

B.I.G. Notorious

"Hypnotize"

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Uhhh, uhhh, uh, c'mon

Verse One:

Hah, sicka than your average Poppa

Twist cabbage off instinct niggaz don't think shit stink

pink gators, my Detroit players

Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn

Dead right, if they head right, Biggie there Air Nike

Poppa been smooth since days of Underroos

Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who

do something to us, talk go through us

Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us

Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff (ehehehe)

Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch

Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3

(Take that, take that, take that, haha!)

Bang every MC easily, busily

Recently niggaz frontin ain't sayin nuttin (nope)

So I just speak my piece, (c'mon) keep my piece

Cubans with the Jesus piece (thank you God), with my
peeps

Packin, askin who want it, you got it nigga flaunt it

That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it

Chorus: sung in imitation of part of Slick Rick's "La-Di-Da-Di"

Biggie Biggie Biggie can't you see

Sometimes your words just hypnotize me

And I just love your flashy ways

Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (uh)

Biggie Biggie Biggie (uh-huh) can't you see (uh)

Sometimes your words just hypnotize me (hip to)

And I just love your flashy ways (uh-huh)

Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (hah)

Verse Two:

I put hoes in NY onto DKNY (uh-huh)

Miami, D.C. prefer Versace (that's right)

All Philly hoes, dough and Moschino (c'mon)

Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi (haaaaaah!)

Now who's the real dookie, meanin who's really the shit

Them niggaz ride dicks, Frank White push the sticks

on the Lexus, LX, four and a half

Bulletproof glass tints if I want some ass

Gon' blast squeeze first ask questions last

That's how most of these so-called gangsters pass

At last, a nigga rappin bout blunts and broads

Tits and bras, menage-a-tois, sex in expensive cars

I still leave you on the pavement

Condo paid for, no car payment

At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff

Your daughter's tied up in a Brooklyn basement (shhh)

Face it, not guilty, that's how I stay filthy (not guilty)

Richer than Richie, till you niggaz come and get me

Chorus:

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Sometimes your words just hypnotize me

And I just love your flashy ways

Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (uh)

Biggie Biggie Biggie (uh-huh) can't you see (huh)

Sometimes your words just hypnotize me (hip to)

And I just love your flashy ways (uh-huh)

Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (uh)

Verse Three:

I can fill ya wit real millionaire shit (I can fill ya)

Escargot, my car go, one sixty, swiftly

Wreck it buy a new one

Your crew run run run, your crew run run

I know you sick of this, name brand nigga wit

flows girls say he's sweet like licorice

So get with this nigga, it's easy

Girlfriend here's a pen, call me round ten

Come through, have sex on rugs that's Persian (that's right)

Come up to your job, hit you while you workin (uhh)

for certain, Poppa freakin, not speakin

Leave that ass leakin, like rapper demo

Tell them hoe, take they clothes off slowly

Hit em wit the force like Obe, dick black like Toby
(Obe... Toby)

Watch me roam like Gobe, lucky they don't owe me

Where the safe show me, homey.. (say what, homey)

Chorus:

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Biggie Biggie Biggie can't you see

Sometimes your words just hypnotize me

And I just love your flashy ways

Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid

*fades

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