

The Notorious B.I.G., Come On

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Nigga was motherfuckin HYPED UP

Nigga just grabbed the nigga, snuffed the nigga

and it was on from there

The motherfucker there wasn't nuttin stoppin him

□(What what did the rest of his niggaz do?)

Man the motherfuckers was just ready for anything

Them niggaz was packin burners

Them niggaz was ready to fight

whatever we had to do holmes

Niggaz was on the real flipout holmes

It was just comin out like a motherfucker

The nigga amped be like COME ON, COME ON MOTHERFUCKER!!

Chorus: repeat 8X

Come on motherfuckers, come on

(samples play over second half of chorus)

"Man what you fuck doin over here?"

□"Are you awake now?"

"Hell yah I'm awake man;

now tell me what the fuck is goin on here"

□"Looks like the competition stopped by

□to pay us a little visit, and check us out"

(Sadat X)

Let's go deep into the phrase, beautiful sunrays

off the baldhead, everything is real

Biggie me put on this joint so I'ma be the big wheel

Watch it Slim, hey Dad, place yo' bet on seven

Peace to one-oh-six, one-oh-eight, one-to-the-hundred-eleventh

Hey Biggie, I understand you're from Brooklyn

with 22's in your shoes, yo keep the shank ready

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Uhhh well, why not blow up the spot with Sadat

Release the BRAINSTORM, to make your motherfuckin BRAIN WARM

A strange form, somethin kind of lyrical

Biggie the bastard, Sadat's kind of spiritual

Well "In God We Trust", guns I bust

Got that disgustin, sewer style dumpin

and that uhh {*singin*} do you knowwwwww, where you're goin to

Do you like the things that I bring?

{*rappin*} Make an emcee wanna sing for a livin

Take the beatdown we fuckin givin, c'mon motherfucker

Chorus

(Sadat X)

What? Niggaz want drama, puttin work on my block

when I told y'all last week, that shit was too hot

Sellin pieces and treys, cuts my dimes

Somebody gon' get paid, somebody block get sprayed

Reaction is delayed as y'all run down the block

Caught one in your chest, your breath come in spurts

Hey yo Biggie tell these niggaz I'ma hit em where it hurts

The big city it don't spare no bodies

Call me papichulo, to all the spanish mamis

I'm about ten blunts down, drank three or fo' stouts

Seen five fat asses, passed this bitch with glasses

Hey yo money that's yo' stock, yo Bigs pass the glock

I'ma tell him it can happen, don't play me with that rap shit

Life is real, so Biggie take the steel

Chorus

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Uhh

I got seven Mac-11's, about eight, .38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac-10's, the shits never end
You can't touch my riches
Even if you had MC Hammer and them 357 bitches
Biggie Smalls, the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht
The two weed spots, the two hot glocks
HAH, that's how I got the weed spot
I shot dread in the head, took the bread and the landspread
Lil' Gotti got the shotty to your body
So don't resist, or you might miss Christmas
I tote guns, I make number runs
I give emcees the runs drippin;
when I throw my clip in the A.K., I slay from far away
Everybody hit the D-E-C-K
My slow flows remarkable
Peace to Matteo
Now we smoke weed like Tony Montana sniff the llello
That's crazy blunts, mad L's
My voice excels from the avenue to jailcells
Oh my God I'm droppin shit like a pigeon
I hope you're listenin, smackin babies at they christening
So you better grab your pistol
cause if you sit still, I'm gonna make your fuckin shit spill
And I'm talkin bout buckets, why did I have to do it?
Sadat said fuck it, you got a gun, nigga bust it
Cause I got mo' shots to pop-ya
Big Pop-pa, breakin you off somethin proper
Signin off is the hardcore rap singer
a.k.a. crack slinger, bring it anytime nigga

Chorus