The Notorious B.I.G., Mo Money Mo Problems

CHORUS:
I don't know what they want from me
It's like the mo money we come across
The mo problems we see (2x)

(Mase)

Now, who's hot, who not
Tell me who rock, who sell out in the stores
You tell me who flopped, who copped the blue drop
Who jewels got robbed, who's mostly Dolce down
to the tube socks, the same ol pimp,
Mase, you know ain't nuttin changed but my limp
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
Guarantee a million sales pullin all the love
You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up
We don't play around, it's a bet lay it down
Niggaz didn't know me ' 91, bet they know me now
I'm the young Harlem nigga with the golden sound
Can't no PhD niggaz hold me down, Cooter
Schooled me to the game, now I know my duty
Stay humble, stay low, blow like Hootie
True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty
And then ya yell there go Mase, there go your cutie

Kelly Price comes in over last line

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(Puff Daddy)

Yeah yeah, ahaha, it's the D to-the A to the D-D-Y
I know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
I call all the shots,
Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks,
Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin' now
When all the ballin' stops, nigga never home
Gotta call me on the yacht
Ten years from now we'll still be on top
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop
Now whatcha gonna do wit a crew
that got money much longer than yours
And a team much stronger than yours,
Violate me this'll be your day, we don't play and
Mess around, be D.O.A., be on your way
Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here
For you to shine here, deal with many women
But treat dimes fair,
And I'm bigger than the city lights down in Times Square
Yeah, yeah yeah

CHORUS:
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The mo problems we see (2x)

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Uhh, uhh
B-I-G P-O, P-P-A
No info, for the, D.E.A.

Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant
Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement
My team supreme, stay clean
Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that
Cat you see at all events bent
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders
Playboy, I told ya, bring ya might to me,
Bruise too much, I lose too much
Step on stage the girls boo too much
I guess it's cause you run with lame dudes too much
Me lose my touch, never that
If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
Where the true players at?
Throw your rolees in the sky
Wave em side to side and keep your hands high
While I give your girl the eye, player please
Lyrically, nigga see
B.I.G. be flossin jig on the cover of Fortune
Five double oh, here's my phone number
your man ain't got to know, I got the dough
Got the flow down pizzack,
platinum plus like thizzat,
dangerous on trizzack, leave your ass blizzack

Chorus(3x)

What's goin on?
What's goin on?
Somebody tell me
What's goin on?
What's goin on?

Chorus (until fade)