

The Notorious B.I.G., Me & My Bitch

(Puff Daddy)

Yo let, let, let me ask you a question yo

Yo would you kill for me?

(Girl)

Hmmm... yeah

(Puff Daddy)

What took you so long to answer motherf*cker?

(Girl)

I don't know

(Puff Daddy)

The f*ck wrong with you b*tch?

Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.

When I met you I admit my first thoughts was to trick
You look so good huh, I suck on your daddy's d*ck (yeah)
I never felt that way in my life
It didn't take long before I made you my wife (uh, yeah)
Got no rings and sh*t, just my main squeeze
Come into the crib, even had a set a keys
During the days you helped me bag up my nickels
In the process, I admit, I tricked a little (yeah)
But you was my b*tch, the one who'd never snitch (uhh)
Love me when I'm broke or when I'm filthy f*ckin rich
And I admit, when the time is right, the wine is right
I treat you right, you talk slick, I beat you right

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G.

Just me and my b*tch (variations repeat to next verse)

(Girl)

But you know you love that a\$\$, don't you?

(Puff Daddy)

Yeah, no question

(Girl)

No question

(Puff Daddy)

Yo, let me ask you another question

(Girl)

What?

(Puff Daddy)

You ever f*ck around on me?

(Girl)

Why would I do that?

(Puff Daddy)

Yo don't lie to me motherf*cker

Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.

Moonlight strolls with the hoes, oh no, that's not my steelo
I wanna b*tch that like to play celo, and craps
Packin gats, in a Coach bag steamin dime bags
A real b*tch is all I want, all I ever had (yeah, c'mon)
With a glock just as strong as me
Totin guns just as long as me, the b*tch belongs with me
Any plans with another b*tch, my b*tch'll spoil it
One day, she used my toothbrush to clean the toilet (that's nasty)
Throwin my clothes out the windows, so when the wind blows
I see my Polos and Timbos
Hide my car keys so I can't leave
A real slick b*tch, keep a trick up her sleeve
And if I deceive, she won't take it lightly
She'll invite me, politely, to fight G

And then we lie together, cry together
I swear to God I hope we f*ckin die together

Chorus

(Girl)

Let me tell you nigga, if I ever, ever catch your a\$\$ f*ckin around
I'ma cut your mother-f*ckin d*ck off

(Puff Daddy)

Hah, heheh stop playin, hah

(Girl)

I ain't playin, ain't no jokes, ain't no jokes

Ain't no jokes

(Puff Daddy)

Yo, don't don't play with my d*ck

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

She helped me plan out my robberies on my enemies
Didn't hesitate to squeeze, to get my life out of danger (yeah)
One day, she put nine one one on the page
Had to call back, whether it's minor or major (yeah)
No response, the phone just rung
Grab my vest, grab my gun, to find out the problem
When I pulled up, police was on the scene
Had to make the U-turn, make sure my sh*t was clean
Drove down the block, stashed the burner in the bushes
Stepped to police with the shoves and the pushes
It didn't take long before the tears start
I saw my b*tch dead with the gunshot to the heart
And I know it was meant for me
I guess the niggaz felt they had to kill the closest one to me (uh, yeah)
And when I find em your life is to and end
They killed my best friend... me and my b*tch

Chorus

Uh, yeah, yeah

Uh...

Uh, motherf*cker yeah