

Notorious B.i.g. "Notorius Thugs"

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(feat. Bone-Thugz-N-Harmony)

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

It's Bone and Biggie, Biggie *[repeat 8X]*

Let's Ride *[repeat 3X]*

Get High *[repeat 3X]*

[Verse One: Biggie, BizzyBone,KrayzieBone]

Armed and dangerous

aint too many can bang with us

straight up weed no angel

dust, label us notorious. Thug ass niggas dat love to
bust, its strange to us

ya'll niggas be scramblin, gamblin

up in restaurants with mandolins and

violins. We just sittin' here tryin to win, try not to sin

high off weed and

lots of gin

so much smoke need oxygen

steadily countin' them Benjamins. Nigga

u should too, if u knew, what this game'll do to u

been in this shit since

'92

look at all the bullshit I been thru

sure caught beef with u know

who

fuck a few female stars or two

then a bluelight niggas knew like

Mike-shiiit not to be fuck wit. Muthafucka betta duck

quick..cuzz me and my

dogs love to buck shit, fuck the luck shit strictly aim

go operation just to

kick da game. Spit yo' game, talk yo shit, grab yo gat,

call your clicks,

squeeze your clip and hit the right one

pass dat weed I gotta light one

all

them niggas I gotta fight one

all them hoes I gotta like one

our situation is

a tight one

what u wanna do? fight or run? Seems to me dat you'll

take thee,
Bone and Big nigga die slowly
I'ma tell u like a nigga told me, cash rule
everything around me. Shiiit lyrically, niggas can't see
me, fuck it, buy the
coke, cook the coke, cut it, blow the bitch before u
caught yourself lovin
it--nigga wit a Benz fuckin it. Doesn't it seem odd to u
Big comes thru wit
mobs and crews
Goodfellas down to da Mo' Thug dudes
who's da killa? me or you?
(We forgive you for you know not what you do)

Seven A.M. woke in da mornin' wit henn and caffiene
and green and nicotine
no dough so pop a couple of dough, Lil' Rippsta..nigga
mista clean, nigga
deep--deep in my tumble and now to get, sentimentally
steamed, wit
my..instrumelody, and heated especially ball your
team, and a 45 indeed will
beam now between da scenes destroy your dreams,
you willin to die we'll
see
how many faces when I cause the scene. We mean
mug, Mo' Thugs tyrin to be
perfect--disciples, when its survival told by the double
edged sword triple,
six rivals spittin' fire this da real truth bitch, breakin
down for lies my
messiah steady get ready for armogeddon shoot 6-5.
It's wild, bless da child,
the one dat became a man
put in positions out and we perve
all that I had to

do was stare. Test me now, contend never no
surrender no pretend
pick up my
pen
and my hemp
all in my trust a friend, friend. Hey! open and lets see if
ya' real, we all suited dig bout 4 in da mornin', maybe
we aint marchin' we
shootin', and then they recruitin' theirs they
forgot..everyday in da ghetto,
we start em' off endin with hit em' up out with a pen
and pad hit me led now
kick it.....

Nigga roll wit Bone up into da dayz of ours, to the
dome wit a shot or burn,
never do toss on da curb/me feelin' da urge to sperve,
when I'm broke as
fucks and givin dat mossburg swerve. Up into my bag,
cuz I gotta get my mask
and shells-to put in this 12 guage sawed off, get em'
all off, nigga yo'
loss, take it all off, got a nigga caught doe. For the
Bone and leatherface
seemin' to thug in da cut--to let da mo' how many pullin
aint nothin'--bitch
if ya stick em' we buckin' em guns dats fucked up. Now
lemme get down wit da
crime, gotta go purchase a dime
put in a state to get down for da
crime
smokin da reefa to ease my mind, swig some wine.
Step on da block when
da rocks what will I be servin' them dummies see
gotta buck em' on down if he
come back talkin like gimme back my money. Thuggin
wit me killaz, need us a
leader or lick up when niggas aint got shit
with a sawed off pump chrome 38
pistol now who ready to get bent. Nigga like me feenin'
for them green
leaves, but I aint had no dough
gotta make some money so, I'm makin my dummy
rocks if I go broke.

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Two: Layzie Bone]

Lil' Lay hey comin in a form of scripture, finna get ya
and hit
magic
droppin' down lick but I call on my gadgets, with a
automatic status we
spray time to load da glocks but I'm thinkin not, there's
another he forced
tellin me do what I gotta do
so I up my pipe a nigga die tonight, and I'm
alwayz waitin for da boys in blue.--Biggie boots on my
ass now go'n right the
cellular phone and call Bone what's happenin'
grab a ten of real niggas start
packin', cuz a muthafucka try to get me in a jackin' and
I did em'. Hit em'
right between the eyes da spot was wise wanna test a
nigga's size and it cost

em'
nigga fuck around wit da wrong shit ya'll get mo'
murdered all day, all
day. We done paved da way and I'm on da run
I'ma call my boys and bring all
da guns
ya'll niggas wanna have a lil' fun wit number one, one,
in a red red
rum rum rum rum rum rum, wit a red red rum rum rum
rum rum rum, wit a red red
rum.....

[Chorus to fade]

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