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Notorious B.i.g. "Rap Phenomenon"

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(feat. Method Man, Redman)

- "Well it's the Funk Docta Spock.."
- "Meth-Tical.."
- "Biggie.. Biggie.." (mmmhmmmmm)

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh.. uhh.. uhh.. (yo c'mon Big) uhh..
Fuck that, I preach it, my nine reaches
the prestigious, cats that speak this, Willie shit
Flooded pieces, my hand releases, snatches
Smack ya cabbage, half-ass rappers, shouldn't have it
So I grab it, never run, the outcome
is usually, a beatdown brutally, fuck who you be
or where you're from, West or East coast, squeeze
toast

Leave most in the blood they layin in, what, what? The rings and things you sing about, bring 'em out It's hard to yell when the barrel's in your mouth It's more than I expected, I thought your jewels was rented

but they wasn't, so run it, cousin
I could chill, the heat doesn't
Ran up in your shell about a dozen
You never see bank like Frank White
Your hand clutchin, your chest-plate contemplate
You 'bout to die, nigga wait, keep yo' hands high

[Redman]

Yo.. yo yo

I don't brownnose out of town hoes
I'm up around fo' with the crowbar to the five point oh
I get bagged, I'm John Doe, suspect
You ass like prime roastin, Calvin Klein clothes
Explode the pyros when Doc guest appear
I'm out there, I bought it with George Jetson here
Your time is near, so get your body dropped off
I stopped trustin niggaz since Gotti got caught
It's Bricks keep your wrist covered, or piss colored
By the waist got a gun as dark as Kris brother
I.C.U., my sheisty crew, like ice me too
I break your legs, leave your eyes slightly blue

The Doc was born with a grenade palm I'm concurrent in your hood like a, teenage mom Yo Biggie (what? what?) She havin my bay-bayy If I pull out the A.K., keep your hands high

"This rule is so underrated.." -> [B.I.G.]

"Actin as if it can't happen, you're frontin" -> [Meth]

"Ain't no other kings in this rap thing.." -> [B.I.G.]

"Biggie, a motherfuckin rap phenomenon" -> [B.I.G.]

[repeat all 2X]

[Notorious B.I.G.] Uhh, uhh

I got a new mouth to feed, I'm due South with keys Y'all pick seeds out y'all weed, I watch cowards bleed Motherfucker please, it's my block with my rocks Fuck that hip-hop, them one-two's, and you don't stops Me and my nigga Lance, took Kim and Cee's advance Bought ten bricks, four pounds of weed plants from Branson, now we lampin, twelve room mansion Bitches get naked off "Get Money", "Player's Anthem" Don't forget, "One More Chance" and, my other hits, other shit

niggaz spit be counterfeit, robbery come actually in and out like fuckin rapidly, pass the gat to me Make his chest rest, where his back should be, talkin blasphemy

Blastin me, your family, rest in coffins often Frank Wizzard, fuck you soft or fragilla Play hard like Reggie Miller, rapper, slash dope dealer slash Gorilla, slash illest turned killer

[Method Man]

Now now

Don't approach me with that rah rah shit, you out of pocket

I take these adolescents back to Spofford Mentally my energy, is like a figure eight, on it's side that's infinity -- too many sick niggaz, nickel nines; bring the remedy -- when you play the field, what's the penalty

Unnecessary roughness, career endin injuries for suckers

Stuck on stupid, shoot em with a dart like Cupid until they got love for my music
Star Wars I'm Han Solo, with three egoes and three charges, I got to "See-three-P.O.'s"
This is whoop-yo'-ass-day, the sequel
Eyeball blower with no equal, niggaz swingin swords in the WAR

that's my people, sho' nuff, befo' I roll up
This is a hold up, hands high, reach for the sky
I rep S.I., the unpretty, word to Left Eye
New York Shitty, put they weight on it
And who better for the job than Biggie? The Notorious
Jeee-zus, "Unbelievable" rhyme that reaches
and touch individual, small frame buck and change
MC, What's-Your-Name, tuck your chain
All about the fortune, fuck the fame, labels still extortin
Kick me when I'm down, but I'm up again, scorchin
Hot -- forcin my way up in the door
to kill the bullshit like a matador
Keep your hands high (what?)

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