

# The Notorious B.I.G., Machine Gun Funk

Verse One:

So you wanna be hardcore  
With your hat to the back, talkin bout the gats in your raps  
But I can't feel that hardcore appeal  
that you're screamin, baby I'm dreamin  
This ain't Christopher Williams, still some  
MC's got to feel one, caps I got to peel some  
To let niggaz know... that if you fuck with Big-and-Heavy  
I get up in that ass like a wedgie  
Says who? Says me, the lyrical  
Niggaz sayin, "Biggie off the street, it's a miracle"  
Left the drugs alone, took the thugs along with me  
Just for niggaz actin shifty  
Sticks and stones break bones, but the gat'll kill you quicker  
Especially when I'm drunk off the liquor  
Smokin funk by the boxes, packin glocks is  
natural to eat you niggaz like chocolates  
The funk baby

Chorus (repeats 8X)

"I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk" (LOTUG, Chief Rocka)

Verse Two:

All I want is bitches, big booty bitches  
Used to sell crack, so I could stack my riches  
Now I pack gats, to stop all the snitches  
from stayin in my business, what is this? Relentless  
approach, to know if I'm broke or not  
Just cause I joke and smoke a lot  
Don't mean I don't tote the glock  
Sixteen shots for my niggaz in the pen  
Until we motherfuckin meet again  
Huh, I'm doin rhymes now, fuck the crimes now  
Come on the ave, I'm real hard to find now  
Cause I'm knee deep in the beats  
In the Land Cruiser Jeep with the Mac-10 by the seats  
For the jackers, the jealous ass crackers in the (car sirens)  
I'll make you prove that it's bulletproof  
Hold ya head, cause when you hit the bricks  
I got gin, mad blunts, and bitches suckin dick  
The funk baby

Repeat chorus

Verse Three:

So I guess you know the story, the rap-side, crack-side  
How I smoked funk, smacked bitches on the backside  
Bed-Stuy, the place where my head rests  
Fifty shot clip if a nigga wan' test  
The rocket launcher, Biggie stomped ya  
High as a motherfuckin helicopter  
That's why I pack a nina, fuck a misdeameanor  
Beatin motherfuckers like Ike beat Tina  
(What's Love, Got to Do)  
when I'm rippin all through your whole crew  
Strapped like bamboo, but I don't sling guns  
I got bags of funk, and it's sellin by the tons  
Niggaz wanna know, how I live the mack life  
Making money smoking mics like crack pipes  
It's type simple and plain to maintain

I add a little funk to the brain  
Machine Gun Funk baby!

Repeat chorus