

Sicker than your average Poppa
Twist cabbage off instinct, people don't think shit
Stink pink gators, my Detroit players
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn

Dead right, if they head right, Biggie there Air Nike
Poppa been smooth since days of Underoos
Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who
Do something to us, talk go through us

Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us
Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff
Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch
Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3

Bang every MC easily, busily
Recently people frontin ain't sayin' nothing
Oh, asking if you want it, you got it, baby
Flaunt it, that Brooklyn bullshit, we on it

Biggie, Biggie, Biggie, can't you see?
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me
And I just love your flashy ways
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid
Biggie, Biggie, Biggie, can't you see?
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I put hoes in NY onto DKNY
Miami, D.C. prefer Versace
All Philly hoes, dough and Moschino
Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi

Now who's the real dookie, meanin who's really the shit
Them peoples ride dicks, Frank White push the sticks
On the Lexus, LX, four and a half
Bulletproof glass tints if I want some ass

Gon' blast squeeze first ask questions last
That's how most of these so-called gangsters pass
At last, someone rappin bout blunts and broads
Tits and bras, menage-a-tois, sex in expensive cars
I still leave you on the pavement
Condo paid for, no car payment
At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff
Your daughter's tied up in a Brooklyn basement

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I can fill ya with real millionaire shit
Escargot, my car go, one sixty, swiftly
Wreck it, buy a new one
Your crew run run run, your crew run run

I know you sick of this, name brand someone with
Flows girls say he's sweet like licorice
So get with this, Poppa , it's easy
Girlfriend, here's a pen, call me round ten

Come through, have sex on rugs that's Persian (that's right)
Come up to your job, hit you while you workin (uhh)
For certain, Poppa freakin, not speakin
Leave that ass leakin'

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