

Notorious B.I.G., Puff Daddy & Ma\$E "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 Ph.D. 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 aha, from the D 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' nows
When all the ballin' stops

Nigga never home gotta call me on the yacht
Ten years from now we 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'll 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, deal, 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 rollies in the sky
Wave 'em side to side and keep your 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, here's my phone number
Your man ain't got to know, I got to go

Got the flow down pizat, platinum plus
Like thizat, dangerous on trizack, leave your ass
blizzack

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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?

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

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