

**Notorious B.i.g.****"I Love the Dough(feat. Jay-Z, Angela Winbush)"**

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[Verse One: Jay-Z]

We push the hottest V's, peel fast  
through the city, play Monopoly with real cash  
Me and Biggie and the models be, sugar nase and did  
he ask?  
And parotta be, somethin you cats got to see  
And the watches be all types and shapes of stones  
Bein broke is childish and I'm quite grown  
Run up in the club with the ice on, me and Python  
Scope the spot out, see somethin nice and I'm gone  
You cats is home, screamin the fight's on  
I'm in the fifteen hundred seats, watchin Ty-son  
Same night, same fight  
But one of us cats ain't playin right, I let you tell it  
People place yourselves in the shoes of two felons  
And tell me you won't ball every chance you get  
and any chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
Cats pop bottles bone chicks that pay for hors d'ourves  
And rack up frequent flier mileage

[Chorus: Angela Winbush]

Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey  
I love the dough, more than you know  
Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey

[Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.]

I'm poppin Magnums while Jigga bag somethin  
Watch is platinum, got jet lag from  
flights back and forth, pop corks of the best grapes  
Make the best CD's and the best tapes  
Don't forget the vinyl, take girls break spinals  
Biggie be Richie like Lionel, shit  
You seen the Jesus, dipped to H classes,  
Ice project off lights, chick flashes  
Blind your broke asses, even got rocks in big  
mustaches  
Rock top fashions

Ain't shit changed, except the number after the dot  
on the Range, way niggaz look at me now, kinda  
strange

I hate y'all too

Rather be in Carribean sand to rake through

It's unreal, out the blue Frank White got sex appeal

Bitches used to go, "Ewww!"

Still tote steel, tryin to see five mil

off the sin-gle, for real

You ain't fazin the amazin

While your gun's raisin, mine is blazin

See you on see me all talkin to sweetness

Take it for weakness and leave quick

Blocker, rocker, fellow, Bad Boy collabo

Two MC's with mad dough, jewelry on!

[Chorus: Angela Winbush]

I love the dough, more than you know

Gotta let it show, I love the dough, hey

[repeat 2X]

[Verse Three: Jay-Z, Notorious B.I.G.]

Miracu-lous, pockets stay full

Niggaz skip the bull cause we matadors

Snatch the P-89's that we pack in the drawers

And we, clappin doors in your Acuras

Snap like, cameras or amateurs

Make you all dance, hold a hammer to yours

Jig and Big rock ice, no cracks in floors

Erybody got a part to play, back to yours

Run up in your crib now, crack your doors

Watch the real players live, it's a habit to floss

Play the charts like the Beatles, y'all ?dapped and lost?

And toast Cristal on behalf of y'all

Too bad for y'all, ain't too many as bad as yours

truly, do we, we laugh at y'all

Little bastards y'all

Uhh, uhh

We hit makers with acres

Roll shakers in Vegas, you can't break us

Lost chips on Lakers, gassed off Shaq

Country house, tennis courts on horseback

Ridin decidin cracked crab or lobster

Who say mobsters don't prosper

Niggaz is actors, niggaz deserve Oscars

Me I'm, critically acclaimed, slug past your brain

Reminesce on dames who, coochie used to stink

When we rocked house pieces and puffy Gucci links

Now we buy homes in unfamiliar places

Tito smile everytime he see our faces  
Cases catch more than outfield-ers  
Half these rappin cats, ain't seen war  
Couldn't score if they had point game, they lame  
Speak my name, I make em dash like Dame

[Chorus: Angela Winbush]

I love the dough, more than you know Gotta let it show,  
I love the dough, hey [repeat to fade]

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