

Big Poppa

Mindless Self Indulgence

To all the ladies in the place with style and grace
Allow me to lace lyrical duches in your bushes
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mommys?
The back of the club, sippin Moet, is where you'll find me
The back of the club, mackin hoes, my crew's behind me
Mad question askin, blunt passion, music blastin
But I just can't quit
Because one of these honies Biggie gots ta creep with
Sleep with, keep the ep a secret
Why blow up my spot cause we both got hot
I got more Mack than Craig and in the bed
Believe me sweetie I got enough to feed the needy
No need to be greedy I got mad friends with Benz's
C-notes by the layers, true fuckin players
Jump in the Rover and come over
I got chronic I got chronic I-I-I-I-I-I got the chronic

(I love it when you call me Big Pop-pa)
Throw your hands in the air, if you are a true player
(I love it when you call me Big Pop-pa)
To all the honies gettin money playin niggaz like dummies (ooh)
(I love it when you call me Big Pop-pa)
If you got a gun up in your waist please don't shoot up the place (Why?)
Cause I see some ladies tonight (uh uh)
Cause I see some ladies tonight (uh uh)
Cause I see some ladies tonight who should be havin my baby
Baybeh

(Straight up honey really I'm askin
Most of these niggaz think that they be mackin
But they're just mother-fucking actin)
Who they attractin with that line, "What's your name, what's your sign"?
Soon as he buy that wine I just creep up from behind
And ask you what your interests are, and "who you be with"?
Things to make you smile, what number to dial
You gon' be here for a while, I'm gon' go call my crew
You go call your crew
We can rendezvous at the bar around two
Plans to leave, throw the keys to Lil Cease
Pull the truck up, front, and ROLL UP THE NEXT BLUNT
Conversate for a few, cause in a few, we gon' do
What we came to do, ain't that right boo (truuuuueee)
Forget the telly we just go to my crib
and watch a movie in jacuzzi smokin big L's while you do me

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(How ya livin Biggie Smallz?) In mansion and Benz's

Is givin ends to my friends and it feels stupendous
Tremendous cream, fuck a dollar and a dream
A still tote gats strapped with infrared beams
Choppin o's, smokin lye an' Optimo's
Money hoes and clothes all a nigga knows
A foolish pleasure, whatever
I had to find the buried treasure, so-so-so-so-so-so grams I had to measure
Living better now, Gucci sweater now
Drop top BM's I'm the man girlfriend
Living better now, Gucci sweater now
Drop top BM's, DROP TOP BM'S
(Oh honey, Check it, Tell your friends, to get with MY friends
And we can BE friends
We can do this every god damn weekend...keep bangin)

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