

Notorious B.i.g. "Come On"

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Motherfuckin' was at, nigga was motherfuckin' hyped
up
Nigga just grabbed the nigga, snuffed the nigga and it
was on
From there the motherfucker there wasn't nuttin'
stoppin' him
What what did the rest of his niggaz do?
Man the motherfuckers was just ready for anything
Them niggaz was packin' burners them niggaz was
ready to fight
Whatever we had to do holmes niggaz was on the real
flip out holmes
It was just comin' out like a motherfucker
The nigga amped be like come on, come on
motherfuckers

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Let's go deep into the phrase, beautiful sun rays
Off the bald head, everything is real
Biggie me put on this joint so I'm a be the big wheel
Watch it Slim, hey Dad, place yo bet on seven
Peace to one-oh-six, one-oh-eight, one-to-the-hundred-
eleventh
Hey Biggie, I understand you're from Brooklyn
With 22's in your shoes, yo keep the shank ready

Well, why not blow up the spot with Sadat
Release the brain storm, to make your motherfuckin'
brain warm
A strange form, somethin' kind of lyrical biggie the
bastard
Sadat's kind of spiritual eell, in God we trust", guns I
bust

Got that disgustin', sewer style dumpin' and that
Do you know, where you're goin' to, do you like the
things that I bring?
Make an emcee wanna sing for a livin'
Take the beat down we fuckin' givin', c'mon
motherfucker

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What? Niggaz want drama, puttin' work on my block
When I told y'all last week that shit was too hot
Sellin' pieces and treys, cuts my dimes
Somebody gonna get paid, somebody block get
sprayed
Reaction is delayed as y'all run down the block
Caught one in your chest, your breath come in spurts

Hey yo Biggie tell these niggaz I'm a hit 'em where it
hurts
The big city it don't spare no bodies call me Papichulo
To all the Spanish Mamis I'm about ten blunts down
Drank three or fo' stouts seen five fat asses
Passed this bitch with glasses
Hey yo money that's yo' stock, yo Bigs pass the glock
I'm a tell him it can happen, don't play me with that rap
shit
Life is real, so Biggie take the steel

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I got seven Mac-11's, about eight, 38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac-10's, the shits never end
You can't touch my riches
Even if you had MC Hammer and them 357 bitches
Biggie Smalls, the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht

The two weed spots, the two hot glocks

That's how I got the weed spot, I shot dread in the head
Took the bread and the land spread
Lil' Gotti got the shotty to your body
So don't resist, or you might miss Christmas
I tote guns, I make number runs, I give emcees the
runs drippin'
When I throw my clip in the A.K., I slay from far away
Everybody hit the D E C K my slow flows remarkable

Peace to Matteo
Now we smoke weed like Tony Montana sniff the yayo
That's crazy blunts, mad L's
My voice excels from the avenue to jail cells
Oh my God, I'm droppin' shit like a pigeon
I hope you're listenin', smackin' babies at they
christening

So you better grab your pistol
'Cause if you sit still, I'm gonna make your fuckin' shit
spill
And I'm talkin' bout buckets, why did I have to do it?
Sadat said fuck it, you got a gun, nigga bust it
'Cause I got mo' shots to pop-ya
Big Pop-pa, breakin' you off somethin' proper
Signin' off is the hardcore rap singer
A K A crack slinger, bring it anytime nigga

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I love to see shit like that

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