

Notorious B.i.g. "Breakin' Old Habits"

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Hey, what it is pimpin'
Slim Thug and T.I.P. doing it B.I.G with B.I.G
Ya'll understand what I'm sayin', hey
PSC pimpin', ya'll already know what it is man, it's a bad
boy thang man
Grand hustle collaboration, ya'll already know man
Boss hog was happenin', a, a town pimpin', slim thugga

I roll scrap Glock 40 in my left
I rap but still think like I'm grindin' in the trep
Trynna dept to the change from the streets to the
game
Can't be selling CDs and still selling dem thangs
'Cause bitches drop names and bring a lot of problems
And puttin' somthing in the head the only way you
gonna solve 'em
Jack a stay plottin' watchin' your every move
And the minute you snooze will be the minute you lose,
dude

Thus the rules, so I cruise with the 2's
To fix the damn fools that think I'm slippin' with my
juice
Breakin' old habits so hard to do
Thus why you see me on the same block wit the same
crew
And everybody sitting fat living good
And I'm the only nigga that be rappin' in my hood
I was raise by the hustlas and gain by the G's
And taught by the bosses howda stack that cheese

You got rich n g shits still a part of you
'Cause breakin' old habits so hard to do
You still watch for the haters and the rugged crew
'Cause breakin' old habits so hard to do
When I was shot that nigga like I started to
'Cause breakin' old habits so hard to do
Fresh out the dealership crackin' up with cigars in the
coup
Man, 'cause breakin' old habits so hard to do, do

Damn, it feel good to see people up on it

Flip to keys in 2 weeks and didn't flawlet
My brain is horny with mean dreams GS's wit BB's on it
Supreme skeems to get richer, the richest quickly
Niggas wanna hit me if they get me trust my body
[Incomprehensible]
Check it, my lyrical carjack make ur brun splat
High callable gacks is all I fuck wit now keep the rough
shit

In my circumfrence mad bitches, with mad noochies
bulletproof vestes Under they coochies spitting my
oozie, don't lose me
My trigger niggas represent driving dirty in jay 30
getting bent
Until my hit hos my murder mamis
I be smoking trees in Belize when they find me
While you still killing niggas with my Lali like Cami
And Cyber Supres Cypress fucking Roy on the floor with
the finest

While I just slip coke smoke pounds of chope
Got lawyers watchin' lawyers, so I won't go broke
Now check it, dem country niggas call me Frank White
I'm spurtin' off in my law of course I know my shits tight
Suprise, open my eyes still suprise
Got my shorty flying in with keys taped to her thighs
with lovely
Utincils suhen my suhen my china thing
She half black half orientak 86 she got me rentals

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I use to drive a Chevy Monte Carlo bricks n blow all in it
I was taught to sell dis shit you putcho nose all in it
Let my bitch drive da Benz but dem roads off limit
And how you call urself pimpin' with hos all in your
bidness
What it is the music bidness of the streets, make the
decision
I do this in my sleep and you way outcho division
pimpin'
This game we play for keeps and the rules remain
hidden

This ain't a place for laying the snitchin' shit is
forbidden

I was sittin' in the kitchen and weepin' with hopes of
getting back

All that I forget to go blow see even 50 stacks
And now I am sittin' back thinkin' 'bout the time
When a nigga get a 100gs think he went down
[Incomprehensible] in the game, it ain't fair
And thangs ain't the same, they change it ain't fair
Real niggas there doin' dey time and ain't here
You commit the same crime, come home the same
year

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