

## Notorious B.i.g. "Mo Money Mo Problems"

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Now, who's hot who not  
Tell me who rock who sell out in the stores  
You tell me who flopped who copped the blue drop  
Who jewels got robbed who's mostly Goldie down  
To the tube sock, the same ol' pimp

Mase, you know ain't nuttin' change but my limp  
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp  
Guarantee a million sales pullin' all the love  
You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up

We don't play around it's a bet lay it down  
Nigga didn't know me ninety one bet they know me now  
I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound  
Can't no PHD niggaz hold me down, Cooter

Schooled me to the game, now I know my duty  
Stay humble stay low blow like Hootie  
True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty  
And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie

I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see

I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see

Yeah, yeah, ah, ah, from the C to the A to the D D Y  
Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly  
I call all the shots rip all the spots, rock all the rocks  
Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin' now's when all the  
ballin' stops

Nigga never home got a chrome one and a yacht  
Ten years from now we'll still be on top  
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop  
Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool

Bag a money much longer than yours  
And a team much stronger than yours, violate me

This will be your day, we don't play  
Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way

'Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here  
For you to shine here, deal with many women but treat  
dimes fair  
And I'm bigger than the city lights down in Times  
Square  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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Uh, uh, B.I.G., P O, P P A, no info, for the, DEA  
Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant  
Tap my cell and the phone in the basement  
My team supreme, stay clean triple beam lyrical dream

I be that cat you see at all events bent  
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders  
Playboy, I told ya, bein' mice to me  
Bruise too much, I lose, too much  
Step on stage the girls boo too much

I guess it's 'cause you run with lame dudes too much  
Me lose my touch, never that if I did, ain't no problem  
to get the gat  
Where the true players at? Throw your roadies in the  
sky  
Wave 'em side to side and keep their hands high

While I give your girl the eye, player please  
Lyrically, niggaz see, B.I.G. be flossin' jig on the cover  
of Fortune  
Five double oh, get the phone number your name  
I got to know, I got to go got the flow down phizat,  
platinum plus  
Like thizat, dangerous on trizack, leave your ass  
kizzack

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What's goin' on? What's goin' on?  
I don't know what, they want from me  
It's like the more money we come across  
The more problems we see

What's goin' on? What's goin' on?  
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