

Notorious B.i.g. "I Really Want To Show You"

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Woo! There's gonna be a lot of punchin' in this
motherfucker
Y'all better be swift with that punch button Jack
Biggie, Biggie

I know how it feel to wake up fucked up
Pockets broke as hell, another rock to sell
People look at you like you's the user
Selling drugs to all the losers, mad buddha abuser
But they don't know about your stress-filled day
Baby on the way, mad bills to pay
That's why you drink Tanqueray, so you can reminisce
And wish you wasn't livin' so devilish, shit

I remember I was just like you
Smokin' blunts with my crew, flippin' over 62's
'Cause G E D wasn't B I G
I had to get P A D, that's why my moms hate me
She was forced to kick me out, no doubt
Then I figured out licks went for twenty down South
Packed up my tools for my raw power move
Glock nineteen for casket and flower moves

For chumps tryin' to stop my flow
And what they don't know will show on the autopsy
Went to see Papi, to cop me a brick
Asked for some consignment, he wasn't tryin' to hear it
Smoking mad Newports 'cause I'm due in court
For an assault that I caught in Bridgeport, New York
Catch me if you can like the Gingerbread Man
You better have your gat in hand 'cause man

Come and run with me
I really wanna show you
How I run the streets
I really wanna show you
How I'm clockin' G's
I really wanna show you
Come and run with me
I really wanna show you

I had the master plan

I'm in the caravan on my way to Maryland
With my man Two-Tecs to take over this projects
They call him Two-Tecs, he tote two tec
And when he start to bust he like to ask, "Who's next?"
I got my honey on the Amtrak with the crack in the
crack of her ass
Two pounds of hash in the stash
I wait for hon to make some quick cash

I told her she could be Lieutenant, bitch got gassed
At last, I'm literally loungin' black
Sittin' back, countin' double digit thousand stacks
Had to re-up, see what's up with my peeps
Toyota Deal-a-Thon had it cheap on the Jeeps
See who got smoked, what rumors was spread
Last I heard I was dead with six to the head
Then I got the phone call, it couldn't hit me harder

We got infiltrated like Nino at the Carter
Heard Tec got murdered in a town I never heard of
By some bitch named Alberta over nickel-plated
burners
And my bitch swear to God she won't snitch
I told her when she hit the bricks I'll make the hooker
rich
Conspiracy, she'll be home in three
Until then I looks out for the whole family
A true G, that's me, blowing like a bubble
In the everyday struggle

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I'm seeing body after body and our mayor Guiliani
Ain't tryin' to see no black man turn to John Gotti
Guns and diamonds
Bitches put they tongues where the sun ain't shinin'
Take ki's till they spot us, snakes flee with consignment
This kid he got his krib rated, police found grams
They locked up his whole fam, mom's sister his old
man
Nigga bailed his moms out, then he told on his man

Now they home actin' like nuttin' wrong, hustlin' again
He tried to be the next Frank White and Escobar

Pickin' up coke a fiend holds it in a seperate car
Cooks it up till it's bright white, cut it tight right
Then he slings it to the fiends lookin' like Fright Night
Coppin the motorbikes, the scooters, countin' dough on
computers
High technology dealers to the users and losers
Half-leg DiDi, try to swap drug for TV's
Stores run out of baking soda from BK to QB

My niggaz die for the cause, .45 on the drawer
City laws made by Big Nas and Biggie Smalls
Bitches, holdin' my weight in they titties and drawers
My bitches out of state get bust while they pushin' my
cars
Callin' me up, callin' me baller, call for they cut
Pretty hoes bring me my cash, swallow all of this nut
Seats on the Bent' stay nasty, push the dash
For the stash box is where the cash be, watchin' for
task force
'Cause I know they comin' but I'm reachin' my goal
Fuck bummin', I'm makin' sure I leave this whole game
wit' somethin'
Crib in West Palms for my dime, crib for my moms
Ridiculous, you lookin' at the next Nicholas Barnes,
baby

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