

## Notorious B.i.g. "Spit Your Game"

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(feat. Twista, Krayzie Bone, 8 Ball & MJG  
Notorious...

[B.I.G.]

Spit your game, talk your shit, grab your gat,  
Spit your game, talk your shit, grab your gat,  
Spit your game, talk your shit, grab your gat, call your  
cliques,  
Spit your game, talk your shit, grab your gat, call your  
cliques, squeeze your clip hit the right one,  
Pass that weed i got to light one,  
Squeeze your clip hit the right one, pass that weed i got  
to light one,  
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[B.I.G. - Verse]

Armed and dangerous, ain't too many can bang wit us,  
Straight up weed no angel dust, label us notorious,  
thug ass niggas that love to bust, it's strange to us,  
Ya'll niggas be scramblin gamblin, up in restaurants  
with mandolins and violins,  
We just sittin here tryin to win, tryin' not to sin,  
High off weed and lots of gin, so much smoke need  
oxygen,  
Steadily countin' them benjamins, nigga you should to  
if u knew wut this game would do 2 u,  
Bin in this shit since '92, look at all the bullshit i've bin  
through,  
So called beef with u know who, fucked a few female  
stars or two,  
Then a bluelight niggas knew like  
Mike-shiiiit not to be fuck wit. Muthafucka betta duck  
quick..cuzz me and my  
Dogs love to buck shit, fuck the luck shit strictly aim  
No asperation to quit 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?  
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[Twista]

Nigga money livin' marvelous, in god we trust,  
Don't too many niggas wanna start wit us, got big guns  
in the cars wit us,  
Bust at any muther fucka actin hard wit us,  
Don't really wanna show u wut a G.I.B., i rather be sippin  
remy in the V.I.P.,  
When u hear the music it'll be by me, Twista with the  
legendary nigga B.I.G.,  
Brooklyn and K-town, when u checkin' out the flow, u  
know it's gonna rain with persistence,  
2 legends on the same track, 2 different plains of  
existence,  
Lets get it crackin' i love to bust flows, hit it from the  
back cus i love to buck hoes,  
Spit it for the city i love Chi-ca-go, cali-coes buck, i love  
to bust those,  
You think you can spit on the mic like you Biggie and  
flow just as steady as I, shit is real u know u love him, u  
ain't got "Ready to Die",  
"Life After Death", give to you, however u want it  
nigga, that a day after, give it to ya, however u want it  
nigga,  
Cus the shit is giddie, so i carry big heat, screamin'  
come 'n' get me,  
Twista and Biggie on the Swizz beat,  
3 mils i love to make 1, all these cars i love to ride 1,  
All these hoes i love to cut 1,  
A tribute to BIG i love to bust 1,

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[Krayzie Bone]

In the middle of an hour, bring niggas more drama  
than they baby mamas, nigga wanna battle,  
IÃ¢Ä™ ma bomb ya,  
One man but attack like a pack of piranhas, like terracotta,  
Niggas always ready for the war, they don't really wanna see a nigga tho,  
We can hit 'em, in a minute, then be finished with 'em  
Hit 'em with the venom of a nigga with a sicko flow  
Doin'Ã¢Ä™ it wit Swizz, Oh NO!, u niggaz is jus trou-ble,  
Somebody better call po-po, it's gonna be murder when I get to servin emÃ¢Ä™ verbally (YEAH),  
And niggas ya'll heard of me, brick city killa, nigga word to me,  
And IÃ¢Ä™ m classic like Bird and Magic, with a tactic to snatch his rep back, and stack some platinum  
And double on 'em at random, with the bullets I brand 'em,  
Feelin' to hold the game ransom,  
Runnin up in your mansion, cash demandin, flashin cannons,  
niggas ain't ready for this one,  
Cuz IÃ¢Ä™ m on a mission to get even better believe it, IÃ¢Ä™ m heavily heated,  
Its easy to see it, if you wanna see me, let that be the reason.

[B.I.G. - Chorus]

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[8 Ball]

Damon Dash shoulda did Ultimate Hustler about me  
I'm a little bit of Scarface, Pac, and B.I.G  
Call me if you lookin' for that raw shit of the corner  
If you ask about who run the South, I'm somethin' like  
the owner (Bad Boy! Ask about me!)  
Somethin' like one of the rawess niggaz to touch the  
mic  
Diddy stayin' mad at me, I'm gettin' high and missin'  
the fight (Bad Boy! Bad Boy!)  
At the hotel wit a couple of banks, gettin' right  
Gettin lit, gettin' full of that light green sticky shit

[MJG]

Get that cheese, get that dough, about to leave, pimp a  
ho  
MJG's at the back do', infared is aimin' at yo - head  
Make a move and you dead! Tryin' to prove you ain'  
scared  
Shut your mouth, come from off of that bread, come  
out from under that bed  
Hit the block, count that cash, hit the spot, hit the stash  
Don't run out, never never, keep it sweatin', make it last  
Forever, we be keepin that heat, from underneath that  
seat  
Look at all the bullshit I been through, but I still keep it  
street!

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