

## Lil' Keke

### "Long Kiss Goodnight"

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[Puff Daddy]  
Mmmmmmmmm-HMM  
See.. {\*echoes\*}  
I told you.. {\*echoes\*}

[Puff] See, I told y'all muh'fuckers  
[Big] Yo yo.. that stupid nigga man  
[Puff] I told y'all to stop!  
[Big] He fucked up, yo..  
[Puff] I pray for you to stop  
[Big] Yo, yo yo yo, yo.. yo.. yo..  
Yo, yo yo yo, yo..  
[Puff] But no, you didn't stop  
[Big] Yo.. yo..  
[Puff] And now, we won't stop

Chorus: sung by Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

Time, time for you to die  
As I kiss.. yo'.. ass.. goodnight

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
I make yo' mouthpiece obese like Della Reese  
When I release, you loose teeth like Lil' Cease  
Nigga please, blood floods yo' Dungarees  
And that's just the half on my warpath  
Laugh now cry later, I rhyme greater  
than the average playa hater, and spectators  
buy my CD twice; they see me in the streets  
They be like, "Yo he nice, but that's on the low doe"  
Be the cats with no dough, tried to play me at my show  
I pull out fo'-fo's, and go up in they clothes  
Short-change niggaz, snort-caine niggaz  
Extortion came quicker, bought the Range nigga  
Ya still tickle me, I used to be as strong as Ripple be  
til Lil' Cease crippled me  
Now I play hard, like my girls nipples be  
The game sour like like a pickle be, y'all know da rules  
Move from BK to New Jeruz -- thinkin bout  
all the planes we flew, bitches, we ran through  
Now the year's new, I lay my game flat

I want my spot back, take two  
Motherfuckers mad cause I blew, niggaz envious  
Too many niggaz on my dick, shit strenuous  
When my men bust, you just move wit such stamina  
Slugs missed ya, I ain't mad at cha (we ain't mad at cha)  
Blood rushin, concussions, ain't nothin  
Catch cases, come out frontin, smokin somethin  
Sippin White Russians, bitch in the Benz bumpin  
I laced it wit the basic, six TV's a system  
Knockin Mase shit, face it, we hard to hit  
Guard ya shit, 'fore I stick you, for your re-up  
Wipe the pee up, mixed shots, woke your seed up  
Go in the ashtray, spark the weed up, LONG KISS

Chorus 2X

{Puff Daddy - speaking over chorus}  
Now.. we don't give a fuck..  
We just absolutely.. don't give a fuck..  
Because.. there ain't no motherfuckin love here..  
There ain't no love here..  
You know, we.. we just gon' keep doin what we do  
We gon' keep FUCKIN YOU UP..  
And I'ma keep stompin your MOTHERFUCKIN HEAD IN  
you FUCKIN BITCH, c'mon!!  
{last line overlaps Biggie's next verse}

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh.. I'm flamin gats, aimin at, these fuckin  
maniacs, put my name in raps, what part the  
game is that? Like they hustle backwards  
I smoke Blackwoods and Dutchies, ya can't touch me  
Try to rush me, slugs go, touchy-touchy  
You're bleedin lovely, wit'chyo, spirit above me  
or beneath me, your whole life you live sneaky  
Now you rest eternally, sleepy, you burn when you  
creep me  
Rest where the worms and the weak be  
My nine flies, baptize, rap guys  
With the Holy Ghost, I put holes in most  
You hold your toast shaky, slippin tryin to break me  
Look what you made me do, brains blew  
My team in the marine-blue, six Coupe  
Skied it out, weeded out, cleanin out -- the block  
for distances, givin long kisses BITCH

Chorus 2X

{Puff Daddy - speaking over chorus}  
All we have to do now.. is say a prayer for you.. y'know?

That's all we have to do, just to pray for your mind..  
cause..  
Eheh, see your mind got control of your heart..  
when it's supposed to be the other way around  
Your heart's supposed to got control of your mind..  
So now, I have no feelings for you  
You have made me cold..  
{last line overlaps Biggie's next verse}

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Frank White the menacin, Chron Chron's the medicine  
I got the lettuce and, you turn green like cucumber skin  
Got the new, Hummer in the summer when I was a new  
comer  
then, drugs and mac-10's  
Hugs from fake friends, make ends they hate you  
Be broke -- girls won't date you  
That's why I relate to, choke yo' ass out til your face  
blue  
Make you, open the safe too  
No matter how you call it (how you call it)  
this brolic, alcoholic .. {\*Biggie's chorus fades in\*}  
like his weed green'd out, like his brick solid  
Distribute to, kids who, take heart like Valentine  
Drink Ballentine, all the time  
Slugs hit your chest tap you spine, flatline  
Heard through the grapevine, you got fucked fo' times  
Damn that three to nine, fucked you up for real doe  
Sling steal slow, as for remorse, we feel no

Chorus 3X

{Puff Daddy - speaking over chorus}  
See the fucked up thing is that I love you..  
yaknahmsayin?  
It's just in my nature to love you..  
I can't hate you.. cause it's not in my nature to hate  
you..  
You know, I don't know..  
Maybe.. I'm a different type of individual..  
But.. you have me on the line..  
and there's a thin line between love and hate  
And God forbid I cross that line..  
Cause y'all not gonna give a fuck  
I'm tellin you right, MOTHERFUCKIN, NOW!!  
THE SHIT, Y'ALL DONE STARTED, IS NEVER GONNA  
STOP!!!  
WE ARE NEVER GONNA STOP!!!  
And we not talkin bout.. no other rappers..  
We talkin bout YOU motherfucker  
YOU KNOW, who I'm talkin to..

We comin for you..  
We comin for you.. ehehehehheh  
The shit's gon' feel so good..  
I'm gon' make you love me baby {\*echoes\*}

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