

## **The Biggie Sound "Black Music"**

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[chorus: MC Quita][3X]  
New York, Big Apple!  
Now, sing wit' T.B.S. Thug  
We're real thugs, shakin' the club

[Jim Rampage]  
Laaaaaaaa... La, la, la, la...  
BLOW! BLOW!  
Niggas, please, leave the front of my glock  
Hittin' grazed his chops, firin' the block  
His girl had a dick-belt and left you like a frog  
You're up comedy reason for cops  
Was never ready for competition  
It's funny! You also came out of the gutter  
You never could understand this matter  
He thinks it's a G, he thinks it's a porn star  
I was born again, I awoke from a bad dream  
Damn! Niggaz wanna stick me for my cream  
You're insignificant like a fuckin' dust  
Don't step on the sidewalk of my crib  
You never smoked one smoke wit' me

[chorus: MC Quita][3X]  
New York, Big Apple!  
Now, sing wit' T.B.S. Thug  
We're real thugs, shakin' the club

[Bigg Sound]  
The motherfucker knows who's right  
The motherfucker knows who leaves home at night  
I'm right and you're wrong  
I've never been wrong and you're never right  
Any motherfucker that song will be tight  
Flippin' the smoke, hitin' himself in the head  
Life goes fast, out soon that slum  
The money isn't for everyone  
The music is just one more stunt  
I'm a real killa shootin' at a fake killa  
I'm a nigga rhyming to another BX nigga  
B.I. double G.  
I rhyme for real to who wants to kill me

[chorus: MC Quita][3X]  
New York, Big Apple!  
Now, sing wit' T.B.S. Thug  
We're real thugs, shakin' the club

[MC Quita]  
New York.. I run!  
New York.. I run!  
New York.. I run!  
Singin' like a star, I'll come

[chorus: MC Quita][3X]  
New York, Big Apple!  
Now, sing wit' T.B.S. Thug  
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