

Biggie Smalls "Gimme The Loot"

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Yeah, motherfuckers better know
Huh, huh, lock your windows
Close your doors
Biggie Smalls, huh, yeah

My man Inf left a Tec and a nine at my crib
Turned himself in, he had to do a bid
A one-to-three, he be home the end of '93
I'm ready to get this paper, G, you with me?

Motherfucking right
My pocket's looking kind of tight
And I'm stressed
Yo Biggie, let me get the vest

No need for that, just grab the fucking gat
The first pocket that's fat, the Tec is to his back
Word is bond, I'm a smoke him, yo, don't fake no
moves
(What?)
Treat it like boxing, stick and move, stick and move

Nigga, you ain't got to explain shit
I've been robbin' motherfuckers since the slave ships
With the same clip and the same four-five
Two point-blank, a motherfucker's sure to die
That's my word, nigga, even try to bogart
Have his mother singing "It's so hard"

Yes, love, love your fucking attitude
Because the nigga play pussy
That's the nigga that's getting screwed
And bruised up from the pistol whipping
Webs on the neck from the necklace stripping

Then I'm dipping up the block and I'm robbing bitches
too
Up the herring bones and bamboos
I wouldn't give fuck if you're pregnant
Give me the baby rings and a number one mom
pendant

I'm slamming niggaz like Shaquille, shit is real
When it's time to eat a meal, I rob and steal
'Cos mom Duke ain't giving me shit
So for the bread and butter, I leave niggaz in the gutter

Huh, word to mother, I'm dangerous
Crazier than a bag of fucking angel dust
When I bust my gat, motherfuckers take dirt naps
I'm all that and a dime sack, where the paper at?

Well, he's stickin' you and taking all your money
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot
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Big up, big up, it's a stick up, stick up
And I'm shooting niggaz quick if you hiccup
Don't let me fill my clip up in your back and head piece
The opposite of peace, sending mom Duke a wreath

You're talking to the robbery expert
Stepping to your wake with your blood on my shirt
Don't be a jerk and get smoked over being resistant
'Cos when I lick shots, the shits is persistent

Huh, goodness gracious, the papers
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?
Nigga, pass that before you get your grave dug
From the main thug, .357 slug

And my nigga Biggie got an itchy one grip
One in the chamber, 32 in the clip
Motherfuckers better strip
Yeah nigga, peel before you find out how blue steel
feel

From the Beretta, putting all the holes in your sweater
The money getter, motherfuckers don't have better
Rolex watches and colourful Swatches
I'm digging in pockets, motherfuckers can't stop it

Man, niggaz come through, I'm taking high school
rings too
Bitches get [Incomprehensible] for they earrings and
bangles

And when I rock her and drop her, I'm taking her door
knockers
And if she's resistant "Baka, baka, baka"

So go get your man, bitch, he can get robbed too
Tell him Biggie took it, what the fuck he gonna do?
I hope apologetic or I'm a have to set it
And if I set it, the cocksucker won't forget it

Well, he's stickin' you and taking all your money
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Man, listen all this walking is hurting my feet
But money looks sweet in the Isuzu jeep
(Where at?)
Man, I throw him in the beem, you grab the fucking
cream
And if he start to scream, bam, bam, have a nice
dream

Hold up, he got a fucking bitch in the car
Fur coats and diamonds, she thinks she a superstar
Ooh Biggie, let me jack her, I kick her in the back
Hit her with the gat
Yo chill, Shorty, let me do that

Just get the fucking car keys and cruise up the block
The bitch act shocked, gettin' shot on the spot
Oh shit, the cops
Be cool, fool, they ain't gonna roll up
All they want is fucking doughnuts

So why the fuck he keep lookin'? I guess to get his life
taken
I just came home, ain't trying to see central booking
Oh shit, now he lookin' in my face
You better haul ass 'cos I ain't with no fucking chase
So lace up your boots 'cos I'm about to shoot
A true motherfucker going out for the loot

Take that, motherfuckers
[Incomprehensible]

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