

The Notorious B.I.G., Notorious Thugs

(Intro 1)

It's Bone and Biggie Biggie We gonna rock the party
It's Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 3X) Rock the party, party
Yes Bone and Biggie Biggie Betta run and tell everybody
Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 3X) Everybody, everybody

(Intro 2)

(Let's) Ride let's ride let's ride let's ride
Get high, get high, get high, c'mon
Let's ride let's ride let's ride let's ride
Get high, get high, get high

(Intro 3)

It's Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 4X) We gonna rock the party
Rock the party, party
It's Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 4X) Betta run and tell everybody
Everybody, everybody

(Intro 4)

No-to-rious, Thugs Nuthin but them thugsters
Nuthin but them thugster thugsters
No-to-rious, Thugs Nuthin but them thugsters
Nuthin but them thugster thugsters

(Chorus: Intro 3 and Intro 4 overlapped, Intro 2)

(Biggie)

Armed and dangerous, ain't too many can bang with us
Straight up weed no angel dust, label us Notorious
Thug ass niggaz that love to bust, it's strange to us
Y'all niggaz be scramblin, gamblin
Up in restaraunts with mandolins, and violins
We just sittin here tryin to win, tryin not to sin
High off weed and lots of gin
So much smoke need oxygen, steadily countin them Benjamins
Nigga you'd should too, if you knew
What this game'll do to you
Been in this shit since ninety-two
Look at all the bullshit I been through
So-called beef with you know who
Fucked a few female stars or two
Then I bluelight niggaz knew like Mike, shit
Not to be fucked with
Motherfucker better duck quick, cause
Me and my dogs love to buck shit
Fuck the luck shit, strictly aim
No aspirations to quit the game
Spit yo' game, talk yo' shit
Grab yo' gat, call yo' clique
Squeeze yo' clip, hit the right one
Pass that weed, I got to light one
All them niggaz I got ta fight one
All them hoes I got ta like one
Our situation is a tight one
Whatcha gonna do, fight or run?
Seems to me that you'll take thee
Bone and Big, nigga die slowly
I'ma tell you like a nigga told me
Cash Rule Everything Around Me
Shit, lyrically, niggaz can't see me
Fuck it, buy the coke
Cook the coke, cut it, blow the bitch
Before you call yourself lovin it

Nigga with a Benz fuckin it
Doesn't it seem odd to you
BIG come through with mobs and crews
Goodfellas down to the Mo Thugs dudes
Who's the killa, me or you?

(We forgive you for you know not what you do)

(Bizzy)

Seven A.M. woke in the mornin
With Henny, Caffeine and green and nicotine
No dough so pop a couple of doze
Lil Ripsta, nigga Mista Clean
Nigga Dean, deep in my temple and I do get
sentimentally steamed, wit my
Instrumelody, and heated
especially for your team
And a forty-five indeed will beam
in between the scenes destroy your dreams
You willin to die, we'll see
how many flees when I cause the scene
We mean mug, Mo Thugs
Trained to be perfect, disciples
When it's survival tongue by the double-edged sword
Triple, six rivals spittin fire
This the real truth, bitch
Breakin out for lies
My Messiahs better be ready for Armageddeon six-six-five
It's wild, bless the child
The one that became a man
Put in positions over the pay
All that I had to do was stare
Test me now, contend never no surrender no pretend
Pick up my pen, in my hand
One of my trusted friend friend, hey
Open 'n let's see if we're real, we all suited
Beg my pardon to Martin
Baby we ain't marchin, we shootin'
And daily recruitin there's a thug born
Everyday in the ghetto
We start em off little we give em a bottle
and a pen and a pad to hit the lead now kick it

(Krayzie)

Nigga roll wit Bone up into the Thug spot
To the dome wit a shot of bird
Never get tossed to the curb
Be feelin that urge to splurge
But I'm broke as f*ck son gimme that Mossberg swerve
Up into my bag, cause I gotta get my mask and shells
to put in this twelve gauge sawed off
Get em all off, nigga yo' loss, take it all off
Got a nigga car door
But the Bone not Leatherface, too many are thinkin they Thugs
They need the most help to pull it in doves
And b*tch if you stickin we buckin them guns, tha's f*cked up
Now let me get done with the grime
Gotta go purchase a dime
Put in a state to get done with the crime
Smokin the reefer to ease my mind
Swig some wine, step on the block with the rocks
But Willie be servin em dummies, see
Gotta buck him on down if he come back talkin
like gimme back me money
Thuggin with me killers, need us a liter

of liquor but niggaz ain't got sh*t
Wit a sawed off pump chrome thirty-eight pistol
Now who ready to get bent
Nigga like me feenin for them green leaves
But I ain't had no dough
Gotta make some money so
I'm makin my dummy rocks if I go broke

Chorus: Intro 3, Intro 2

(Layzie)

Yeah, Little Lay hey comin in the form of scripture
Finna get ya and hit ya wit magic
Droppin down licks betta call on my gadgets
With a automatic status we spray time to load the glocks
But I'm thinkin not
There's another evil force tellin me do what I gotta do
So I up ma force, a nigga dyin tonight
And I'm always runnin from the boys in blue
Biggie booms on my a\$\$ now provide the cellular phone
To call Bone, what's happenin
Grab artillery niggaz start packin
Cause a motherfu*ker try to get me in the jackin, and I did him
Hit him right between the eyes, the spot was wise
Wanna test a nigga size, and it cost him
Nigga f*ck around wit the wrong sh*t
Y'all get mo murdered all day all day
We done paved the way and I'm on the run
I'ma call my boys and bring all the guns
Y'all niggaz wanna have a little fun wit number one
One, one, 'n red red rum rum rum rum rum
But it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum
But it red red rum

Chorus: Intro 3, Intro 2, Intro 3, Intro 2