

B.I.G. Notorious

"Kick In The Door"

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Intro: repeat 2X

This goes out to you

This goes out to you and you and you and you

Verse One:

Your reign on the top was short like leprechauns

As I crush so called willies thugs and rapper dons

Get in that ass quick fast like Romma Don

Its that rap phenomenon

Don Dadda fuck Poppa

You got ta call me Francis M.H. White

In tank light totes tote eyein

Was told in shootout

Stay low, and keep firin

Keep extra clips for extra shit

Who's next to flip, on that cat with that grip on rack

The mo shady, cranky baby

Ain't no tellin where I may be

May see me in DC at Howard Homes

Comin, with my man Capone, Dummin, fuckin somethin

You should know my stilo

Went from 10 G's for blow to 30 Gs a show

To orgies with hoes I never seen before

So, Jesus, get off the Notorious penis

before I squeeze and bust

If theres beef between us

We can settle it

With that chrome-metal shit

I make it hot, like a kettle get

You're delicate, you better get

Who sent ya?

You're still peddle shit

I got more rides than Great Adventure

Biggie

Chorus: repeat 4X

Kick in the door wavin the four-four

All you heard was poppa don't hit no more

Verse Two:

On ya mark, get set

when I spark, ya wet

Look how dark it get

When ya marked with death

Should I start ya breath

Or should I let you die

In fear you start to cry, ask why

Lyricaly, I'm worser

Don't front the word sick

You cursed it, but rehearsed it

I drop unexpectedly like bird shit

You perps get, stuck quickly for raw tease and show money

Don't forget the publishin

I punish em

I'm done with them

Son, I'm surprised you run with them

I think they got cum in them

Cuz they, nothin but dicks

Tryin to blow up like nitro and dynamite sticks

Man I smoke hydro rock diamonds, thats sick

Got pay off my flow, rhyme with my own clique

Take trips to Cairo, layin with yo bitch

I know you prayin you was rich

Fuckin prick

When I see ya I'ma

Chorus

Verse Three:

This goes out to those that choose to use

Disrespectful view on the King of NY

Fuck that, why try, throw bleach in ya eye

Now ya Braille'in it, stash that light shit

Or scalin it

Conscience of ya nonsense in 88,

Sold more powder than Johnson and Johnson

Tote steel like Bronson

Vigilante

You wanna get on son, you need to ask me

Ain't no other king in this rap thing

They siblings

Nothing but maturin, one shot, they disappearin

Its ill when, MC's used to be on crazy shit

Took home, Ready To Die, listen, study shit

Now they on some money shit, successful out the blue

They light weight, fragilly, my nine milly

Make the white shake, thats why my money never funny

And you still recoupin, stupid

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