

Notorious B.I.G. f/ 8 Ball & MJG, Krayzie Bone, Swizz Beats, Twista "Spit Your Game"

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[Krazyzie Bone] No-Torious

[Notorious B.I.G] + (Swizz Beatz)
Spit your game, talk your shit!
Grab your gat! (Whoo! Whoo!)
Spit your game, talk your shit
Grab your gat! (Whoo! Whoo!)
Spit you game, talk your shit (Y'all ready?)
Grab your gat, call your click (Y'all ready?)
Spit your game, talk your shit (We in Brooklyn now)
Grab your gat, call you click (King of New York!)
Squeeze your clip, hit the right one (B.I.G.!)
Pass that weed, I gotsta light one (8 Ball & MJG)

[Chorus: Notorious B.I.G.]
Spit your game, talk your shit
Grab your gat, call your click
Spit your game, talk your shit
Grab your gat, call your click
Squeeze your clip, hit the right one
Pass that weed I gotsta light one
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[Notorious B.I.G]

Amred and dangerous, ain't too many can bang wit us Straight up weed, no angel dust - label us Notorious Thug ass niggaz that love to bust, it's stange to us Y'all niggaz be scramblin', gamblin' Up in resturaunts with mandolins, and violins We just sittin' here tryin' to win - tryin' not to sin High off weed and lots of gin So much smoke need oxygen, steadily countin' them Benjamins Nigga you should too, if you knew, what this game'll do to you Been in this shit since ninety-two

Look at all the bullshit I been through
So-called beef with you-know-who
Fucked a few female stars or two
Nigga, blue light, nigga, move like Mike
Shit - Not to be fucked wit; Motherfuckers better duck
quick

Me and my dogs love to buck shit
Fuck the luck shit, strictly aim
No aspirations to quit the game
Spit your game, talk your shit
Grab your gat, call your click
Squeeze your clip, hit the right one
Pass that weed, I got to light one
All them niggaz, I got to fight one
All them hoes, I got to like one
Our situation is a tight one
Whatcha you gonna do - fight or run?

[Swizz Beatz] Ladies and gentlemen! Twista!

[Twista] + (Swizz Beatz) Makin' money, livin' marvelous, In God we trust Don't too many niggaz wanna star wit us Got big guns in the car wit' us Bust at any motherfucker actin' hard wit us They really wanna show you what a G I be I'd rater be sippin' Remy in V.I.P We can hear the music and it'll be by me Twista wit the legendary nigga, B.I.G Brooklyn to K-Town, whe you checkin out the flow you know it's gon reign wit persistence Two legends on the same track Two different planes of existence Let's get it crackin, I love to bust flows Hit it from the back, cause I love to fuck ho Do it for the city, I love Chicago Calicos bumpin, I love to bust dough You think you could spit on the mic like you Bigge and flow just as stead as I? Shit is real, you know you love em Youu ain't got ready to die Life After Death give it to you However you want it nigga! Got The Day After - give it to you However you want it nigga! Cause the shit'll get deep So I carry big heat Screamin' "Come and get me" Twista & Biggie on a Swizz Beat (Swizzie)

Free mills, I love to make one All these cars. I love to ride one

All these hoes, I love to cut one A tribute to Big, I love to bust one

[Notorious B.I.G.]
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Grab your gat, call your click
Squeeze yor clip, hit the right one
Pass that weed, I got to light one
All them niggaz, I got to fight one
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Our situation is a tight one
Whatcha you gonna do - fight or run?

[Krayzie Bone] + (Swizz Beatz) In the middle of the hour niggaz bring More drama then they baby mamas Nigga wanna battle? Well, I'll bomb ya - One man But attack like a pack of piranhas like Terra-Cotta Niggaz always ready for the war (Them Bone Boys are back! Them Bone Boys are back!) But they really don't wanna see a nigga though We can do 'em in a minute, then we finish wit em Hit 'em wit the feelin' of a nigga wit a suck ass flow Doin' it wit Swizz - Oh No! You niggaz in sone tro-ou-ble Somebody better call po-po It's gonna be murder when I get to swevin 'em verbally {veah!} Nigga you hard of me, wig splitter Killa nigga - word to me! And I'm classic, like Bird & Magic wit a tactic to snatch it Strap back and stack some platinum Double on the mag random wit the bullets I brand em Finna hold the game ransom Runnin' up in your mansion Catch the man and blas them cannons Niggaz ain't ready for this one cause I'm on a mission to get even, better believe it I'm heavily heated, it's east yo see me If you want to see me, let that be the reason

[Chorus]

[Swizz Beatz] 2006! Come On! Bad Boys! Come On! Bad Boys! Come On!

[8 Ball] + (Swizz Beatz)

Damon Dash should a did Ultimate Hustler about me I'm a little bit of Scarface, Pac, and B.I.G

Call me if you lookin' for that raw shit of the corner If you ask about who run the South, I'm somethin' like the owner (Bad Boy! Ask about me!)

Somethin' like one of the rawess niggaz to touch the mic

Diddy stayin' mad at me, I'm gettin' high and missin' the fight (Bad Boy! Bad Boy!)

At the hotel wit a couple of banks, gettin' right Gettin lit, gettin' full of that light green sticky shit (Turn it up! Turn it up!)

[MJG] + (Swizz Beatz)

Get that cheese, get that dough, about to leave, pimp a ho (Turn it up! Turn it up!)

MJG's at the back do', infared is aimin' at yo - head (Turn it up! Turn it up!)

Make a move and you dead! Tryin' to prove you ain' scared

Shut your mouth, come from off of that bread, come out from under that bed

Hit the block, count that cash, hit the spot, hit the stash Don't run out, never never, keep it sweatin', make it last Forever, we be keepin that heat, from underneat that seat

Look at all the bullshit I been through, but I still keep it street! (Swizzie!)

[Chorus]

[Swizz Beatz] + (Krayzie Bone) You just heard the sounds of Twista! 8 Ball & MJG! Bone Thugs-N-Harmony!

B.I.G. (No-Torious) There's only one crown, man! (No-Torious...No-Torious)

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