

B.I.G. Notorious

"Big Poppa"

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To all the ladies in the place with style and grace
Allow me to lace these lyrical duches 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 gots ta 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 Mack 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 Benz's
C-notes by the layers, true f*ckin players
Jump in the Rover and come over
tell your friends jump in the GS3, I got the chronic by
the tree
Chorus:
[I love it when you call me big pop-pa]

Throw your hands in the air, if youse a true player

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

To the honies gettin money playin niggaz like dummies

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

If you got a gun up in your waist please don't shoot up
the place

Cause I see some ladies tonight who should be havin
my baby

Bay-bee

Verse Two:

Straight up honey really I'm askin

Most of these niggaz think they be mackin but they be
actin

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 what your interests are, who you be with

Things to make you smile, what numbers to dial

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

You go call your crew

We can rendezvous at the bar around two

Plans to leave, throw the keys to Lil Cease

Pull the truck up, front, and roll up the next blunt

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

A t-bone steak, cheese eggs and Welch's grape

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

What we came to do, ain't that right boo [truuueeee]

Forget the telly we just go to the crib

and watch a movie in the jacuzzi smoke l's while you do
me

Chorus

Verse Three:

[How ya livin Biggie Smallz] In mansion and Benz's

Givin ends to my friends and it feels stupendous

Tremendous cream, fuck a dollar and a dream

Still tote gats strapped with infrared beams

Choppin o's, smokin live optimo's

Money hoes and clothes all a nigga knows

A foolish pleasure, whatever

I had to find the buried treasure, so grams I had to
measure

However living better now, Gucci sweater now

Drop top BM's I'm the man girlfriend

[Honey check it

Tell your friends, to get with my friends

And we can be friends

Sh*t we can do this every weekend

Aight? Is that aight with you?

Yeah... keep bangin]

Chorus

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