

## **B.I.G. Notorious**

### **"I Got A Story To Tell"**

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Who y'all talkin to man?

Uhh

Check it out check it out

This here goes out

to all the niggaz that be fuckin mad bitches

in other niggaz cribs

thinkin shit is sweet

Nigga creep up on your ass hahaha

Live niggaz respect it check it

I kick flows for ya kick down doors for ya

Even left all my motherfuckin hoes for ya

Niggaz think Frankie pussy whipped nigga picture that

with a Kodak Instamatic

We don't get down like that, lay my game down quite flat

Sweetness, where you parked at?

Petiteness but that ass fat

She got a body make a nigga wanna eat that, I'm fuck witchu

The bitch official doe, dick harder than a missile yo

Try to hit if she trippin dissapearin like Arsenio

Yo, the bitch push a double-oh

with the five in front, probably a connivin stunt  
Y'all drive in front, I'm a peel with her  
Find a deal with her, she fuck around and steal, huh?  
Then we all get laced  
Television's, Versacci heaven, when I'm up in em  
The shit she kicked, all the shit's legit  
She get dick from a player off the New York Knicks  
Nigga tricked ridiculous, the shit was plush  
She's stressin me to fuck, like she was in a rush  
We fucked in his bed, quite dangerous  
I'm in his ass while he playin gainst the Utah Jazz  
My 112, CD blast, I was past  
She came twice I came last, roll the grass  
She giggle, say I don't smoke it on homegrown  
Then I heard her moan, honey I'm home  
Yep, tote chrome for situations like this  
I'm up in his broad I know he won't like this  
Now I'm like bitch you better talk to him  
Before this fist put a spark to him  
Fuck around shit get dark to him, put a part through  
him  
Lose a major part to him, arm, leg  
She beggin me to stop but this cat gettin closer  
Gettin hot like a toaster, I cocks the toast, uhh  
Before my eyes could blink  
She screams out, "Honey bring me up somethin to

drink!"

He go back downstairs more time to think

Her brain racin, she's tellin me to stay patient

She don't know I'm, cool as a fan

Gat in hand, I don't wanna blast her man

But I can and I will doe, I probably chill doe

Even though situation lookin kinda ill yo

It came to me like a song I wrote

Told the bitch gimme your scarf, pillowcase and rope

Got dressed quick, tied the scarf around my face

Roped the bitch up, gagged her mouth with the  
pillowcase

Play the cut, nigga comin off some love potion shit

Flash the heat on em, he stood emotionless

Dropped the glass screamin, "Don't blast here's the  
stash,

a hundred cash just don't shoot my ass, please!"

Nigga pullin mad G's out the floor

Put stacks in a Prater knapsack, hit the door

Grab the keys to the five, call my niggaz on the cell

Bring some weed I got a story to tell, uhh...

Yo man, y'all niggaz ain't gonna believe what the fuck  
happened to me.

Remember that bitch I left the club with man? Yo,  
freaky yo. I'm up in

this bitch playa this bitch fuckin run them ol mink ass  
niggaz and

shit,

I'm up in the spot though. One of them six-five niggaz, I don't know.

Anyway I'm up in the motherfuckin spot, so boom I'm up in the pussy,

whatever whatever. I sparks up some lye, Pop Duke creeps up in on

some,

must have been rained out or something \*laughing\* because he's in the

spot. Had me scared, had me scared, I was shook Daddy - but I forget I

had my Roscoe on me. Always. You know how we do. So anyway the nigga

comes up the stairs, he creepin up the steps, the bitch all shook she

sends the nigga back downstairs to get some drinks and shit. She

gettin

mad nervous, I said fuck that man! I'm the nigga, you know how we do

it

nigga, ransom note style put the scarf around my motherfuckin face,

gagged that bitch up, played the kizzack. Soon this nigga comes up in

the spot, flash the Desert in his face he drops the glass. Looked like

the nigga pissed on his-self or somethin, word to mother! Ahh fuckit

this nigga runs dead to the floor, peels up the carpet, start givin me

mad papers, mad papers. (I told you that bitch was a shiesty bitch

cuz!

Word to mother I used to fuck her cousin but you ain't know that!

Hahaha.

You wouldn't know that shit. Really though.) I threw all that

motherfuckin money up in the Prater knapsack. Two words, I'm gone!

(No doubt, no doubt... no doubt!) Yo nigga got some lye, y'all got

some lye? \*conversation fades out

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