

The Notorious B.I.G.

"Warning"

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[Notorious B.I.G.] { *sound of a pager going off* } Stick me for my paper Stick me for my paper Stick me for my paper (Verse 1) [B.I.G.] Who the hell is this? Pagine me at 5:46 In the mornin, crack of dawn, and { *dialing phone* } Now I'm yawnin' Wipe the cold out my eye { *ring* } See who's this pagine me And why It's my man Pop from the barbershop Told me he was in the gamblin' spot, and heard the intricate plot Some people wanna stick me like flypaper neighbor Slow down love, please chill, drop the caper [Pop] Remember all your peoples from the hill up in Brownsville? That you rolled dice with, smoked [*blunts*] and got nice with [B.I.G.] Yeah, Lil' Fame up in Prospect Nah, they're my peoples, nah, love wouldn't disrespect [Pop] I didn't say them, they schooled me to some chumps That you knew from back when When you was clockin' minor figures Now they heard you blowin' up like nitro And they wanna stick the knife through your windpipe slow So, thank Fame for warnin' me, cause I'm warnin' you I got the mack, Biggie, tell me what you gonna do Break: Notorious B.I.G. Damn! Why they wanna stick me for my paper Damn! Why they wanna stick me for my paper Damn! Why they wanna stick me for my paper (Verse 2) [Pop] They heard about the Rolex's and the Lexus With the Texas license plates out of state They heard about the pounds you got down in Georgetown And they heard you got, half of Virginia locked down They even heard about the crib you bought your moms out In Florida, the fifth corridor [B.I.G.] Call the coroner There's gonna be a lot of slow singin' And flower bringin' If my burgular alarm starts ringin' What you think all the guns is for? All purpose war, got the Rottweilers by the door And I feed 'em gunpowder, so they can devour The criminals, tryin' to drop my decimals Damn! People wanna stick my for my cream And it ain't a dream, things ain't always what it seem It's the ones that smoke [*blunts*] with ya I see ya picture Now they wanna grab the guns and come and get ya Bet ya Biggie won't slip I got the calico with the black talons

loaded in the clip So I can rip through the ligaments Put
they bodies in a bad predicament Where all the foul
people went Touch my cheddah, feel my Beretta Buck
What I'm a hit you, with ya first reaction, hit the duck I
bring pain, bloodstains on what remains Of his jacket
He had a gun he should've packed it Cocked it, extra
clips in my pocket So I can reload and explode on ya
[**rasshole**] I mess around and get hardcore C-4 to
your door, no beef no more Feel the rough, scandalous
The more [**weed**] smoke I puff The more
dangerous I don't give a damn about you or your weak
crew What you gonna do when Big Poppa come for you
I'm not runnin', chump, I bust my gun and Hold on, I
hear somebody comin'

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