

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

### **"Long Kiss Goodnight"**

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CHORUS

TIME TIME FOR YOU TA DIE

AS I KISS YO ASS GOODNIGHT

I make yo mouthpiece obese like delawese

When I release you loose teeth like Little Cease

Nigga please

Blood floods yo dungarees

And that's just a half of my warpath

Laugh now cry later I rhyme greater

than the average playa hater and spectators

Buy my CD twice

They see me in the streets they be like yo he nice

But that's on the low doe'

be the cats wit no dough, tried ta play me at my show

I pull out 4-4's, and go up in they clothes

Short-change niggas

snort-cane niggas

extortion came quicker

Bought the Range' nigga

Ya still tickle me

I used ta be as strong as ripple, till Little Cease crippled

me

Now I play hard-like my girls nipples be

The games sour like like a pickle be

Ya'll know da rules

Move from BK ta New Jerus

Thinkin bout, all the planes we flew

Bitches, we ran through

Now da years new

I lay my game flat

I want my spot back, take two

Muthafuckas mad cuz I blew, niggas envious

Too many niggas on my dick, shit's strenuous

When my men bust, you just move wit such stamina

Slugs missed ya

I ain't mad at'chya (we ain't mad at'chya)

Blood rushin, concussions, ain't nothing

Catch canes, come out frontin

Smokin something

Sippin White Russians, bitch in the Benz bumpin

I laced it wit the basic

6 TV's, a system, knockin Mase shit, face it

We hard ta hit

Guard ya shit, for I stick you, for ya re-up

Wipe the "???P???"

Mix shots, "???work ya seat up???"

Go in the ashtray, spark the weed up

LONG KISS

CHORUS X 2

UH-I flamin gats, aimin at, these fuckin...

Maniacs put my name in raps--"???support them???"

Games dat

Like they hustle backwards

I smoke backwards, and Ducheess

Ya can't touch me

Try ta rush me

Slugs go, touchy-touchy

Ya bleedin lovely, wit'chyo, spirit above me

or beneath me, ya whole life ya live sneaky

Now ya rest eternally, sleepy, ya burn when ya creep  
me

Rest where the worms-n-the weak be

My nine flies, baptize, rap guys

Wit the holy ghost

I put holes in most, you hold ya toast shakey

Slip-n-tryin ta break me

Look what'chyou made me do, brains blue

My team in the Marine blew, six-coupe

Skiid it out, weeded out, clean it out

The block for distance is, given long kisses bitch

CHORUS X 2

Frank White the menacin, craw-craw's demenacin

I got the lettuce in

You turn green like cucumber skin got the new hummer  
in the summer

when I was

a new comer

then

drugs and mac-10's

Hug from fake friends

Make ends they hate'chyou, be broke girls won't  
date'chyou

That's why I relate to, choke yo ass till ya face blue,  
make you

Open the safe too

No matter how ya call it(how ya call it)

This "???bralick???",alcoholic

Like his weed green'd out like his brick solid

Distribute to kids who, take heart like Valentine, drink  
Valentine,

all the

time

Slugs hit'chya chest tap the spine

Flat-line

Heard through the grapevine, ya got fucked foe times

Damn that three ta nine, fucked you up for real doe'

"???Slink steal slow???"

As you remorse we feel no

CHORUS X 6

