

# Whatchu Want

The Notorious B.I.G.

Throw your hands in the sky, nigga  
I'm stickin' ice picks on the tip of ya dick  
Give your testicles a swift kick, ain't that some shit?  
Am I hard hard core, harder than a Plymouth  
It ain't no myth, it's a nigga with the spliff  
And a chrome four fifth pressed on ya back  
So what you want, nigga? How you wanna act?  
I hope civilized cause I love to see niggaz die  
Brains all leakin' out on the street  
And the pastor preachin' "He was a good man"  
Played the bad man when the burner was in his hand  
Now he's singin' sad songs with Elvis  
Three to the head, bout six cross the pelvis  
Ya fuck with the high guy ya die  
Yeah the same motherfucker yellin' "Look up in the sky!"  
I'm on some old neck shit, Suplex shit, hardcore sex shit, and Tec shit

What you want, nigga?  
(What you want, nigga? What you, what you want nigga?  
What you want, nigga? What you, what you want nigga?)

A repetitive loop  
All I need to destroy a soloist or group  
Huh, I put it to ya boy  
Hope you got the scoop  
Biggie Smalls, the rap genius  
I keep the glock by the penis, the cleanest cut  
Fuck the sluts with the big humongous butts  
Huh, I use a rubber, but  
My style is gushy like the hooker's pussy  
And it don't take a lot of back talk to push me  
Into flamin' 'em like that little nigga Damien  
Pop 19 to my motherfuckin' cranium  
Game tight, gun totin' motherfucker  
Niggaz in the grave thought Biggie was a sucker  
I tricked 'em- I gave 'em work then I sticked 'em  
I stripped 'em, cause niggaz don't want the friction  
Told you before how I bring the dra-ma  
Slam Larry Johnson and his Grandma-ma

What you want, nigga?  
(What you want, nigga? What you, what you want nigga?  
What you want, nigga? What you, what you want nigga?)

Aye yo  
Time to bring 'em back  
Yeah

It's the Commission, niggaz  
B-I-G lives on  
??, Brooklyn  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, Let's go!

It's fuckin' deadly  
Lucky Lefty of the Commission, bow down  
By now you fuckers know this is our crown  
Two Uptown bullies, Brooklyn Biggie  
Bedstuy Hov like Bedstuy Gold  
Behold the fly-est (it's the Commission)  
Bentley drivers, Louis Vuitton buyers  
Jet fuel abusers, sippin' ?Patruise?  
+Once Upon A Time In America+'s muse  
You based on us, you fiction  
Ya eight's don't bust, you a constant contradiction  
Ladies please use contraception  
Conception's at a all time high with sexin'  
Use protection  
You fuckers shoulda never been born, shoulda never got signed  
How the fuck you got on?  
How the fuck you got Shawn?  
I'm too advanced, the Lance Armstrong of the dance  
Rubberband man before T.I. was  
King of New York like B.I. was  
B.K. all day, it's in my blood  
You wanna see my mask and gloves?  
What the fuck you want?

What you want, nigga?  
(What you want, nigga? What you, what you want nigga?  
What you want, nigga? What you, what you want nigga?)

Two of the world's greatest  
Brooklyn's Finest  
The Commission lives on  
BIG Forever  
The Biggie Duets  
Let's go