

The Notorious B.I.G., I Love The Dough

dice game intro

jay z:

uhh, uhh

uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh

hah, how real is this?

uhh, uhh, how real is this?

what? uhh, what?

uhh

verse one jay z:

we push the hottest v's, peel fast

through the city, play monopoly with real cash

me and biggie and the models be, trickin ace, did they ass in

and prada be, somethin you cats got to see

and the watches be all types and shapes of stones

bein broke is childish and i'm quite grown

run up in the club with the ice on, me and my python

scope the spot out, see somethin nice and i'm gone

you cats is home, screamin the fights on

i'm in the fifteen hundred seats, watchin ty-son

same night, same fight

but one of us cats ain't playin right, i let you tell it

people place yourselves in the shoes of two felons

and tell me you won't ball every chance you get

at any chance you hit, we live for the moment

makes sense don't it? now make dollars

cats pop bottles bone chicks that favor l-dollars

and rack up frequent flight mileage

chorus: angela winbush

gotta let it show, i love the dough, hey

i love the dough, more than you know

gotta let it show, i love the dough, hey

verse two: notorious b.i.g.

i'm poppin magnums while jigga bag somethin

watch is platinum, got jet lag from

flights back and forth, pop corks of the best grapes

make the best c.d.'s and the best tapes

don't forget the vinyl, take girls break spinals

biggie be richie like lionel, shit

you seen the jesus, dipped to h classes

ice project off lights, chick flashes

blind your broke asses, even got rocks in big mustaches

rock top fashions

ain't shit changed, except the number after the dot

on the range, way niggaz look at me now, kinda strange

i hate y'all too

rather be in caribbean sounds with rachael

it's unreal, out the blue frank white got sex appeal

bitches used to go, "ewww!"

still tote steel, tryin to see five mil

off the sin-gle, for real

you ain't fazin the amazin

while your guns raisin, mine is blazin

see you on see me all talkin to sweetness

take it for weakness and leave quick

blocka, roc-a-fella, bad boy collabo

two mc's with mad dough, junior uhh (junior mafia)

chorus: angela winbush

i love the dough, more than you know'

gotta let it show, i love the dough, hey

verse three: jay z and notorious b.i.g.
miracu-lous, pockets stay full
niggas skip the bull cause we matadors
snatch the p-89's that we pack in the drawers
and we, clap doors in your acuras
snap like, cameras on amatures
make you all dance, hold the hammer to your's
jig and big rock ice, no cracks or flaws
everybody got a part to play, back to yours
run up in your crib now, crack your doors
watch the real players live, it's a habit to floss
play the charts like the beatles, y'all adapt you lost
and toast cristal on behalf y'all
too bad for y'all, ain't too many as bad as yours
truly, do we, we laugh at y'all
little bastards y'all

uhh, uhh
we hit makers with acres
roll shakers in vegas, you can't break us
lost chips on lakers, gased off shaq
country house, tennis courts and horseback
ridin decidin crack crab or lobster?
who say mobsters don't prosper
niggaz is actors, niggaz deserve oscars
me i'm, critically acclaimed, slug past your brain
reminesce on dames who, coochie used to stink
when we rocked house pieces and puffy gucci links
now we buy homes in unfamiliar places
tito smile everytime he see our faces
cases catch more than outfield-ers
half these rappin cats, ain't seen war
couldn't score if they had point game, they lame
speak my name, i make em dash like dame

chorus: angela winbush
i love the dough, more than you know
gotta let it show, i love the dough, hey
(repeat to fade)