

## **Notorious B.i.g. "Kick In The Door"**

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Welcome back

We're here on Bad Boy television and I'm Trevin Jones  
And I've been conversing with the mad rapper  
And quite frankly, he's very mad  
We're gonna try to find out why  
So we'll take some questions at this point from our  
studio audience  
Yes ma'am, please stand and state your name and  
where you're from

Hi, my name is Shay, and I'm from New Rochelle  
And I just don't understand, why you so mad  
Like what are you so mad about?

You wanna know why, yo first of all, yo first of all you  
can't  
Be askin' me no question kno' what I'm sayin' who the  
fuck is you?  
You kno' what I'm sayin'?  
You can't be askin' me no question  
I'ma tell you why I'm mad, you kno' what I'm sayin'?  
I'ma tell you why I'm mad, I'ma tell you why I'm mad  
These niggaz is makin' five hundred thousand dollar  
videos  
You know you sayin', they drivin' around in hot cars,  
Yuu know you sayin', they got bitches, they got all that  
shit

You kno' what I'm sayin', I'm still livin' with my moms  
You kno' what I'm sayin', that's my word  
You know you saying, I'm makin' records, I ain't made  
no money  
Yet I done made this is my fourth album yo, this my  
fourth album  
I ain't made a dime yet  
This nigga made one album, he makin' wild records  
That Ready to Die shit, it was aight, it was aight  
You know I'm sayin', that shit was aight, it was cool  
But my shit is more John Blaze than that, I got John  
Blaze shit  
And they not recognizing, they not sayin' I recognize  
And fuck is that, who is you to be askin' me questions

You kno' what I'm sayin', who is you?

I gots to talk, I gotta tell what I feel  
I gotta talk about my life as I see it

This goes out to you  
This goes out to you, and you, and you, and you

This goes out to you  
This goes out to you  
This goes out to you, and you, and you, and you

Your reign on the top was short like leprechauns  
As I crush so-called willies, thugs, and rapper-dons  
Get in that ass, quick fast like ramadan  
It's that rap phenomenon Don-Dadda, fuck Poppa  
You got ta, call me, Francis M.H. White  
In tank-light totes, tote iron  
Was told in shootouts, stay low, and keep firin'  
Keep extra clips for extra shit  
Who's next to flip on that cat with that grip on rap  
The mo shady, "Tell em", Frankie baby  
Ain't no tellin' where I may be

May see me in D.C. at Howard Homecomin'  
With my man Capone, dumbin, fuckin' somethin'  
You should know my steelo  
Went from ten G's for blow to thirty G's a show  
To orgies with hoes I never seen befo'  
So, Jesus, get off the Notorious  
Penis, before I squeeze and bust  
If the beef between us, we can settle it  
With the chrome and metal shit  
I make it hot, like a kettle get  
You're delicate, you better get, who sent ya?  
You still pedal shit, I got more rides than Great  
Adventure  
Biggie, "How are you gonna do it?"

Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more  
Kick in the door, wavin' the four-four  
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On ya mark, get set, when I spark, ya wet  
Look how dark it get, when ya marked with death

Should I start your breath or should I let you die?  
In fear you start to cry, ask why  
Lyrically, I'm worshipped, don't front the word sick  
You cursed it, but rehearsed it  
I drop unexpectedly like bird shit  
You herbs get stuck quickly for royalties and show  
money

Don't forget the publishin', I punish 'em, I'm done with  
them  
Son, I'm surprised you run with them  
I think they got cum in them 'cuz they nothin' but dicks  
Tryin' to blow up like nitro and dynamite sticks  
Mad I smoke hydro rock diamonds, that's sick  
Got pay off my flow, rhyme with my own click  
Take trips to Cairo, layin' with yo bitch  
I know you prayin' you was rich, fuckin' prick  
When I see ya I'ma

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This goes out for those that choose to use  
Disrespectful views on the King of NY  
Fuck that, why try, throw bleach in your eye  
Now ya Braille in it, stash that light shit, or scalin' it  
Conscience of ya nonsense in eighty-eight  
Sold more powder than Johnson and Johnson  
Tote steel like Bronson, vigilante  
You wanna get on son, you need to ask me  
Ain't no other king in this rap thing

They siblings, nothing but my chil'ren  
One shot, they disappearin'  
It's ill when MC's used to be on cruddy shit  
Took home, Ready to Die, listened, studied shit  
Now they on some money shit, successful out the blue  
They light weight, fragilly, my nine milly  
Make the white shake, that's why my money never  
funny  
And you still recoupin', stupid

