The Biggie Sound "Nigga Down"

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[intro: Biggie Sound]

Yeah...

You try, try...

T.B.S. Thug shoots! Nigga down!

[verse1: Biggie Sound]

When you feel suffocated by smoke

I'm comin' around

The balloon goes up and down and his nigga is down You already know who's (outro: The Biggie Sound)

Stupid nigga down, his bitch down, motherfucker down

I'll take you to the green hell (yea!)

I cut his throat and he sings me now

I rhyme, I tear the club off

J. Glock took aim and hit his crew

You tried to surprise us and hit you too

Get the money, spend that money

His girl is callin' us baby (ha-ha)

Here near my hood has only nigga crazy

New York are you listenin' maybe

I collect deaths runnin' at that Mercedes

[chorus: Biggie Sound][3X]

Try, try..

Nigga pussy, now cry!

(New York!)

[verse2: Biggie Sound]

You don't know, but I'm at crib with that Llama

No drama, I gotta blade

James Rock down and now Gomez paid

Who likes this shit

In Civic those niggas keep an eye on me

Shot in their feelings

I'm lovin' this game shit

You ain't a rap's follower (yea!)

When I say I'm gangster, cuz' I'm in control

I'll wear yellow at his funeral

And I'll be with my arsenal like an animal

Yeah!

[chorus: Biggie Sound][3X]

Try, try..
Nigga pussy, now cry!
(New York!)

[verse3: J. Glock]
Wake up! Wake up! Nigga I'm gettin' in the hood
Shootin', jumpin', I'm fuckin' with the crew
Shootin' my Eagle and plagued her day
My routine is to sing with my Ak
We love this fuckin' game
The gang in Bronx already know my name
Get the key, turn, accelerate
Nigga pussy, runs away
I remember the old days
Biggie is vibratin' with so many shots
We're shakin' the life and fuckin' cops
C'mon!

[chorus: Biggie Sound][6X] Try, try.. Nigga pussy, now cry! (New York!)

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