

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

### **"Notorious Thugs"**

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Intro 1)

(Just) Bone and Biggie Biggie We gonna rock the party

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 3X) Rock the party,  
party

Yes Bone and Biggie Biggie Betta run and tell  
everybody

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 3X) Everybody,  
everybody

(Intro 2)

(Let's) Ride let's ride let's ride let's ride

Get high, get high, get high, c'mon

Let's ride let's ride let's ride let's ride

Get high, get high, get high

(Intro 3)

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 4X) We gonna rock  
the party

Rock the party, party

Just Bone and Biggie Biggie (repeat 4X) Betta run and  
tell everybody

Everybody, everybody

(Intro 4)

No-to-rious, Thugs Nuthin but them thugsters

Nuthin but them thugster thugsters

No-to-rious, Thugs Nuthin but them thugsters

Nuthin but them thugster thugsters

(Chorus: Intro 3 and Intro 4 overlapped, Intro 2

(Biggie)

Armed and dangerous, ain't too many can bang with us

Straight up weed no angel dust, label us Notorious

Thug a\$\$ niggaz that love to bust, it's strange to us

Y'all niggaz be scramblin, gamblin

Up in restaraunts with mandolins, and violins

We just sittin here tryin to win, tryin not to sin

High off weed and lots of gin

So much smoke need oxygen, steadily countin them  
Benjamins

Nigga you should too, if you knew

What this game'll do to you

Been in this sh\*t since ninety-two

Look at all the bullsh\*t I been through

So-called beef with you know who

F\*ck a few female stars or two

Then I bluelight niggaz knew like Mike's sh\*t

Not to be f\*cked with

Motherf\*cker better duck quick, cause

Me and my dogs love to buck sh\*t

F\*ck the luck sh\*t, strictly aim

No aspirations protect the game

Spit yo' game, talk yo' sh\*t

Grab yo' gat, call yo' click  
Squeeze yo' clip, hit the right one  
Pass that weed, I got to light one  
All them niggaz I got ta fight one  
All them hoes I got ta like one  
Our situation is a tight one  
Whatcha gonna do, fight or run?  
Seems to me that you'll take thee  
Bone and Big, nigga die slowly  
I'ma tell you like a nigga told me  
Cash Rule Everything Around Me  
Sh\*t, lyrically, niggaz can't see me  
Fu\*k it, buy the coke  
Cook the coke, cut it, blow the b\*tch  
Before you call yourself lovin it  
Nigga you with a Benz fu\*kin it  
Doesn't it seem odd to you  
Big come through with moms and crews  
Goodfellas to to the Mo Thugs dudes  
Who's the killa, me or you?  
(We forgive you for you know not what you do)  
(Bizzy)  
Seven A.M. woke in the mornin  
With Henny caffiene and green and nicotine  
No dough so pop a couple of doze  
Lil Ripsta, nigga Mista Clean

Nigga Dean, deep in my temple and not to get  
sentimentally sting, wit my  
Instrumelody, and heated  
especially for your team  
And a forty-five indeed will beam  
in between the scenes destroy your dreams  
You willin to die, we'll see  
how many flees when I cause the scene  
We mean mug, Mo Thugs  
Trained to be perfect, disciples  
When it's survival tongue, never double-edged sword  
Triple, six rivals spittin fire  
This the real truth, b\*tch  
Breakin out for lies  
My Messiahs better be ready for Armageddeon six-six-five  
It's wild, bless the child  
The one that became a man  
Put in positions over the pay  
All that I had to do was stare  
Test me now, contender never no surrender no pretend  
Pick up my pen, and my hemp  
One of my trusted friend friend, hey  
Open it let's see if we're real, we all suited  
Beg my pardon to Martin  
Baby we ain't marchin we shootin

And daily recruitin there's a front row  
Everyday in the ghetto  
We start em off little we give em a bottle  
and a pen and a pad to hit the lead now kick it  
(Krayzie)  
Nigga roll wit Bone up into the Thug spot  
To the dome wit a shot of bird  
Never get tossed to the curb  
Be feelin that urge to splurge  
But I'm broke as f\*ck son gimme that Mossberg swerve  
Up into my bag, cause I gotta get my mask and shells  
to put in this twelve gauge sawed off  
Get em all off, nigga yo' loss, take it all off  
Got a nigga car door  
But the Bone not Leatherface, too many are thinkin  
they Thugs  
They need the most help to pull it in doves  
And b\*tch if you stickin we buckin them guzzlers,  
f\*cked up  
Now let me get done with the grime  
Gotta go purchase a dime  
Put in a state to get done with the crime  
Smokin the reefer to ease my mind  
Swig some wine, step on the block with the rocks  
But Willie be servin em clemency  
Gotta buck him on down if he come back talkin

like gimme back me money

Thuggin with me killers, need us a leader

or liquor but niggaz ain't got sh\*t

Wit a sawed off pump chrome thirty-eight pistol

Now who ready to get bent

Nigga like me feenin for them green leaves

But I ain't had no dough

Gotta make some money so

I'm makin my dummy rocks if I go broke

Chorus: Intro 3, Intro 2

(Layzie)

Yeah, Little Lay hey comin in the form of scripture

Finna get ya and hit ya wit magic

Droppin down licks betta call on my gadgets

With an automatics status we spray time to load the  
glocks

But I'm thinkin not

There's another he forced tellin me do what I gotta do

So my other partnuh nigga die tonight

And I'm always runnin from the boys in blue

Biggie booms on my a\$\$ now provide the cellular  
phone

The carphone, what's happenin

Grab artillery niggaz start packin

Cause a motherfu\*ker try to get me in a jacket, and I  
did him

Hit him right between the eyes, despise the wise

Wanna test a nigga size, that'll cost him

Nigga f\*ck around wit the wrong sh\*t

Y'all get mo murdered all day all day

We done paved the way and I'm on the run

I'ma call my boys and bring all the guns

Y'all niggaz wanna have a little fun wit number one

One, one, then it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum

But it red red rum rum rum rum rum rum

But it red red rum

Chorus: Intro 3, Intro 2, Intro 3, Intro 2

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