

Clinton Sparks f/ Notorious B.I.G., XL

"I Like"

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[Notorious B.I.G.] + (XL)

Hey, doggystyle nigga

YEAH! (Ohh, oh oh oh)

Uhh.. can I get witcha, uhh (oh oh oh)

Can I get witcha, hey (oh OHH oh)

Can I get witcha-cha-cha {*echoes*}

[Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.] + (XL)

Another day in the ghetto (yeah)

One look outside and I'm already upset yo

It look about a hundred-and-two

It's a Saturday and Biggie ain't got nuttin to do (nuttin to do)

Uhh, I'm interrupted by a phone ring

Sometimes I wish I never got the motherfuckin thing

"Hello hello? Can I speak to Biggie?"

Yo who dis? "Talisha!" Yo call back, I'm busy

Why don'tcha hit me on the box a little later

Washed up, got dressed, hits the elevator

Steps out, it's the same old scene

Dopefiend, crackfiend, eyewitness news team (yeah)

I seen a honey with a butt lookin butter soft

I know she looks much better with them clothes up off

Sittin all thick with the ruby red lipstick

That's the one I got to get with

[Chorus: XL]

I like, the way that you look, I was hopin we could

Maybe spend some time, there's so much that we can do

We can party all night, I can tell you're so right (so right)

From the way that you shine (yeah) I just wanna get with you

[Notorious B.I.G.] + (XL)

Uhh.. can I get witcha, can I get witcha (can I get witcha)

Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (but can I get witcha)

"Why you wanna get with me?"

Cause you got a big B-U-T-T (whoa-ooooh)

[Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.] + (XL)

She said, "If I get witchu
I gotta get witcha whole hood rat crew (ohhh)
Whatcha I think I do, sling skins for a livin?
My name ain't November, this ain't Thanksgiving
You ain't Michael Bivins
Smack it up flip it, rub it down
Do me baby, I ain't down
My name ain't Tupac, I don't +Get Around+
You hittin this, nigga how that sound?"
Huh, first of all you got me mixed up with
somebody ya done slept with, hold up
That's my Neneh Cherry shit, I got somethin slicker
(yeah yeahhhhh)
Let me just sip up on this liquor (yeahhh)
All I wanna do is smoke a little chronic (all I wanna do)
+Slam+ ya like Onyx, and get ya Hooked on (yeah)
this Biggie Smalls Phonics, 102
How to squeeze 22's in them Reebok shoes, HUH?

[Chorus]

[Interlude: XL]

Hey lady, ohhhhhh baby
I wanna make you miiii-iine, ooooooh-oooh
And we can riiiiide, all niight
Cause you the shit, yeah, whoo!

[Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.] + (XL)

To all the ladies in the house, oww
Uhh, uhh - ta-dow
I said walk me upstairs, cause I forgot my Phillies
She said "I don't care, just don't be actin silly"
I knew I had her trapped with my hardcore rap
And it wouldn't take a second 'fore I had her on her
back
Twiddlin with the bra strap, threw on my Sillk CD
cause "I wanna get freaky witchu!" (freaky witchu)
Lose control on the skins is all I can picture (I like)
Now I'm about to hitcha (yeahhhhhh)

[Chorus] - w/ ad-libs

[Notorious B.I.G.] + (XL)

Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (can I get witcha)
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (I wanna get witcha)
"Why you wanna get with me?"
Cause you got a big B-U-T-T (whoa-ooooh)
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (I wanna get witcha)

"Why you wanna get with me?"
Cause you got a big B-U-T-T (hey)

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