

## Notorious B.i.g. "Just Like Me"

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Uh, uh, uh, c'mon

[Verse One:]

Hah, sicker than your average Poppa  
Twist cabbage off instinct niggas don't think shit stink  
pink gators, my Detroit players  
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn  
Dead right, if they head right, Biggie there every night  
Poppa been smooth since days of Underroos  
Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who  
do something to us, talk go through us  
Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us  
Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff (ehehehe)  
Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch  
Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3  
(Take that, take that, take that, ha ha!)  
Bang every MC easily, busily  
Recently niggas fronting ain't saying nothing (nope)  
So I just speak my piece, (c'mon) keep my piece  
Cubans with the Jesus piece (thank you God), with my  
peeps  
Packing, asking who want it, you got it nigga flaunt it  
That Brooklyn bullshit, we're on it

[Chorus: sung in imitation of part of Slick Rick's "La-Di-Da-Di"]

Biggie Biggie Biggie can't you see  
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me  
And I just love your flashy ways  
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (uh)

Biggie Biggie Biggie (uh-huh) can't you see (uh)  
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me (hip to)  
And I just love your flashy ways (uh-huh)  
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (hah)

[Verse Two:]

I put hoes in NY onto DKNY (uh-huh)

Miami, D.C. prefer Versace (that's right)  
All Philly hoes, dough and Moschino (c'mon)  
Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi (haaaaaah!)  
Now who's the real dookie, meaning who's really the  
shit  
Them niggas ride dicks, Frank White push the sticks  
on the Lexus, LX, four and a half  
Bulletproof glass tints if I want some ass  
Gonna blast squeeze first ask questions last  
That's how most of these so-called gangsters pass  
At last, a nigga rappin bout blunts and broads  
Tits and bras, mÃ©nage Ã  trois, sex in expensive cars  
I still leave you on the pavement  
Condo paid for, no car payment  
At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff  
Your daughter's tied up in a Brooklyn basement (shh)  
Face it, not guilty, that's how I stay filthy (not guilty)  
Richer than Richie, till you niggas come and get me

[Chorus:]

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And I just love your flashy ways  
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (uh)

Biggie Biggie Biggie (uh-huh) can't you see (huh)  
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me (hip to)  
And I just love your flashy ways (uh-huh)  
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (uh)

[Verse Three:]

I can fill ya wit real millionaire shit (I can fill ya)  
Escargot, my car go, one sixty, swiftly  
Wreck it buy a new one  
Your crew run run run, your crew run run  
I know you sick of this, name brand nigga wit  
flows girls say he's sweet like licorice  
So get with this nigga, it's easy  
Girlfriend here's a pen, call me round ten  
Come through, have sex on rugs that's Persian (that's  
right)  
Come up to your job, hit you while you working (uh)  
for certain, Poppa freaking, not speaking  
Leave that ass leakin, like rapper demo  
Tell them hoe, take they clothes off slowly  
Hit em wit the force like Obe, dick black like Toby  
(Obe...Toby)  
Watch me roam like Gobe, lucky they don't owe me  
Where the safe show me, homey.. (say what, homey)

[Chorus:]

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[fades]

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