

# The What

## Notorious B.i.g.

I used to get feels on a bitch  
Now I throw shields on the dick to stop me from that HIV shit  
And nigga's know they soft like a Twinkie filling  
Playin' the villain, prepare for this rap killin' Biggie Smalls is the illest, your style is played out  
Like Arnold wondered, "What you talkin' 'bout Willis?"  
The thrill is gone, the black Frank White  
Is here to excite and throw dick to dykes Bitches, I like 'em brainless, guns, I like 'em stainless steel  
I want the fuckin' fortune like the wheel  
I squeeze gats till my clips is empty  
Don't tempt me, you don't want to fuck with Biggie Here I am, I'll be damned if this ain't some shit  
Come to spread the butter lyrics over hominy grit  
It's the low killer death trap, yes I'm a jet, black ninja  
Comin' where you rest at, surrender Step inside the ring, you're the number one contender  
Lookin' cold booty, like your pussy in December  
Nigga stop bitchin', button up ya lip and  
From Method, all you gettin' is a can of ass whippin' Hey, I'll be kickin' you son, you doin' all the yappin'  
Actin' as if it can't happen  
You front and got me mad enough to touch somethin'  
Yo, I'm from Shaolin Island and ain't afraid to bust somethin' So what ya want nigga, ya want nigga  
I got a six shooter and a horse named Trigger, it's real  
Ninety four, rugged raw, kickin' down your god damn door  
And it goes a little somethin' like this Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get ya gotta work hard for it  
Honey's shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And nigga's pack the clips, keep on, bitch Verse two, comin' with that Old E brew  
Meth-tical, puttin' nigga's back in I.C.U  
I'm lifted troop, you can bring your wack ass crew  
I got connections, I'll get that ass stuck like glue No question, I be comin' down and shit  
Yo, I gets rugged as a motherfuckin' carpet get  
And nigga's love it, not in the physical form but in the mental  
I spark and they cells get warm, I'm not a gentle Man, I'm a Method Man  
Baby accept it, utmost respect it and  
Assume the position, stop look and listen  
I spit on your grave then I grab my Charles Dickens, bitch Welcome to my center, honey's feel it deep in their  
placenta  
Cold as the pole in the winter, far from the inventor  
But I got this rap shit sewed and when my Mac unloads  
I'm guaranteed another video Ready to die, why I act that way?  
Pop Duke left Mom Duke, the fagot took the back way

So instead of makin' ho's suck my dick up  
I used to do stick up 'cause ho's is irritatin' like the hiccups  
Excuse me, flows just grow through me  
Like trees to branches, cliffs to avalanches  
It's the praying mantis, deep like the mind of Farrakhan  
A motherfuckin' rap phenomenon and plus I got more glocks and techs than you  
I make it hot, nigga's won't even stand next to you  
Nigga touch me, you better bust me three times in the head  
Or motherfucker's dead, you thought so  
Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get ya gotta work hard for it  
Honey's shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And nigga's pack the clips, keep on  
Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get ya gotta work hard for it  
Honey's shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And nigga's pack the clips, keep on, yeah  
[Incomprehensible]

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