

## Mtume

### "Warning"

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{\*sound of a pager going off\*}

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Who the fuck is this? Pagin me at 5:46  
in the mornin, crack of dawn an' {\*dialing phone\*}  
now I'm yawnin - wipe the cold out my eye {\*ring\*}  
See who's this pagin me - and why  
It's my nigga Pop from the barbershop  
Told me he was in the gamblin spot, and heard the  
intricate plot  
of niggaz wanna stick me like flypaper neighbor  
Slow down love, please chill, drop the caper  
Remember them niggaz from the hill up in Brownsville?  
That you rolled dice wit, smoked the blunts and got  
nice wit  
Yeah my nigga Fame up in Prospect  
Nah they're my niggaz nah love wouldn't disrespect  
I didn't say them, they schooled me to some niggaz  
that you knew from back when, when you was clockin  
minor figures  
Now they heard you blowin up like nitro  
And they wanna stick the knife through your windpipe  
slow  
So - thank Fame for warnin me cause now I'm warnin  
you  
I got the mac nigga tell me what you gonna do

[Chorus]

Damn! Niggaz wanna stick me for my paper  
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[Notorious B.I.G.]

They heard about the Rolex's and the Lexus  
with the Texas license plates outta state  
They heard about the pounds you got down in  
Georgetown  
And they heard you got half of Virginia locked down  
They even heard about the crib you bought your moms  
out in Florida

The fifth corridor --  
-- call the coroner!  
There's gonna be a lot of slow singin, and flower  
bringin  
if my burgular alarm starts ringin  
Whatcha think all the guns is for?  
All purpose war, got the Rottweilers by the door  
And I feed 'em gunpowder, so they can devour  
the criminals, tryin to drop my decimals  
Damn! Niggaz wanna stick my for my cream  
And it ain't a dream, things ain't always what it seem  
It's the ones that smoke blunts witcha, see your picture  
Now they wanna grab the guns and come and getcha  
Betcha Biggie won't slip  
I got the calico with the black talons loaded in the clip  
So I can rip through the ligaments  
Put the fuckers in a bad predicament, where all the foul  
niggaz went  
Touch my cheddar, feel my Beretta  
Fuck what I'ma hit you with you motherfuckers betta  
duck  
I bring pain, bloodstains on what remains  
of his jacket - he had a gun he shoulda packed it  
Cocked it, extra clips in my pocket  
So I can reload and EXPLODE on ya rasshole  
I fuck around and get hardcore  
C-4 to ya door no beef no more nigga  
Feel the rough, scandalous  
The more weed smoke I puff, the more dangerous  
I don't give a fuck about you or your weak crew  
What you gonna do when Big Poppa comes for you?  
I'm not gunnin, nigga I bust my gun an'  
hold on, I hear somebody comin...

{\*night air, dogs barking\*}

[Thieves talking]  
(C'mon nigga) I'm only comin to pass the gat  
(Just bring your motherfuckin ass on, come on)  
Are we gettin close, huh?  
(It's right over here)  
Are you sure this Biggie Smalls crib man?  
(Yeah I'm sure motherfucker, c'mon!)  
Ahh fuck - it better be his motherfuckin house  
Fuck right here..  
This better be this motherfucker's house  
(Oh shit!) What, what's wrong?  
(It's that red dot on your head man!)  
What red dot? .. Oh shit! You got a red dot on your  
head too!

{\*BOTH\*} Ohh shit! {\*BLAM BLAM\*}

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