

B.I.G. Notorious

"Machine Gun Funk"

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Verse One:

So you wanna be hardcore

With your hat to the back, talkin bout the gats in your
raps

But I can't feel that hardcore appeal

that you're screamin, baby I'm dreamin

This ain't Christopher Williams, still some

MC's got to feel one, caps I got to peel some

To let niggaz know... that if you fuck with Big-and-
Heavy

I get up in that ass like a wedgie

Says who? Says me, the lyrical

Niggaz sayin, "Biggie off the street, it's a miracle"

Left the drugs alone, took the thugs along with me

Just for niggaz actin shifty

Sticks and stones break bones, but the gat'll kill you
quicker

Especially when I'm drunk off the liquor

Smokin funk by the boxes, packin glocks is

natural to eat you niggaz like chocolates

The funk baby

Chorus (repeats 8X)

"I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk" (LOTUG, Chief Rocka)

Verse Two:

All I want is bitches, big booty bitches

Used to sell crack, so I could stack my riches

Now I pack gats, to stop all the snitches

from stayin in my business, what is this? Relentless

approach, to know if I'm broke or not

Just cause I joke and smoke a lot

Don't mean I don't tote the glock

Sixteen shots for my niggaz in the pen

Until we motherfuckin meet again

Huh, I'm doin rhymes now, fuck the crimes now

Come on the ave, I'm real hard to find now

Cause I'm knee deep in the beats

In the Land Cruiser Jeep with the Mac-10 by the seats

For the jackers, the jealous ass crackers in the (car sirens)

I'll make you prove that it's bulletproof

Hold ya head, cause when you hit the bricks

I got gin, mad blunts, and bitches suckin dick

The funk baby

Repeat chorus

Verse Three:

So I guess you know the story, the rap-side, crack-side

How I smoked funk, smacked bitches on the backside

Bed-Stuy, the place where my head rests

Fifty shot clip if a nigga wan' test
The rocket launcher, Biggie stomped ya
High as a motherfuckin helicopter
That's why I pack a nina, fuck a misdeameanor
Beatin motherfuckers like Ike beat Tina
[What's Love, Got to Do]
when I'm rippin all through your whole crew
Strapped like bamboo, but I don't sling guns
I got bags of funk, and it's sellin by the tons
Niggaz wanna know, how I live the mack life
Making money smoking mics like crack pipes
It's type simple and plain to maintain
I add a little funk to the brain
The funk baby
Repeat chorus

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