

## The Notorious B.I.G. "Gimme the Loot"

Visit "[Gimme the Loot](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Motherfuckas better know  
I'm a bad baad baaaad (Kid Hood)  
Lock your windows  
Close your doors  
Biggie Smalls

[deep]

My man Inf left a TEC and a 9 at my crib  
Turned his self in, he had to do a bid  
A 1-to-3, he be home the end of '93  
I'm ready to get this paper, G, you with me?

[shrill]

Motherfuckin' right  
My pockets lookin' kinda tight  
And I'm stressed  
Yo Biggie, let me get the vest

[deep]

No need for that, just grab the fuckin' Gat  
The first pocket that's fat, the Tec is to his back  
Word is bond, I'mma smoke him, yo don't fake no moves  
Treat it like boxing, stick and move! stick and move!

[shrill]

Nigga, you ain't got to explain shit  
I've been robbing motherfuckas since the slave ships  
With the same clip and the same 4-5  
2 point blank, a motherfucka's sure to die  
That's my word, nigga even try to bogart  
Have his mother singing "It's so haard"

[deep]

Yes love, love your fuckin' attitude  
Because the nigga play pussy, that's the nigga that's getting screwed  
And bruised up from the pistol whippin'

Wheps on the neck from the necklace strippin'  
Then I'm dippin' up the block and I'm robbin' bitches too  
Up the herringbones and bamboos  
I wouldn't give a fuck if you're pregnant  
Gimme the baby rings and the "#1 Mom" pendant

[shrill]

I'm slamming niggas like Shaquille, shit is real  
When it's time to eat a meal, I rob and steal  
'Cause mom dukes ain't giving me shit  
So for the bread and butter I leave niggas in the gutter  
Word to mother, I'm dangerous  
Crazier than a bag of fuckin' angel dust  
When I bust my Gat, motherfuckas take dirt naps  
I'm all that, and a dime sack. Where the paper at?

When he's sticking you, and taking all your money (Guru)

[hook]

Gimme the loot! Gimme the loot!

[deep]

Big up, big up, it's a stick up, stick up  
And I'm shooting niggas quick, if ya hiccough  
Don't let me fill my clip up  
In ya back and headpiece  
The opposite of peace  
Sending Mom duke a wreath  
You're talking to the robbery expert  
Step into your wake with your blood on my shirt  
Don't be a jerk and get smoked over being resistant  
'Cause when I lick shots them shits is persistent

[shrill]

Goodness gracious the papers!  
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?  
Nigga pass that  
Before you get your grave dug  
From the main thug, .357 slug  
And my nigga Biggie got a itchy one grip

[deep]

1 in the chamber 32 in the clip  
Motherfuckas better strip

[together]

Yeah nigga, peel!

[deep]

Before you find out how my blue steel feel

[shrill]

From the Beretta putting all the holes in ya sweata'

The money-getta', motherfuckas don't know betta'

Rolex watches and colorful Swatches

I'm digging in pockets, motherfuckas can't stop it

[deep]

Man niggas come through I'm taking high school rings too

Bitches get strangled for their earrings and bangles

And when I rock her and drop her, I'm taking her doorknockers

And if she's resistant: Blakka! Blakka! Blakka!

[shrill]

So go get your man bitch

He can get robbed too

[deep]

Tell him Biggie took it

What the fuck he gonna do?

[shrill]

Man I hope apologetic

Or I'm a have to set it

And if I set it

The cocksucker won't forget it!

[hook]

[shrill]

Man, listen

All this walking is hurting my feet

Ooo money looks sweet

[deep]

Where?

[shrill]

In the Isuzu jeep

[deep]

Man I throw him in the Beem  
You grab the fuckin' cream  
And if he start to scream  
Bom bom! Have a nice dream  
Hold up  
He got a fuckin' bitch in the car  
Fur coats and diamonds  
She think she a superstar!

[shrill]

Ooh Biggie let me jack her!  
I'll kick her in the back  
Hit her with the Gat

[deep]

Chill shorty, let me do that  
Just get the fuckin' car keys  
And cruise up the block  
The bitch act shocked  
Gettin' shot on the spot

[shrill]

Oh shit the cops!

[deep]

Be cool, fool, they ain't gonna roll up  
All they want is fuckin' doughnuts

[shrill]

So why he keep lookin'?

[deep]

I guess to get his life taken  
I just came home, ain't trying to see central bookin'  
Oh shit, now he lookin' in my face  
You better haul ass 'cause I ain't with no fucking chase  
So lace up your boots 'cause I'm about to shoot  
A true motherfucka going out for the loot!

Take that motherfuckers (Ice Cube)

Visit [The Notorious B.I.G.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.