

The Notorious B.I.G., Nasty Boy

(Notorious B.I.G. conversating with someone)

Yeahh, worrd

I remember I met this one bitch

Cause you know me I don't see how I'm the nasty motherfucker

I just thought I thought I'da did anything in the world (yeh?)

I meets this one bitch, I comes up in the spot, or whatever

The bitch got the candles lit or whatever, so

She tell me whatever she wanna get her freak on whatever

So I'm like WHASSUP whatchu wanna yaknahmsayin

I'm read to wear it out or whatever (kssss)

The bitch told me she wanted me to shit on her! (*laughing*)

Ya know shit I was like whatchu mean shit?

I mean I might shit on you after I, hit it I won't call you no more

Shit on you like that (*more laughing*)

She talkin about no she want me to cock over her

And shit, on her stomach! (*laughing through his teeth*)

I said bitch what the, what the fuck??

What the fuck I'm sposed to do after I after I shit on her

I'm sposed to hit that after that?

She's just wilding out so after I shits on the bitch right

(*both start laughing*)

Ya know I shit, after I shits on the bitch

The bitch, ya know, washed that shit off or whatever

(Ohhh shit!)

(Puff Daddy) Come on, yeah (repeat 10X)

Uhh, I go, on and on and on and

then take her to the crib and let your bone in

Easy, call em on the phone and

platinum Chanel cologne and

I stay, dressed, to impress

Spark these bitches interest

Sex is all I expect

if they watch TV in the Lex, they know

They know, quarter past fo'

Left the club tipsy, say no mo'

except how I'm gettin home, tomorrow

Caesar drop you off when he see his P.O., uhh

Back of my mind I hope she swallow (uh-huh)

Man She split a drink on my cream Wallows

Reach the gate, hungry just ate

Riffin, she got to be to work by eight

This must mean she ain't tryin to wait

Conversate, sex on the first date I state

"You know what you do to me"

She starts, "Well but I don't usually"

then I, whipped it out, rubber no doubt

Step out, show me what you all about

Fingers in your mouth, open up your blouse

Pull your G-string down South, aooowww

Threw that back out, in the parking lot

By a Cherokee and a green drop-top

And I don't stop, until I screw

Jeans skirt butt-naked it all work

I remember we, went to Tennessee

Then we came home, mad messages was on my phone

Bitch named Symone

Screamin, she feenin, for the semen

Me bein, the man that I am

Took it to her condo, pronto

Half indian, called her Tonto

Roll the kronk ton in the dark pronto

Few buzz, I got load
and off to the bedroom we go *mmmmmm*
Sex is drama, head to trauma
Rip pajamas I'ma stay to tomorrow
Satisfyin all my needs twice
With the whipped cream, handcuffs and ice
The bitch is nice, word is bond
Can't wait to put my niggaz on, what, what?

Ladies, my Mercedes
Hold fo' in the back, two if it's fat
Keep a gat, cause cats, try to test me
They just fans like DeNiro, Wesley
Let's see, the bitch I'm waitin on
Gaudy years teens look like they painted on
Ask thee, leave it up to me
Lay her on back ever so gently
She like the way the dope fold up, Rolls roll up
Cristal just throw up, bitch grow up
Hold up, there's DeGenero
Dripped out, iceberg Capero
Intro goes without speaking
Call me Caese cause I keep em, we can go freakin
all weekend, so, roll in
Ain't it good that my Lex keeps foldin? Uhh