

# The Notorious B.I.G., Niggas Bleed

Verse One:

Today's agenda, got the suitcase up in the Sentra  
Go to room 112, tell em Blanco sent ya  
Feel the strangest, if no money exchanges  
I got these kids in ranges, believe them niggaz brainless  
All they tote is stainless, you just remain as  
calm as possible, make the deal go through  
If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do  
Please make yo killings clean, slugs up in between  
They eyes, like True Lies, Kill em and flee the scene  
Just bring back the coke or the cream  
Or else, yo life is on the shelf, we mean this Frank  
Them cats we fuckin wit put bombs in yo moms gas tank  
Let's get this money baby, they shady, we get shady  
Dress up like ladies and burn em with thirty-three-eighties  
Then they come to kill our babies, that's all out  
I got gats that blow the wall out, clear the mall out  
Fuck the fallout, word to Stretch, I bet they pussy  
The seven digits push me, fuckin real, here's the deal  
I got a hundred bricks, fourteen-five a piece  
Enough to cop a six buy the house on the beach  
Supply the peeps with Jeeps, brick apiece, capiche?  
Everybody gettin cream no one considered a leech  
Think about it now, thats damn near one point five  
I kill em all I'll be set for life Frank pay attention  
These motherfuckers is henchmen, renegades  
If you die they still get paid, extra probably  
Fuck a robbery, I'm the boss  
Promise you won't rob em, I promise  
But of course you know I had my fingers crossed

Chorus:

Niggaz bleed just like us  
□Picture me bein scared  
□of a nigga that breathe the same air as me  
Niggaz bleed just like us  
□Picture me bein shook  
□We can both pull burners, make the motherfuckin beef cook  
Niggaz bleed just like us  
□Picture a nigga hidin  
□My life in that man hands, while he just decidin  
Niggaz bleed just like us  
□I'd rather go toe to toe with all of y'all  
□Runnin ain't in my protocol

Verse Two:

Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron  
From Tuscon, pushed the black Yukon  
Usually had the slow grooves on, mostly rocked the Isley  
Stupid as a young'un, chose not the moves wisely  
Sharper with game, him and his crooks, called The Jooks  
Heard it was sweet, bout three-fifty a piece  
Ron bought a truck, two bricks laid in the cut  
His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up  
That's when Ron vanished, came back, speakin Spanish  
Lavish habits, two rings, twenty carats  
Here's a criminal, nigga made America's Most  
Killed his baby mother brother, slit his throat  
The nigga got bagged with the toast  
Weeded, took it to trial, beat it  
Now he feel he undefeated, he mean it

Nothing to lose, tattooed around his gun wounds  
Everything to gain, embedded in his brain  
And me I feel the same for this money and diamonds  
Specially if my daughter cryin, I ain't lyin  
Y'all know the signs

Chorus

Verse Three:

We agreed to go in shootin is silly  
Because niggaz could be hidin in showers with Mac Billy's  
So I freaked em, the telly manager was Puerto Rican  
Gloria, from Astoria, I went to war with her  
peeps in ninety-one, stole a gun from her workers  
And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us  
We blazed they place, long story, Glo seen my face  
Got shook, thought a nigga was comin for the safe  
Now she breakin, shut up, 112, what's shakin  
A Jamaican, some bitches I swear, they look gay  
In a black Range Rover, been outside all day  
If it's trouble let me know, I'll be on my way  
Please, I got kids to feed, I done seen you make niggaz bleed  
Nightmare, this bitch don't need it  
Ron, get the gasoline, this spot, we bout to blow this  
Lets get the cash before the cops and Range Rover cats notice  
Room 112, right by the staircase, perfect place  
When they evacuate, they meet they fate  
Ron pass the gasoline, the nigga pass me kerosene  
Fuck it, its flammable, my hunger is unexplainable  
Strike the match, just what I expected  
The dread kid ejected in seconds  
And here come two, opposite sexes, one black, one Malaysian  
We in the hallway waitin patient  
As soon as she hit the door we start blastin  
I saw her brains hit the floor, Ron laughin, I swear to God  
I hit Maxi Priest at least twelve times in the chest  
Spin-t around, shot the chink in the breast  
She cryin, headshots put her to rest  
Pop open the briefcases, nothin but Franco faces  
The spot's hot, sprinklers, alarm systems  
Thats when other guests start to slip in  
It's time for us to get to dippin  
I know them niggaz in the Range is on they way up  
Flippin, pistol grippin, I know they clippin  
The hallway, got real loud and crowded  
They walked right past us, I don't know how they allowed it  
The funny thing about it, through all the excitement  
They Range got towed, they double parked by a hydrant  
Stupid motherfuckers