to sell ***, I ain't had problems like that
Street rules, watch your pockets and your jewels
A *** front, throw the gat to the fool
Necks wanna move, buts getting ***
Streets to a flows from the ill, ghetto ***
As I release masterpieces like adhesive

Stuck to your *** like tissue when you're wiping fast
MC's have a hard time believing
I mark with death, hard to kill like Steven
When Jake come, I'm leaving, the black man's motto
You got a better chance playing Lotto, what you want, ***?
They talk about it, we all about it
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Ah, yo, now watch me dip-dip-di-dive all over the beat
Now watch me drip-drip-dri-di all over the street
The general consensus is you'll be the dominating fleet
Bitch raw and let me continue to bring the heat
You know who been the kings of the block, the kings of the drops
The kings of the crap music and the kings of the cross
***, fire then, drop shit like the purest of powder
That's why most of these *** little song be sounding like ours
Couple years ago, *** probably thought I was dying
Now same *** are idolizing, put our face in the shrine
Yeah, I took a little time to cook and show you what's really hot
How the *** any of you *** think, you feeling my spot?
Why you *** getting mad at us? We shit on your floors
All in your house, ***, our strategies is different from yours
Listen, you come, you can do it while I continue to preach
Snoop, fam, bigger bust of the stand if you can't reach, let's go
Run for your gun, you suckers, B I G I'm a get them, mother***
Don't you worry about a thing, bang-bang-boogie
I got a few chickens that's gon' work that noggie
In the lack with a sack, go and put it on the mat
What it do, nephew
(Where Brooklyn at?)
Uh, turning it out, run in your house
Gun in your mouth, ***, quit running your mouth
They talk about it, we all about it
They making plans, we sit and counting
Our cheddar stack, it's just like a mountain
You heard about it 'cause she running her mouth
She wants to ride and she's trying to hide it
I'm cool as ever, she's too excited
Her man look like he want to fight
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What you really want from a ***?

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