I Love The Dough

Notorious B.i.g.

Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh
Hah, what, I like this
Uhh, uhh, I like this
What? Uhh, what? Uhh
We push the hottest V's, peel fast through the city
Play Monopoly with real cash, me and Biggie and the models be
Shaking they saditty ass and parotta be
Somethin' you cats got to see
And the watches be all types and shapes of stones
Bein' broke is childish and I'm quite grown
Run up in the club with the ice on, me and Paisan'
Scope the spot out, see somethin' nice and I'm gone
You cats is home, screamin' the fight's on
I'm in the fifteen hundred seats, watchin' Tyson
Same night, same fight
But one of us cats ain't playin' right, I let you tell it
People place yourselves in the shoes of two felons
And tell me you won't ball every chance you get
And any chance you hit, we live for the moment
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars
Cats pop bottles bone chicks that favor Idalis
And rack up frequent flier mileage
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey
I love the dough, more than you know
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey
I'm poppin' Magnums while Jigga bag somethin'
Watch is platinum, got jet lag from
Flights back and forth, pop corks of the best grapes
Make the best CD's and the best tapes
Don't forget the vinyl, take girls break spinals
Biggie be Richie like Lionel, shit
You seen the Jesus, dipped to H classes
Ice project off lights, chick flashes
Blind your broke asses, even got rocks in big mustaches
Rock top fashions
Ain't shit changed, except the number after the dot
On the Range, way niggaz look at me now, kinda strange
I hate y'all too
Rather be in Carribean sands with Rachael

It's unreal, out the blue Frank White got sex appeal
Bitches used to go, 'W', still tote steel
Trying' to see five mil off the single, for real
You ain't fazing' the amazing', while your gun's raisin', mine is blazing'
See you on see me all talking' to sweetness
Take it for weakness and leave quick
Blocker, Roch-a-, Fella, Bad Boy collaborate
Two MC's with mad dough, ju' know
I love the dough, more than you know
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey
I love the dough, more than you know
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey
Miraculous, pockets stay full
Niggaz skip the bull 'cause we matadors
Snatch the P-89's that we pack in the drawers
And we, clappin' doors in your Acuras
Snap like, cameras on amateurs
Make you all dance, hold a hammer to yours
Jig and Big rock ice, no cracks or flaws
Everybody got a part to play, back to yours
Run up in your crib now, crack your doors
Watch the real players live, it's a habit to floss
Play the charts like the Beatles, y'all adapt you lost
And toast Cristal on behalf of y'all
Too bad for y'all, ain't too many as bad as yours
Truly, do we, we laugh at y'all, little bastards y'all
Uhh, uhh, we hit makers with acres
Roll shakers in Vegas, you can't break us
Lost chips on Lakers, gassed off Shaq
Country house, tennis courts on horseback
Ridin' decidin' cracked crab or lobster
Who say mobsters don't prosper
Niggaz is actors, niggaz deserve Oscars
Me I'm, critically acclaimed, slug past your brain
Reminisce on dames who, coochie used to stink
When we rocked house pieces and puffy Gucci links
Now we buy homes in unfamiliar places
Tito smile every time he see our faces
Cases catch more than outfielders
Half these rappin' cats, ain't seen war
Couldn't score if they had point game, they lame
Speak my name, I make 'em dash like Dame
I love the dough, more than you know
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey
I love the dough, more than you know

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