Niggas Bleed

The Notorious B.I.G.

Today's agenda
Got the suitcase up in the Sentra
Go to room 112, tell 'em Blanco sent ya
Feel the strangest
If no money exchanges
I got these kids in Ranges
Believe them niggas brainless
All they tote is stainless
You just remain as
Calm as possible, make the deal go through
If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do
Please make yo killin's clean
Slugs up in between
They eyes, like True Lies
Kill 'em and flee the scene
Just bring back the coke or the cream
Or else, yo' life is on the shelf
We mean this Frank
Them cats we fuckin' wit' put bombs in yo' moms gas tank
Let's get this money baby
They shady, we get shady
Dress up like ladies
And burn 'em with dirty 380's
Then they come to kill our babies
That all out
I got gats that blow the wall out
Clear the mall out
Fuck the fallout
Word is Stretch, I bet they pussy
The seven digits push me
Fuckin' real
Here's the deal
I got a hundred bricks, 14-5 a piece
Enough to cock a six by the house on the beach
Supply the peeps with Jeeps
Brick a piece
Capiche?
Everybody gettin' cream
No one considered the leech

Think about it now, that's damn near 1 point 5
I kill 'em all I'll be set for life
Frank pay attention
These muthafuckas is henchmen
Renegades, if you die they still get paid
Extra probably, fuck the robbery
I'm the boss
Promise you won't rob 'em, I promise
But of course you know I had my fingers crossed

[Chorus]
Niggas bleed just like us
Picture me bein' scared of a nigga that breathe the same air as me
Niggas bleed just like us
Picture me bein' shook
We can both pull burners, make the muthafuckin' beef cook
Niggas bleed just like us
Picture a nigga hidin'
My life in that man hands, while he jus' decidin'
Niggas bleed just like us
I'd rather go toe to toe with alla y'all
Runnin' ain't in my protocol

Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron
From Tucson, push the black Yukon
Usually has the slow grooves on
Mostly rock the Isley
Stupid as a youngin', chose not to move wisely
Sharper with game, him and his crooks, caught a jooks
Heard it was sweet, 'bout 350 a piece
Ron bought a truck, 2 bricks laid in the cut
His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up
That's the raw vantage, came back, speakin' spanish
Lavish habits, two rings, 20 carats
Here's a criminal
Nigga made America's Most
Killed his baby's mother's brother, slit his throat
The nigga got bagged with the toast, weeded
Took it to trial, beat it
Now he feel he undefeated
He mean it
Nothing To Lose, tattooed around his gun wounds
Everything, the game, embedded in his brain
And me I feel the same for this money and diamonds
'Specially if my daughter cryin', I ain't lyin'

Y'all know the signs

[Chorus]

We agreed to go shoot 'til we silly
Because niggas could be hidin' in showers with Mac Billy's
So I freaked 'em
The telly manager was Puerto Rican
Gloria, from Historia, I went to war with her
Peeps in '91, stole a gun from her workers
And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us
We blaze they place, long story
Glo' sent my face, got shook
Thought a nigga was comin' for the safe
Now she breakin', shut up, 112, what's shakin'
A Jamaican, some bitches I swear
They look gay
In a black Range Rover
Been outside all day
If it's trouble let me know, I'll be on my way
Please I got kids to feed, I done seen you make niggas bleed
Nightmare, this bitch don't leave
Ron, get the gasoline
This spot, we 'bout to blow
Let's get the cash before the cops and Range Rover cats know
Its room 112
Right by the staircase, perfect place
When they evacuate, they meet they fate
Ron pass the gasoline
The nigga pass me kerosene
Fuck it, it's flammable
My hunger is unexplainable
Strike the match, just what I expected
The dread kid ejected in seconds
And here come two
Opposite sexes
One black, one Malaysian
We in the hallway waitin' patient
As soon as she hit the door we start blastin'
I saw her brains hit the floor
Raw laughin'
I swear to God
I hit Maxi Priest at least 12 times in the chest
Spint around, shot the chick in the breast
She cryin', headshots put her to rest

Pop open the briefcases, nothin' but Franco faces
The spots hot, sprinklers, alarm systems
That's when other guests start to slip in
It's time for us to get to dippin'
I know them niggas in the Range is on they way up
Flippin', pistol grippin'
I know they clippin'
The hallway, got real loud and crowded
They walked right past us
I don't know how they allowed it
The funny thing about it
Through all the excitement
They Range got towed, they double parked by a hydrant
Stupid motherfuckers

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