Mo Money Mo Problems

The Notorious B.I.G.

Now, who's hot, who not?
Tell me who rock? Who sell out in the stores?
You tell me who flopped? Who copped the blue drop?
Who's jewels got rocks? Who's mostly Dolce down to the tube sock?
The same old pimp, Mase, you know, ain't nothing change but my limp
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
Guarantee a million sales pulling all the love
You don't believe in Harlem World, nigga, double up
We don't play around, it's a bet, lay it down
Nigga didn't know me '91, bet they know me now
I'm the young harlem nigga with the goldie sound
Can't no Ph.D. niggas hold me down, Cooter
Schooled me to the game, now I know my duty
Stay humble, stay low, blow like Hootie
True pimp niggas spend no dough on the booty
(I don't know what) And then ya yell, "there go Mase!" there go your cutie

They want from me it's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see

I don't know what,
They want from me it's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see

Yeah yeah, haha, from the D-to-the-A-to-the-D-D-Y
Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
I call all the shots
Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks
Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin' now's
When all the ballin 'stops,
Nigga never home got a chrome one and a yacht
Ten years from now we'll still be on top
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop
Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool
Bag a money much longer than yours
And a team much stronger than yours,
Violate me this'll be your day, we don't play
Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way
'Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here

For you to shine here, deal with many women but treat dimes fair, and I'm
Bigger than the city lights down in Times Square
Yeah, yeah yeah

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Uh, uh, B.I.G., P-O, P-P-A no info, for the, DEA
Federal agents mad 'cause I'm flagrant
Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement
My team supreme, stay clean
Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that
Cat you see at all events bent
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders
Playboy, I told ya, bein' mice to me
Bruise too much, I lose, too much
Step on stage the girls boo too much
I guess it's 'cause you run with lame dudes too much
Me lose my touch, never that
If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
Where the true players at?
Throw your rollies in the sky
Wave em side to side and keep their hands high
While I give your girl the eye, player please
Lyrically, niggas see, B.I.G. be flossin' jig on the cover of Fortune
Five double oh, here's my phone number your name, I got to know, I got to go
Got the flow down phizat, platinum plus
Like thizat, dangerous on trizack, leave your ass fizzat

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What's goin' on? (somebody tell me) What's goin' on?

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