

B.I.G. Notorious

"Gimme the Loot"

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

Intro:

Yeah. Motherfuckers better know... huh huh. Lock your windows

close your doors. Biggie Smalls huh...yeah.

Verse One:

My man Inf left a Tec and a nine at my crib

Turned himself in he had to do a bid

A one to three he be home the end of '93

I'm ready to get this paper G you with me?

Motherfucking right my pocket's looking kind of tight

and I'm stressed yo Biggie let me get the vest

No need for that, just grab the fucking gat

The first pocket that's fat the Tec is to his back

Word is bond, I'm a smoke him yo don't fake no moves
(what?)

Treat it like boxing: stick and move, stick and move

Nigga, you ain't got to explain shit

I've been robbin motherfuckers since the slave ships

with the same clip and the same four-five

Two point-blank, a motherfucker's sure to die

That's my word, nigga even try to bogart

have his mother singing "It's so hard..."

Yes, love love you're fucking attitude

because the nigga play pussy that's the nigga that's
getting screwed

and bruised up from the pistol whipping

webs on the neck from the necklace stripping

Then I'm dipping up the block and I'm robbing bitches
too

up the herring bones and bamboos

I wouldn't give fuck if you're pregnant

Give me the baby rings and a #1 MOM pendant

I'm slamming niggaz like Shaquille, shit is real

When it's time to eat a meal I rob and steal

'cos Mom Duke ain't giving me shit

so for the bread and butter I leave niggaz in the gutter

Huh, word to mother, I'm dangerous

Crazier than a bag of fucking Angel Dust

When I bust my gat motherfuckers take dirt naps

I'm all that and a dime sack, where the payback?

Verse Two:

Big up, big up, it's a stick up, stick up

and I'm shooting niggaz quick if you hiccup

Don't let me fill my clip up in your back and head piece

The opposite of peace sending Mom Duke a wreath

You're talking to the robbery expert

Stepping to your wake with your blood on my shirt

Don't be a jerk and get smoked over being resistant

'cos when I lick shots the shits is persistent

Huh, 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 an itchy one grip

One in the chamber, 32 in the clip

Motherfuckers better strip, yeah nigga peel

before you find out how blue steel feel

from the Beretta, putting all the holes in your sweater

The money getter motherfuckers don't have better

Rolex watches and colourful Swatches

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

Man, niggaz come through I'm taking high school rings
too

Bitches get stripped down for they earrings and
bangles

and when I rock her and drop her I'm taking her door
knockers

And if she's resistant "baka! baka! baka!"

So go get your man bitch he can get robbed too

Tell him Biggie took it, what the fuck he gonna do?

I hope apologetic or I'm a have to set it

and if I set it the cocksucker won't forget it

Verse Three:

Man, listen all this walking is hurting my feet

But money looks sweet (where at?) in the Isuzu jeep

Man, I throw him in the Beem, you grab the fucking
C.R.E.A.M

and if he start to scream "bam! bam!", have a nice
dream

Hold up, he got a fucking bitch in the car

Fur coats and diamonds, she thinks she a superstar

Ooh Biggie, let me jack her, I kick her in the back

Hit her with the gat...

Yo chill, Shorty, let me do that...

Just get the fucking car keys and cruise up the block

The bitch act shocked, gettin shot on the spot

(Oh shit! The cops!) Be cool, fool

They ain't gonna roll up, all they want is fucking
doughnuts

(So why the fuck he keep lookin?) I guess to get his life
taken

I just came home, ain't trying to see Central Booking

Oh shit, now he lookin in my face

You better haul ass 'cos I ain't with no fucking chase

So lace up your boots, 'cos I'm about to shoot

A true motherfucker going out for the loot

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