

## **Notorious B.i.g. "Gimme The Loot"**

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Yeah, motherfuckers better know  
Huh, huh, lock your windows, close your doors.  
Biggie smalls, huh, yeah

My man Inf left a Tec and a nine at my crib  
Turned himself in, he had to do a bid  
A one-to-three, he be home the end of '93  
I'm ready to get this paper, G, you with me?

Motherfucking right, my pocket's looking kind of tight  
And I'm stressed, yo, Biggie let me get the vest  
No need for that, just grab the fucking gat  
The first pocket that's fat the Tec is to his back

Word is bond, I'm a smoke him yo don't fake no moves  
Treat it like boxing, stick and move, stick and move  
Nigga, you ain't got to explain shit  
I've been robbin' motherfuckers since the slave ships

With the same clip and the same four-five  
Two point-blank, a motherfucker's sure to die  
That's my word, nigga even try to Bogart  
Have his mother singing "It's so hard"

Yes, love, love, you're fucking attitude  
Because the nigga play pussy that's the nigga that's  
getting screwed  
And bruised up from the pistol whipping  
Webs on the neck from the necklace stripping

Then I'm dipping up the block and I'm robbing bitches  
too  
Up the herring bones and bamboos  
I wouldn't give fuck if you're pregnant  
Give me the baby rings and a number one mom  
pendant

I'm slamming niggaz like Shaquille, shit is real  
When it's time to eat a meal I rob and steal  
'Cos Mom Duke ain't giving me shit  
So for the bread and butter I leave niggaz in the gutter

Huh, word to mother, I'm dangerous  
Crazier than a bag of fucking Angel Dust  
When I bust my gat motherfuckers take dirt naps  
I'm all that and a dime sack, where the payback?

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Big up, big up, it's a stick up, stick up  
And I'm shooting niggaz quick if you hiccup  
Don't let me fill my clip up in your back and head piece  
The opposite of peace sending Mom Duke a wreath

You're talking to the robbery expert  
Stepping to your wake with your blood on my shirt  
Don't be a jerk and get smoked over being resistant  
'Cos when I lick shots the shits is persistent

Huh, goodness gracious the papers  
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?  
Nigga, pass that before you get your grave dug  
From the main thug, 357 slug

And my nigga Biggie got an itchy one grip  
One in the chamber, thirty-two in the clip  
Motherfuckers better strip, yeah, nigga, peel  
Before you find out how blue steel feel

From the Beretta, putting all the holes in your sweater  
The money getter, motherfuckers don't have better  
Rolex watches and colorful Swatches  
I'm digging in pockets, motherfuckers can't stop it

Man, niggaz come through I'm taking high school rings  
too  
Bitches get stripped down for they earrings and  
bangles  
And when I rock her and drop her I'm taking her door  
knockers  
And if she's resistant, baka, baka, baka

So go get your man, bitch, he can get robbed too  
Tell him Biggie took it, what the fuck he gonna do?  
I hope apologetic or I'm a have to set it

And if I set it the cocksucker won't forget it

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Man, listen all this walking is hurting my feet  
But money looks sweet in the Isuzu jeep

Man, I throw him in the Beem, you grab the fucking  
C.R.E.A.M  
And if he start to scream bam, bam, have a nice dream  
Hold up, he got a fucking bitch in the car  
Fur coats and diamonds, she thinks she a superstar

Ooh, Biggie, let me jack her  
I kick her in the back  
Hit her with the gat  
Yo chill, Shorty, let me do that

Just get the fucking car keys and cruise up the block  
The bitch act shocked, gettin' shot on the spot  
Oh shit, the cops  
Be cool, fool  
They ain't gonna roll up, all they want is fucking  
doughnuts

So why the fuck he keep lookin'?  
I guess to get his life token  
I just came home, ain't trying to see Central Booking  
Oh shit, now he lookin' in my face

You better haul ass, 'cos I ain't with no fucking chase  
So lace up your boots, 'cos I'm about to shoot  
A true motherfucker going out for the loot

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