

# 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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