

B.I.G. Notorious

"Mo Money Mo Problems"

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Mase)

Now, who's hot who not

Tell me who rock who sell out in the stores

You tell me who flopped who copped the blue drop

Who jewels got robbed who's mostly Goldie down

to the blue tube sock, the same ol pimp

Mase, you know ain't nuttin changed but my limp

Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp

Guarantee a million sales pullin all the love

You don't believe in Harlem World nigga double up

We don't play around it's a bet lay it down

niggaz didn't know me ' 91 bet they know me now

I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound

Can't no PhD niggaz hold me down, Cooter

schooled me to the game, now I know my duty

Stay humble stay low blow like Hootie

True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty

And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie

singers come in over last line

CHORUS:

I don't know what, they want from me

It's like the more money we come across

The more problems we see (2x)

(Puff Daddy)

Yeah yeah, ahaha, from the D-to-the-A-to-the-D-D-Y

Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly

I call all the shots

Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks

Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin now

When all the ballin stops, nigga never home

gotta call me on the yacht

Ten years from now we'll still be on top

Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop

Now whatcha gonna do when it's cool

bag a money much longer than yours

and a team much stronger than yours, violate me

this'll be your day, we don't play

Mess around with D.O.A., be on your way

Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here

for you to shine here, deal with many women

but treat dimes fair,

and I'm bigger than the city lights down in Times
Square

Yeah, yeah yeah

CHORUS

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Uhh, uhh

B.I.G. P-O, P-P-A

No info, for the, DEA

Federal agents mad cause I'm flagrant

Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement

My team supreme, stay clean

Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that

cat you see at all events bent

Gats in holsters girls on shoulders

Playboy, I told ya, bein mice to me

Bruise too much, I lose too much

Step on stage the girls boo too much

I guess it's cause you run with lame dudes too much

Me lose my touch, never that

If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat

Where the true players at?

Throw your roadies in the sky

Wave em side to side and keep your hands high

While I give your girl the eye, player please

Lyricaly, nigga see

B.I.G. be flossin jig on the cover of Fortune

Five double oh, get the phone number

your name, I got to know, I got to go

Got the flow down pizat, platinum plus

like thizat, dangerous

on trizack, leave your ass blizzack

I don't know what, they want from me

It's like the more money we come across

The more problems we see (3x)

What's goin on?

What's goin on?

Somebody tell me

What's goin on?

What's goin on?

I don't know what, they want from me

It's like the more money we come across

The more problems we see (3x then fade

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