

Beef

The Notorious B.I.G.

We here (uh-huh)
We ain't goin nowhere (uh-uhh)

Yall motherfuckers don't know what beef is

Ha ha ha ha ha, check out this bizarre
Rapper style used by me, the B.I.G. (b.i.g.)
I put my key you put your key in, money we'll be seein (c'mon)
Will reach the fuckin ceiling, check it (check it)
My Calico been cocked, this rap Alfred Hitchcock
Drop top notch playa hating won't stop (uhh)
This instant, rappers too persistant
Quick to spit Biggie name on shit
Make my name taste like ass when you speak it, (yeah)
See me in the street your jewelry you can keep it, (keep it)
That'll be our little secret, (shhh)
See me, B that is, I that is, G whiz
Motherfuckers still in my biz (c'mon)
Hope they know my nigga Gutter fuckin kidnip kids (thats right)
Fuck 'em in the ass, throw 'em over the bridge (aaah)
That's how it is, my shit is laid out (laid out)
Fuck that beef shit, that shit is played out (played out)
Y'all got to go, all I make is one phone call
All y'all dissapear by tomorrow (tomorrow)
All your guns is borrowed, I don't feel sorrow (no sorrow)
Actually, your man passed the gat to me, now check this (talk to em)

What's beef? Beef is when you need two gats to go to sleep
Beef is when your moms ain't safe up in the streets
Beef is when I see you, guaranteed to be an ICU, one more time
What's beef? Beef is when you make your enemies start your Jeep
Beef is when you roll no less than thirty deep
Beef is when I see you guaranteed to be a ICU, check it

I done clapped at the best of them
Been caused the death of them
These dudes don't want no more, shit is affecting them
Tops popped off, them niggaz from the bridge
Just be, wildlin' on you line that red dot on you, (take that)
Dont know or warn you, catch them all hogged up
Sober that ass up with clips, the ratchet spit
Number one with the buddhaka, henny-sour diesel
Ain't no tellin what I do to ya
It's obvious ma you ain't fucking keep it moving ma

Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow they shot 'em in their cars
I wish I was there, I would of shot back all em'
They fire return fire put it right back on em'
Sacrafice myself for you no problem, (no problem)
In the flames I burn for my niggaz thats gone
And the niggaz that took the hits on my niggaz you been warned
P's not the one, Hav not the one

You try to run up on us
We already bustin' the guns

They'll be nothin but smooth sailing (talk to em)
When I spit shots, now your crew's bailing (yall don't know what beef is)
All I got is heat and tough talk for you
Tie you up, cut your balls off just for you
Man this is straight torture, look what that slick shit bought ya (c'mon)
A first class ticket to Lucifer, real name Cristopher (yea, chris)
Watch me set it off like Vivica (c'mon thats right)
Here lies your demise, close your eyes (close your eyes)
Think good thoughts, die while your skin start to glisten
Pale blue hands get cold, your soul's risen (damn)
It's bad cause I just begun
What make the shit real bad I was havin fun (hahaha)

Attention MCs.....Attention MCs
Beef doesnt happen on records
Beef does not happen on records
You don't know what beef is, (you don't know what beef is)
You don't want no beef you fuckin fake studio ass gangsta
rapping motherfuckers!, (c'mon man)
Fuck outta here!, (fuck outta here)
Beef is B.I.G. not being here, (b.i.g. we miss you)
Beef is your love ones not being here, (we miss you)
Beef is every so-called ghetto superstar that rose
to the top and dropped just as quickly, (thats beef)
On some bullshit
What's beef 2006?
What's beef (that's beef)
Yall motherfuckers don't know what beef is, (that's beef)
Fuck all yall (bitches)
Bad Boy Bitch we still here