

# 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

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(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)