

## **The Biggie Sound "New Biggie City"**

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[\* ringin' phone \*]  
[\* ring \*][\* ring \*][\* ring \*][\* ring \*][\* ring \*]  
Biggie Sound: Hallo  
J. Glock: Hey! Biggie get out on the street!  
J. Glock: C'mon!  
Biggie Sound: Let's go niggaz!

[verse1 - Biggie Sound]  
When the sun comes up my drinks depleted  
Simply being better, I'll complete  
I'll shoot, I'll blow, I'll warm up  
No B.I.G. nigga! No MUSIC!!!!  
I realize that you want to enrich  
Use your gun or use your bitch  
Not sure how to do this in my town  
Here the weapons simply shoot  
Chat with me now  
When you blink  
My caps go flyin' and his niggas will down  
Tears to the ground  
You see the glow of my Eagle nigger  
You can feel who's now the bigger  
Yo!

[chorus - J. Glock]  
Keep doing shit!  
Now sing with me  
Any motherfucker can prove a Cognac  
Pinkin' his nigga and buried in concrete  
So I'm waitin' for you here on the street

[verse2 - Jim Rampage & (J. Glock)]  
A black Benz, [...] Not out of my head!  
Feel it! Feel it! Now bounce!  
You know what I'm talkin' about?  
(Ya'll niggas know what I'm about)  
That motorcade of luxury cars  
Turnin' down his street  
You get jealous when you're not with me  
The blue blood pulsin' through my veins  
Explodin' chains, don't stand in my range  
Another day, another dollar and other dead

That diamond bangle doesn't come out of my head  
We're followin' him, we're billin'  
My bullet-proof cap is sealin'  
Get it! Get it!

[chorus - J. Glock]  
Keep doing shit!  
Now sing with me  
Any motherfucker can prove a Cognac  
Pinkin' his nigga and buried in concrete  
So I'm waitin' for you here on the street

[bridge - Biggie Sound]  
Yo! Yo! Yo!  
To all in the Bronx!  
To all in the Brooklyn!  
To all in Queens bridge!  
He'll break out! J. Glock!

[verse3 - J. Glock]  
I devoted a few words for my niggaz  
The money flows so that you open the pot  
The pain of breakin' a chop  
It's smaller than see a nigga beaten by cops  
Stop! We're not doomed to flop  
Our glory will come! Ready for the bump  
I'm throwin' in some chump  
Don't even frump  
'Cause my guys know how to do stunts  
Hey Josh! We smoked that blunt  
While Rick was shootin' at his nigga hump  
Here in N.B.C. who's boss is the T.B.S. Thug  
His girl was seen fuckin' wit the boss  
I'll lay my success!  
'Cause you know that here we're the best  
Come with me!

[chorus - J. Glock]  
Keep doing shit!  
Now sing with me  
Any motherfucker can prove a Cognac  
Pinkin' his nigga and buried in concrete  
So I'm waitin' for you here on the street (ha-ha)

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