

B.I.G. Notorious

"Big Poppa Jermaine Dupri Remix"

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featuring Jermaine Dupri

Verse One:

To all the ladies in the place with style and grace

Allow me to lace these lyrical dooches in your bushes

Who rock grooves and make moves with all the
mommies

The back of the club sippin' Moet is where you'll find
me

The back of the club mackin hoes my crew's behind me

Mad question askin' blunt passin music blastin'

But I just can't quit

Cause one of these honies Biggie got to creep with

Sleep with, keep the ep a secret why not?

Why blow up my spot cause we both got hot

Now check it, I got more Mck than Craig and in the bed

Believe me sweetie I got enough to feed the needy

No need to be greedy, I got mad friends with Benzes

C'Notes by the layers, true fuckin players

Jump in the Rover and come over

tell your friends jump in thje GS3, I got the chronic by
the tree

Chorus:

[I love it when you call me big pop-pa] x3

Throw your hands in the air, if youse a tru playa

To the honies gettin money playin niggas like dummies

If you gun up in your waist, don't shoot up the place

Cause I see some ladies tonite who should be havin my
ba-by,

baybee, uh

Verse Two:

Straight up honey really i'm asking

Most of these niggas think they me mackin', but they
be acting

Who they attractin' with that line

"What's your name, what's your sign?"

Soon as he buy that wine, I just creep up from behind

And ask you what your interest are, who you be wit?

Things to make you smile, what number to dial

You gon' be here for a while, I'm gon' call my crew

You go call your crew

We can rendezvous at the bar around two

or three o' clock, Lil Ceas pull the truck up out the
parking lot

Roll the blunts cause he like to spark a lot

So we can steam on the way to the telly go fill my belly

A T-bone steak, cheese eggs, and Welches grape

Conversate for a few, cause in a few, we gon' do

What we came to do, ain't that right boo(truuuue)

Forget the telly, we just go to the crib

And watch a MOOVAE

In the JUCUZAE, BAY-BAY

Chorus

Verse Three

[Jermaine Dupri]

How does a true playa live?

[B.I.G.]

Nigga, Versace down

Donna Karan, Diamonds glarin'

Niggaz starin'

Now I got my pants draggin

In the Benz wagon, Raggin' sippin' D.P.

On my way to D.C.

The biggest willies

Smokin' phillies

Tying skunk together

Junior M.A.F.I.A. forever

Thuggin to say youngin and you knows that

I step in where the Mo and the Hoes at, BABY

Niggaz know the better on the Coogi sweater

Butter leather , chrome beretta see

You know who that nigga be

Outro: Jermaine Dupri

Shit you ain't know, ha ha, That's the stride for ninety-five Baby

Straight up playerlistic mentality

You just do your thing, Cause i'm definintley gone do
mine

And we gon' hook up a lil later and do thing you never
heard of

Can you feel me?

Chorus

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