

# Notorious B.i.g. "The What"

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**(feat. Method Man)**

*[Verse One: Notorious, Meth]*

I used to get feels on a bitch  
Now I throw shields on the dick  
To stop me from that HIV shit  
And niggaz know they soft like a Twinkie filling  
Playin the villian  
Prepare for this rap killin  
Biggie Smalls is the illest  
Your style is played out, like Arnold wondered  
"What you talkin bout Willis?"  
The thrill is gone, the black Frank White  
is here to excite and  
throw dick to dykes  
Bitches I like em brainless  
Guns I like em stainless steel  
I want the fuckin Fortune like the Wheel  
I squeeze gats till my clips is empty  
Don't tempt me (T-H-O-D Man)  
You don't want to fuck with Biggie

Here I am, I'll be damned if this ain't some shit  
Come to spread the butter lyrics over hominy grit  
It's the low killer death trap, yes I'm a jet black ninja  
Comin where you rest at, surrender  
Step inside the ring, youse the number one contender  
Lookin cold booty like your pussy in December  
Nigga stop bitchin, button up ya lip and  
From Method all you gettin is a can of ass-whippin  
Hey, I'll be kickin, you son, you doin all the yappin  
Actin as if it can't happen  
You front and got me mad enough to touch somethin  
Yo I'm from Shaolin, Island, and ain't afraid to bust  
somethin  
So what cha want nigga, ya punk nigga  
I got a six-shooter and a horse named Trigger  
It's real, ninety-four, rugged raw  
Kickin down your god damn door (and it goes a lil  
somethin like this)

*[Chorus:]*

Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get ya gotta work hard fot it

Honies shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And niggaz pack the clips, keep on

*[Verse Two: Meth, Notorious]*

Verse two, comin with that Olde E brew  
Meth-tical, puttin niggaz back in I.C.U.  
I'm lifted troop, you can bring yours wack ass crew  
I got connections, I'll get that ass stuck like glue, huh  
No question, I be comin down and shit  
Yo I gets rugged as a motherfuckin carpet get  
And niggaz love it, not in the physical form but in the  
mental  
I spark and they cells get warm  
I'm not a gentle, man, I'm a Method, Man!  
Baby accept it, utmost respect it  
(Assume the position) Stop look and listen  
I spit on your grave then I grab my Charles Dickens

Welcome to my center  
Honies feel it deep in they placenta  
Cold as the pole in the winter  
Far from the inventor, but I got this rap shit sewed  
And when my Mac unloads  
I'm guaranteed another video  
Ready to die, why I act that way?  
Pop Duke left Mom Duke  
The faggot took the back way  
So instead of makin hoes suck my dick up  
I used to do stick-up  
Cause hoes is irritatin like the hic-CUPS  
Excuse me, flows just grow through me  
Like trees to branches  
Cliffs to avalanches  
It's the praying mantis  
Deep like the mind of Farrakhan  
A motherfuckin rap phenomenon, plus

(I got more glocks and techs than you)  
I make it hot (Nigga won't even stand next to you)  
Nigga touch me you better bust me  
tree times in the head  
Or motherfucker's dead, ya thought so

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

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