

Notorious Thugs

The Notorious B.I.G.

It's Bone and Biggie, Biggie (8x)
Let's Ride (3x)
Get High (3x)
(4x)

Armed and dangerous
ain't too many can bang with us
straight up weed no angel dust, label us notorious.
Thug ass niggas that love to bust, it's strange to us
you all niggas be scrambling, gambling
up in restaurants with mandolins and violins.
We just sittin' here trying to win, try not to sin
high off weed and lot's of gin
so much smoke need oxygen
steadily countin' them Benjamins.
Nigga you should too, if you knew, what this game'll do to you
been in this shit since '92
look at all the bullshit I been through
so called beef with you know who
fuck a few female stars or two
then a blue light niggas knew like
Mike-shit not to be fuck wit.
Motherfucker better duck quick
'cause me and my dogs love to buck shit,
fuck the luck shit strictly aim
no aspiration to quit the game.
Spit your game, talk your shit, grab your gat, call your clicks,
squeeze your clip and hit the right one
pass that weed I gotta light one
all them niggas I gotta fight one
all them hoes I gotta like one
our situation is a tight one
what you wanna do? fight or run?
Seems to me that you'll take thee,
Bone and Big nigga die slowly
I'm gonna tell you like a nigga told me,
cash rule everything around me.
Shit lyrically, niggas can't see me, fuck it,
buy the coke, cook the coke, cut it,
blow the bitch before you caught yourself loving it -- nigga wit a Benz fuck
ing it.
Doesn't it seem odd to you
Big comes through wit mobs and crews
Goodfellas down to the Mo' Thug dudes
who's the killer? me or you?
(We forgive you for you know not what you do)

Seven A.M. woke in the mornin' with henney and caffeine and green and nicoti
ne
no dough so pop a couple of those, Lil' Rippsta..nigga mista clean, nigga
deep--deep in my temple and now to get, sentimentally steamed, wit
my..instrumelody, and heated especially ball your team, and a 45 indeed will
beam now between the scenes destroy your dreams, you willing to die we'll se
e
how many faces when I cause the scene. We mean mug, Mo' Thugs trying to be
perfect--disciples, when its survival told by the double edged sword triple,
six rivals spittin' fire this the real truth bitch, breaking down for lies m

Y
messiah better be ready for Armageddon shit's expired. it's wild, bless the
child,
the one that became a man
put in positions already there
all that I had to do was stare.
Test me now, contend never no surrender no pretend
pick up my pen and my hand
one of my trusted friend, friend. Hey! open and lets see if ya' real,
we all suited, beg my pardon to Martin, maybe we ain't marchin' we
shootin', and daily recruitin' there's a thug born, everyday in the ghetto,
we start em' off little with hit em' up out with a pen and pad hit me led no
w kick it.....

Nigga roll wit Bone up into the days of ours, to the dome wit a shot or burn
,
never do toss on the curb/me feelin' the urge to sperve, when I'm broke as
fucks and giving that mossburg swerve. Up into my bag, cause I gotta get my
mask
and shells--to put in this 12 gauge sawed off, get em' all off, nigga your
loss, take it all off, got a nigga caught doe. For the Bone and leatherface
seemin' to thug in the cut--to let the mo' how many pulling ain't nothin'--b
itch
if ya stick em' we buckin' em guns that's fucked up. Now lemme get down wit
the
crime, gotta go purchase a dime
put in a state to get down for the crime
smocking the reefa to ease my mind, swig some wine. Step on the block when
the rocks what will I be servin' them dummies see
gotta buck em' on down if he come back talking like gimme back my money.
Thuggin wit me killers,
need us a liter of liquor but niggas ain't got shit but a sawed off pump chr
ome 38 pistol
now who ready to get bent.
Nigga like me feenin' for them green leaves,
but I ain't had no dough
gotta make some money so, I'm making my dummy
rocks if I go broke.

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(2x)

Lil' Lay hey coming in a form of scripture, finna get ya and hit magic
droppin' down lick but I call on my gadgets, with a automatic status we
spray time to load the glocks but I'm thinking not, there's another he force
d telling me do what I gotta do
so I up my pipe a nigga die tonight,
and I'm always waiting for the boys in blue.
Biggie boots on my ass now provide the cellular phone and call Bone what's h
appenin'
grab artillery niggas start packin',
'cause a motherfucker try to get me in a jackin' and I did em'.
Hit em' right between the eyes the spot was wise wanna test a niggas size an
d it cost
em' nigga fuck around wit the wrong shit you all get mo' murdered all day, a
ll day.
We done paved the way and I'm on the run
I'm gonna call my boys and bring all the guns
you all niggas wanna have a little' fun wit number one, one, in a red red
rum rum rum rum rum rum, wit a red red rum rum rum rum rum rum, wit a red re
d rum...

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