

Real Live "The Gimmicks"

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(I see the gimmicks, the wack lyrics) - The Notorious
BIG

[Verse 1]

I'm usin mics like bangers, victims get hit
Verbal homicide, razor blades spit
It's mad kids trapped up in the game, ain't nothing
pretty
We all on a quest to have the tightest jam in the city
Or the fattest sound for the nine-pound
Shoot a 100 grand, I'm rollin headcracks on the ground
My mind is under siege from Chucky Black
I made my white-out fat with about three fourths of a 20
sack

Now I gots to blow the spot one time and in due time
You'll find the illustration of true crime
Too many niggaz fakin moves today
Too many brothers gettin blown away
But I be makin licks anyway, everyday
And still hold a toast just in case of foul play
You always had somethin to say
Man, I know you wasn't shit from the very first day
(I see the gimmicks, the wack lyrics)

[Verse 2]

I ain't a rookie, son, I'm like a decorated soldier
I earned mad stripes, slugs hit you like a boulder
The K is all-pro with the MP-60
And I'ma stimulate like a monster hit a blow, so
Now it's time to pay some dues
You got to show some skill before you talk about a Uz
or a Tec
And I lost mad respect
And if the wack shit don't stop
I'm shuttin down shop
You took a turn for the worse, you're like a curse
You never come clean in your verse
You got players on the street gettin down for real
Gettin down for coke, gettin down with steel
You ain't a thoroughbred, you ain't did no caper
What's this talk about you rich when you're workin with
short paper?
You're like a disease
And, ahh, get the fuck from out of here before I

squeeze

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