

# The Notorious B.I.G., I Got A Story To Tell

Who y'all talkin to man?

Uhh

Check it out, check it out

This here goes out

to all the niggaz that be fuckin mad bitches

in other niggaz cribs

thinkin shit is sweet

Nigga creep up on your ass, hahaha

Live niggaz respect it, check it

I kick flows for ya, kick down doors for ya

Even left all my motherfuckin hoes for ya

Niggaz think Frankie pussy whipped, nigga picture that

With a Kodak, Insta-ma-tak

We don't get down like that, lay my game down quite flat

Sweetness, where you parked at?

Petiteness but that ass fat

She got a body make a nigga wanna eat that, I'm fuck witchu

The bitch official doe, dick harder than a missile yo

Try to hit if she trippin dissapearin like Arsenio

Yo, the bitch push a double-oh

with the five in front, probably a connivin stunt

Y'all drive in front, I'm a peel with her

Find a deal with her, she fuck around and steal, huh?

Then we all get laced

Television's, Versacci heaven, when I'm up in em

The shit she kicked, all the shit's legit

She get dick from a player off the New York Knicks

Nigga tricked ridiculous, the shit was plush

She's stressin me to fuck, like she was in a rush

We fucked in his bed, quite dangerous

I'm in his ass while he playin gainst the Utah Jazz

My 112, CD blast, I was past

She came twice I came last, roll the grass

She giggle, say I don't smoke it on homegrown

Then I heard her moan, honey I'm home

Yep, tote chrome for situations like this

I'm up in his broad I know he won't like this

Now I'm like bitch you better talk to him

Before this fist put a spark to him

Fuck around shit get dark to him, put a part through him

Lose a major part to him, arm, leg

She beggin me to stop but this cat gettin closer

Gettin hot like a toaster, I cocks the toast, uhh

Before my eyes could blink

She screams out, "Honey bring me up somethin to drink!"

He go back downstairs more time to think

Her brain racin, she's tellin me to stay patient

She don't know I'm, cool as a fan

Gat in hand, I don't wanna blast her man

But I can and I will doe, I probably chill doe

Even though situation lookin kinda ill yo

It came to me like a song I wrote

Told the bitch gimme your scarf, pillowcase and rope

Got dressed quick, tied the scarf around my face

Roped the bitch up, gagged her mouth with the pillowcase

Play the cut, nigga comin off some love potion shit

Flash the heat on em, he stood emotionless

Dropped the glass screamin, "Don't blast here's the stash,

a hundred cash just don't shoot my ass, please!"

Nigga pullin mad G's out the floor

Put stacks in a Prater knapsack, hit the door

Grab the keys to the five, call my niggaz on the cell

Bring some weed I got a story to tell, uhh...

Yo man, y'all niggaz ain't gonna believe what the fuck happened to me. Remember that bitch I left the club with man? Yo, freaky yo. I'm up in this bitch playa this bitch fuckin run them ol mink ass niggaz and shit, I'm up in the spot though. One of them six-five niggaz, I don't know. Anyway I'm up in the motherfuckin spot, so boom I'm up in the pussy, whatever whatever. I sparks up some lye, Pop Duke creeps up in on some, must have been rained out or something \*laughing\* because he's in the spot. Had me scared, had me scared, I was shook Daddy - but I forget I had my Roscoe on me. Always. You know how we do. So anyway the nigga comes up the stairs, he creepin up the steps, the bitch all shook she sends the nigga back downstairs to get some drinks and shit. She gettin mad nervous, I said fuck that man! I'm the nigga, you know how we do it nigga, ransom note style put the scarf around my motherfuckin face, gagged that bitch up, played the kizzack. Soon this nigga comes up in the spot, flash the Desert in his face he drops the glass. Looked like the nigga pissed on his-self or somethin, word to mother! Ahh fuckit this nigga runs dead to the floor, peels up the carpet, start givin me mad papers, mad papers. (I told you that bitch was a shiesty bitch cuz! Word to mother I used to fuck her cousin but you ain't know that! Hahaha. You wouldn't know that shit. Really though.) I threw all that motherfuckin money up in the Prada knapsack. Two words, I'm gone! (No doubt, no doubt... no doubt!) Yo nigga got some lye, y'all got some lye? \*conversation fades out\*