

The Biggie Sound

"Style's Price"

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[intro]

The style's price
What nigga you afford?
The price is high (ha-ha)

[verse 1]

Not believe when I typed this song
I'm comin' home
I love this motherfuckin' rap game
So many notes involvin' my brain
Paula fell like a paw on my chin
I'm outta control, producin' mo' dough
The niggaz are trippin' and I gotta go
I'm burnin' a good shit in my Bugatti
You've not seen my paper? I got it
Action to spend paper, it has to stop it

[chorus][3X]

This is the style's price
I don't know where to go
This is the style's price
The price is high you got dough?

[verse 2]

Tunin' the radio, droppin' a smoke
Shootin' the freshmen, hittin' suckers
Pullin' the trigger and firin' in the mothafuckers
Rememba who's in this town
Spendin' and runnin', I know my girls get down
You know what his name, know who Biggie Sound
Don't think too much why this's a blown
It's so much paper my niggaz wit' nausea
Get washed up! With the sound of T.B.S. Thug
Rockin' everything around the club

[chorus][3X]

This is the style's price
I don't know where to go
This is the style's price
The price is high you got dough?

[verse 3]

Performin' fantasies and drivin' an Enzo

I'm the smokeman in a Benzo
New York!
Shinin' with the brightness of Rolex daytona
Wakin' to the sound of my Llama
What the fucker, I was born with style
Some hitz, mo' money and a smile
A few mo' shots at niggas pussy
Other parties and the guys pusssssh... me
You could handle an attack?
Here is the Biggie, but no fat
I'm back! Now call me Biggie-Maybach
C'mon!

[chorus][2X]
This is the style's price
I don't know where to go
This is the style's price
The price is high you got dough?

[Bigg Sound talkin']
Yeahhh nigga! (ha-ha)
So! This's the style's price!
C'mon! (woO!)

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