

The Notorious B.I.G.

"Come On"

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[Notorious B.I.G.]

Nigga was motherfuckin HYPED UP
Nigga just grabbed the nigga, snuffed the nigga
and it was on from there
The motherfucker there wasn't nuttin stoppin him
(What what did the rest of his niggaz do?)
Man the motherfuckers was just ready for anything
Them niggaz was packin burners
Them niggaz was ready to fight
whatever we had to do holmes
Niggaz was on the real flipout holmes
It was just comin out like a motherfucker
The nigga amped be like COME ON, COME ON
MOTHERFUCKER!!

Chorus: repeat 8X

Come on motherfuckers, come on

[samples play over second half of chorus]

"Man what you fuck doin over here?"
"Are you awake now?"
"Hell yah I'm awake man;
now tell me what the fuck is goin on here"
"Looks like the competition stopped by
to pay us a little visit, and check us out"

[Sadat X]

Let's go deep into the phrase, beautiful sunrays
off the baldhead, everything is real
Biggie me put on this joint so I'ma be the big wheel
Watch it Slim, hey Dad, place yo' bet on seven
Peace to one-oh-six, one-oh-eight, one-to-the-hundred-
eleventh
Hey Biggie, I understand you're from Brooklyn
with 22's in your shoes, yo keep the shank ready

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhhh well, why not blow up the spot with Sadat
Release the BRAINSTORM, to make your motherfuckin
BRAIN WARM

A strange form, somethin kind of lyrical
Biggie the bastard, Sadat's kind of spiritual
Well "In God We Trust", guns I bust
Got that disgustin, sewer style dumpin
and that uhh {*singin*} do you knowwwwww, where
you're goin to
Do you like the things that I bring?
{*rappin*} Make an emcee wanna sing for a livin
Take the beatdown we fuckin givin, c'mon
motherfucker

Chorus

[Sadat X]

What? Niggaz want drama, puttin work on my block
when I told y'all last week, that shit was too hot
Sellin pieces and treys, cuts my dimes
Somebody gon' get paid, somebody block get sprayed
Reaction is delayed as y'all run down the block
Caught one in your chest, your breath come in spurts
Hey yo Biggie tell these niggaz I'ma hit em where it
hurts
The big city it don't spare no bodies
Call me papichulo, to all the spanish mamis
I'm about ten blunts down, drank three or fo' stouts
Seen five fat asses, passed this bitch with glasses
Hey yo money that's yo' stock, yo Bigs pass the glock
I'ma tell him it can happen, don't play me with that rap
shit
Life is real, so Biggie take the steel

Chorus

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh

I got seven Mac-11's, about eight, .38's
Nine 9's, ten Mac-10's, the shits never end
You can't touch my riches
Even if you had MC Hammer and them 357 bitches
Biggie Smalls, the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht
The two weed spots, the two hot glocks
HAH, that's how I got the weed spot
I shot dread in the head, took the bread and the
landspread
Lil' Gotti got the shotty to your body
So don't resist, or you might miss Christmas
I tote guns, I make number runs
I give emcees the runs drippin;
when I throw my clip in the A.K., I slay from far away
Everybody hit the D-E-C-K
My slow flows remarkable

Peace to Matteo
Now we smoke weed like Tony Montana sniff the yayo

That's crazy blunts, mad L's
My voice excels from the avenue to jailcells
Oh my God I'm droppin shit like a pigeon
I hope you're listenin, smackin babies at they
christening
So you better grab your pistol
cause if you sit still, I'm gonna make your fuckin shit
spill
And I'm talkin bout buckets, why did I have to do it?
Sadat said fuck it, you got a gun, nigga bust it
Cause I got mo' shots to pop-ya
Big Pop-pa, breakin you off somethin proper
Signin off is the hardcore rap singer
a.k.a. crack slinger, bring it anytime nigga

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