

The Notorious B.I.G. f/ Eminem, Busta Rhymes "Dead Wrong"

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[Puff Daddy] Bad Boy baby
[Notorious B.I.G.] Yeah
Yeah
Junior M.A.F.I.A.
Yeah
[Puff Daddy] Yeah
B.I.G. 2000
B.I.G. 2000 Born Again
Come on

Chorus: The Notorious B.I.G. & Puff Daddy
The weak or the strong
Who got it goin' on?
You're dead wrong
The weak or the strong
Who got it goin' on?
You're dead wrong

[Verse 1: The Notorious B.I.G.]
Relax and take notes
While I take tokes of the marijuana
Smoke
Throw you in a choke
Gun smoke, gun smoke
Biggie Smalls for mayor
The rap slayer
The hooker layer
Motherfucker, say your prayers
Hail Mary, full of grace
Smack the bitch
In the face
Take her Gucci bag
And her North Face off her back
Jab her if she act
Funny with the money, oh, you got him mistaken, honey
I don't wanna rape ya
I just want the paper
The Visa
Kapeesha?
I'm out like
"The Vapors"

Who's the one you call Mr. Macho
The head honcho
Swift fist like
Cumacho
I got so
Much style, I should be down with The Stylistics
Make up to break up
Niggas need to wake up
Smell the indonesia
Beat you to a seizure
Then fuck your moms, hit the skins to amnesia
She don't remember shit
Just the two hits
Her hittin' the floor
And me hittin' the clits
Suckin' on the tits
Had the hooker beggin' for the dick
And your moms ain't, ugly, love
My dick got rock quick
I guess I was a combination of House Of Pain and
Bobby Brown
I was Humpin' Around and Jump-in Around
Jacked her, then I asked her, "Who's the man?"
She said, "B.I.G."
Then I bust in her E-Y-E (Yo B.I.G., you're dead wrong)

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 2: Eminem]

There's several different levels to Devil worshippin':
horse's heads
Human sacrifices, canibalism, candles and exorcism
Animals having sex with 'em, camels, mammals and
rabbits
But I don't get into that, I kick the habit, I just
Beat you to death with weapons that eat through the
flesh
And I never eat you unless the fuckin', meat looks fresh
I got a lion in my pocket, I'm lyin'
I got a nine in my pocket, and baby I'm just
Dyin' to cock him
He's ready for war
I'm ready for war
I got machetes and swords for any faggot that said he
was raw
My uzis
Heavy as yours, yeah you met me before
I just didn't have as large an arsenal of weapons
before
Marshall will step in the door
I lay your head on the floor

With your body spread on the bedspread
Red on the wall
Red on the ceilin', red on the floor, get a new whore
Met on the second, wet on the third, then she's dead on
the fourth
I'm dead wrong

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 3: Busta Rhymes]

How many licks does it take to the center of my Tootsie
Roll? (Or)

How many nuts to the center of your booty hole?

Hold on, shorty, cause I'm about to slap this groupie
nigga

Jab this fluesy nigga, watch 'em bleed, then shit
dookie, nigga

Spooky nigga, you gettin' skinny like you Pookie, nigga

Blood spill got you laggin' out like that soupie nigga

Smoke this Lucy nigga, time passin' on the frank mic

Watch 'em dyin' slow, then see ya skin, you start to
change color

My goons lay the flood, leave you layin', drippin' blood

Then ended up fingerfuckin' your mother at a strip club

We dead wrong for how we gutter like how in the
sudden

Fascinated how all of this street shit, we straight
mother

Fuck it

We thug rugged to the tenth power

Like B.I.G. was listenin'

So Gimme The Loot for the past ten hours

Another dick

Hear the click of my gun cock

Same mentality when I was scheming on a lunch box

Gimme that!

Twenty-focused and I'm sorry Campbell

I'm taking from you and your wife and run the baby

Pamper (What?)

Repeat Chorus Til Fade

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