

Biggie

Russ

Yeah, How To Rob

Yeah, I'm limitless without the pill, but I'm still poppin'
Ten albums deep and still droppin'
Haven't found a coffin yet, for these flip floppin' bitches
But I'm still shoppin'
I think I hear the fat lady singing though, Jill Scott
I'm still watching people pay themselves, that's a damn shame
You'll remember what I do and what I did when your man came, from my
fan base
It's what I'm focused on, zoom in
Have me on the Wake Up show, NYC radio, tune in
There's a movement, that you should move wit'
On some cool shit, like George Gervin
My fingers rolling down these girls curves, got 'em purrin'
'Til the birds chirping, then I'm ghost
Imma' make a bunch of my money, move my family to the coast
Imma' put the cape on, fix the game, cause it's broke
Best man for the job, let's have a mu'fukin' toast
Looking back when I closed, my text book
Now I'm known in places round the globe, where I ain't step foot
Blowing on the best kush
When I do smoke, cause I prefer the Nuvo
Actually, Tanqueray, phone full of new hoes
Had to block my ex bitch, like Manute Bol
Team full of MJ's, no Toni Kukoč

Who's show is this?
Are you double dollar sign?
Yeah, I said, who's show is this?
Fuck the show biz, I show you what the biz is
No limits, mutha' fukka'

Show you How To Rob
I said, I'll show you How To Rob
Let me show you How To Rob
I can show you How To Rob
Let me show you How To Rob, yeah
Show you what it is, yeah
Now Imma' show you How To Rob, yeah
Wuh-ooo
Biggie
Baby babay
R-I-P
To the legend
Yeah