

Notorious B.i.g. "Long Kiss Goodnight"

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[Puff Daddy]
Mmmmmmmmm-HMM
See.. {*echoes*}
I told you.. {*echoes*}

[Puff]See, I told y'all muh'fuckers
[Big]Yo yo.. that stupid nigga man
[Puff]I told y'all to stop!
[Big]He fucked up, yo..
[Puff]I pray for you to stop
[Big]Yo, yo yo yo, yo.. yo.. yo..
Yo, yo yo yo, yo..
[Puff]But no, you didn't stop
[Big]Yo.. yo..
[Puff]And now, we won't stop

Chorus: sung by Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

Time, time for you to die
As I kiss.. yo'.. ass.. goodnight

[Notorious B.I.G.]
I make yo' mouthpiece obese like Della Reese
When I release, you loose teeth like Lil' Cease
Nigga please, blood floods yo' Dungarees
And that's just the half on my warpath
Laugh now cry later, I rhyme greater
Than the average playa hater, and spectators
Buy my CD twice; they see me in the streets
They be like, "Yo he nice, but that's on the low doe"
Be the cats with no dough, tried to play me at my show
I pull out fo'-fo's, and go up in they clothes
Short-change niggaz, snort-caine niggaz
Extortion came quicker, bought the Range nigga
Ya still tickle me, I used to be as strong as Ripple be
Til Lil' Cease crippled me
Now I play hard, like my girls nipples be
The game sour like like a pickle be, y'all know da rules
Move from BK to New Jeruz -- thinkin bout
All the planes we flew, bitches, we ran through
Now the year's new, I lay my game flat
I want my spot back, take two

Motherfuckers mad cause I blew, niggaz envious
Too many niggaz on my dick, shit strenuous
When my men bust, you just move wit such stamina
Slugs missed ya, I ain't mad at cha (we ain't mad at cha)
Blood rushin, concussions, ain't nothin
Catch cases, come out frontin, smokin somethin
Sippin White Russians, bitch in the Benz bumpin
I laced it wit the basic, six TV's a system
Knockin Mase shit, face it, we hard to hit
Guard ya shit, 'fore I stick you, for your re-up
Wipe the pee up, mixed shots, woke your seed up
Go in the ashtray, spark the weed up, LONG KISS

Chorus 2X

{Puff Daddy - speaking over chorus}
Now.. we don't give a fuck..
We just absolutely.. don't give a fuck..
Because.. there ain't no motherfuckin love here..
There ain't no love here..
You know, we.. we just gon' keep doin what we do
We gon' keep FUCKIN YOU UP..
And I'ma keep stompin your MOTHERFUCKIN HEAD IN
You FUCKIN BITCH, c'mon!!
{last line overlaps Biggie's next verse}

[Notorious B.I.G.]
Uhh.. I'm flamin gats, aimin at, these fuckin
Maniacs, put my name in raps, what part the
Game is that? Like they hustle backwards
I smoke Blackwoods and Dutchies, ya can't touch me
Try to rush me, slugs go, touchy-touchy
You're bleedin lovely, wit'chyo, spirit above me
Or beneath me, your whole life you live sneaky
Now you rest eternally, sleepy, you burn when you
creep me
Rest where the worms and the weak be
My nine flies, baptize, rap guys
With the Holy Ghost, I put holes in most
You hold your toast shaky, slippin tryin to break me
Look what you made me do, brains blew
My team in the marine-blue, six Coupe
Skied it out, weeded out, cleanin out -- the block
For distances, givin long kisses BITCH

Chorus 2X

{Puff Daddy - speaking over chorus}
All we have to do now.. is say a prayer for you.. y'know?
That's all we have to do, just to pray for your mind..

cause..
Eheh, see your mind got control of your heart..
When it's supposed to be the other way around
Your heart's supposed to got control of your mind..
So now, I have no feelings for you
You have made me cold..
{last line overlaps Biggie's next verse}

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Frank White the menacin, Chron Chron's the medicine
I got the lettuce and, you turn green like cucumber skin
Got the new, Hummer in the summer when I was a new
comer
Then, drugs and mac-10's
Hugs from fake friends, make ends they hate you
Be broke -- girls won't date you
That's why I relate to, choke yo' ass out til your face
blue
Make you, open the safe too
No matter how you call it (how you call it)
This brolic, alcoholic .. {*Biggie's chorus fades in*}
Like his weed green'd out, like his brick solid
Distribute to, kids who, take heart like Valentine
Drink Ballentine, all the time
Slugs hit your chest tap you spine, flatline
Heard through the grapevine, you got fucked fo' times
Damn that three to nine, fucked you up for real doe
Sling steal slow, as for remorse, we feel no

Chorus 3X

{Puff Daddy - speaking over chorus}
See the fucked up thing is that I love you..
Yaknahmsayin?
It's just in my nature to love you..
I can't hate you.. cause it's not in my nature to hate
you..
You know, I don't know..
Maybe.. I'm a different type of individual..
But.. you have me on the line..
And there's a thin line between love and hate
And God forbid I cross that line..
Cause y'all not gonna give a fuck
I'm tellin you right, MOTHERFUCKIN, NOW!!
THE SHIT, Y'ALL DONE STARTED, IS NEVER GONNA
STOP!!!
WE ARE NEVER GONNA STOP!!!
And we not talkin bout.. no other rappers..
We talkin bout YOU motherfucker
YOU KNOW, who I'm talkin to..
We comin for you..

We comin for you.. ehehehheh
The shit's gon' feel so good..
I'm gon' make you love me baby {*echoes*}

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