

The Notorious B.I.G., Kick In The Door

Welcome back. *audience applauds*

We're here on Bad Boy television, and I'm Trevin Jones and I've been conversing with the Mad Rapper.

And quite frankly -- he's very mad.

We're gonna TRY to find out why; so we'll take some questions at this point from our studio audience.

Yes ma'am, please stand and state your name, and where you're from.

□Hi, my name is Shay, and I'm from New Rochelle

□and, I just don't understand, why you so mad. (yo, yo)

□Like what are you so mad about? (yo, yo, y-y-yo)

You wanna know why, yo first of all, yo first of all you can't be askin me no question knowhat!msayin who the fuck is you? (Ahh, excuse me, Mr. Rapper, Mr. Rapper.) Youknowhat!msayin? You can't be askin me no question (It's a family oriented show.) I'ma tell you why I'm mad, youknowhat!msayin? I'ma tell you why I'm mad. I'ma tell you why I'm mad. These niggaz is makin five hundred thousand dollar videos, yunusayin? They drivin around in hot cars, yunusayin? They got bitches, they got all that shit.

(Sir, please, please, refrain from your foul language.)

Youknowhat!msayin? I'm still livin with my MOMS, youknowhat!msayin?

That's my word. Yunusayin? I'm makin records I ain't made no money yet I done made this is my fourth album yo, this my FOURTH ALBUM.

I ain't made a dime yet. This nigga made one album, he makin wild records. That Ready to Die shit, it was aight, it was aight, yunumsayin, that shit was aight, it was cool. But my shit is more John Blaze than that! I got John Blaze shit. And they not recognizing, they not sayin I recognize. And fuck is that, who is you to be askin me questions, youknowhat!msayin? Who is you?

Mad Rapper fades out

(cut and scratched "I gotta to talk. I gotta tell what I feel. I gotta talk about my life as I see it!")

Intro: repeat 2X ('Biggie' repeats every line of beat)

This goes out to you

This goes out to you, and you, and you, and you

Verse One:

Your reign on the top was short like leprechauns
As I crush so-called willies, thugs, and rapper-dons
Get in that ass, quick fast, like ramadan
Its that rap phenomenon Don-Dadda, fuck Poppa
You got ta, call me, Francis M.H. White
in tank-light totes, tote iron
Was told in shootouts, stay low, and keep firin
Keep extra clips for extra shit
Who's next to flip, on that cat with that grip on rap
The mo shady, "Tell em!", Frankie baby
Ain't no tellin where I may be
May see me in D.C. at Howard Homecomin
with my man Capone, dumbin, fuckin somethin
You should know my steelo
Went from ten G's for blow to thirty G's a show
to orgies with hoes I never seen befo'
so, Jesus, get off the Notorious
penis, before I squeeze and bust
If the beef between us, we can settle it
With the chrome and metal shit
I make it hot, like a kettle get
You're delicate, you better get, who sent ya?

You still pedal shit, I got more rides than Great Adventure
Biggie, "How are you gonna do it?"

Chorus: repeat 4X

Kick in the door, wavin the four-four
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Verse Two:

On ya mark, get set, when I spark, ya wet
Look how dark it get, when ya marked with death
Should I start your breath should I let you die
In fear you start to cry, ask why
Lyrically, I'm worser, don't front the word sick
You cursed it, but rehearsed it
I drop unexpectedly like bird shit
You herbs get, stuck quickly for royalties and show money
Don't forget the publishin, I punish em, I'm done with them
Son, I'm surprised you run with them
I think they got cum in them, cause they, nothin but dicks
Tryin to blow up like nitro and dynamite sticks
Mad I smoke hydro rock diamonds, that's sick
Got pay off my flow, rhyme with my own click
Take trips to Cairo, layin with yo bitch
I know you prayin you was rich, fuckin prick
When I see ya I'ma

Chorus

Verse Three:

This goes out for those that choose to use
Disrespectful views on the King of NY
Fuck that, why try, throw bleach in your eye
Now ya Braille in it, stash that light shit, or scalin it
Conscience of ya nonsense in eighty-eight
Sold more powder than Johnson and Johnson
Tote steel like Bronson, vigilante
You wanna get on son, you need to ask me
Ain't no other king in this rap thing
They siblings, nothing but my chil'ren
One shot, they disappearin
Its ill when, MC's used to be on cruddy shit
Took home, Ready to Die, listened, studied shit
Now they on some money shit, successful out the blue
They light weight, fragilly, my nine milly
make the white shake, thats why my money never funny
And you still recoupin, stupid *echoes*