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 dykesBitches, 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 BiggieHere 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, surrenderStep 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 thisFuck 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, bitchVerse 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 glueNo 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 gentleMan, 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, bitchWelcome 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 videoReady 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 hiccupsExcuse 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 plusI 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 soFuck 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 onFuck 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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