

Ultimate Rush

The Notorious B.I.G.

Uh (uh)
Come on (uh)
It goes B to the I to the G so proper
Missy and Big Poppa (Check it out)
Call us chief knockers

Damn Ma, I love you like the lah, the ganja
Sensimilla, can I feel ya
All I wanna do is touch ya
The ultimate rush, you're drugs baby

Don't you know I'm the ultimate? To get this nookie, be fortunate
Just like tastin pussy with pork in it
People stop when I'm walkin in, I'm twist-in twistin 'em
Back on ten, I'm talkin 'bout like when Mase come back again
My ski's is immaculate, my paper stackin keep trackin
I'm mackin yo slackin, reaction makes ya'll dicks grin
I'm mo' better than gold diggers with figures
Mo' bigger than Jigga's and even Paris Hilton's
Damn sir, sniff me like the coke, three lines, me one, give you none
Sent am-ilia, all you wanna do is sniff me
The ultimate rush, get high baby
Damn sir, sniff me like the coke, three lines, me one, give you none
Sent am-ilia, all you wanna do is sniff me
The ultimate rush, the drugs baby

Now Biggie Smalls is not the type to fall in love with 'em
Hit 'em and forget 'em and go handle my business

I like the kind of whine and dine, who grindin all the time
Yo ex girl was a fly, but now lucked up on a dime nigga

?? with you, all you wanna do is lay around
And stay around and get mad when I play around

I like to lay never work, put your money in my purse
To the mall, I go search matchin shoes for my skirt

Tuesday I saw you on the zee, but you still wanna get wit me
Wednesday is the Benz day, that's what your friends say

Me and my friends got your Benz, attractin mens
And spendin dividends, blowin like the wind

So I guess you think I'm slippin cause I ain't flippin
Baby, I'm Big Poppa, ain't no need to be trippin

I ain't trippin nor flippin, I'm just liquor sippin
At the bar, tippin wit your money, can you pay the difference?

It seems like it's a waste of time, that's why I wrote the rhyme
I hear you jump in every car, except for mine

Nigga, I don't jump in cars, I'm a super star
Face way to flaw, you should hang me on your wall

All I do all day is drink Tanqueray
Thinking of a way to put a smile on your face

Make me smile, see them teeth, me look cute down to them features
My waste, my physique, me don't want freak-a-leek

Should I whine and dine? You put ring on your fingers
While sex from the next man in the bedroom lingers

Sex will never linger, hold up, put up the blinkers
I flow just like sprinklers, give yo ass the middle finger

You better slow your role baby, you ain't got enough dough to pay me
You know the pin number, just page me when you will baby