

B.I.G. Notorious

"Ns Bleed"

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Verse One:

Today's agenda

Got the suitcase up in the Sentra

Go to room 112, tell em Blanco sent ya

Feel the strangest

If no money exchanges

I got these kids in ranges

Believe them niggas brainless

All they tote is stainless

You just remain as

Calm as possible, make the deal go thru

If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do

Please make yo killins clean

Slugs up in between

They eyes, like True Lies

Kill em and flee the scene

Just bring back the coke or the cream

Or else, yo life is on the shelf

We mean this Frank

Them cats we fuckin wit put bombs in yo moms gas tank

Lets get this money baby
They shady, we get shady
Dress up like ladies
And burn em with 30 380's
Then they come to kill our babies
That all out
I got gats that blow the wall out
Clear the mall out
Fuck the fallout
Word is Stretch, I bet they pussy
The seven digits push me
Fuckin real
Here's the deal
I got a hundred bricks, 14-5 a piece
Enough to cock a six by the house on the beach
Supply the peeps with Jeeps
Brick a piece
Capiche?
Everybody gettin cream
No one considered the leech
Think about it now, thats damn near 1 point 5
I kill em all I'll be set for life
Frank pay attention
These muthafuckas is henchmen
Renegades, if you die they still get paid
Extra probably, fuck the robbery

I'm the boss

Promise you won't rob em, I promise

But of course you know I had my fingers crossed

Chorus:

Niggas bleed just like us

Picture me bein scared of a nigga that breathe the
same air as me

Niggas bleed just like us

Picture me bein shook

We can both pull burners, make the muthafuckin beef
cook

Niggas bleed just like us

Picture a nigga hidin

My life in that man hands, while he jus decidin

Niggas bleed just like us

I'd rather go toe to toe with alla y'all

Runnin ain't in my protocol

Verse Two:

Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron

From Tuscon, push the black Yukon

Usually has the slow grooves on

Mostly rock the Isley

Stupid as a youngin, chose not to move wisely

Sharper with game, him and his crooks, caught a ?
jooks?

Heard it was sweet, bout 350 a piece

Ron bought a truck, 2 bricks layed in the cut

His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up

Thats the raw vantage, came back, speakin spanish

Lavish habits, two rings, 20 carats

Heres a criminal

Nigga made America's Most

Killed his baby's mother's brother, slit his throat

The nigga got bagged with the toast, weeded

Took it to trial, beat it

Now he feel he undefeated

He mean it

Nothing To Lose, tattooed around his gun wounds

Everything, the game, embedded in his brain

And me I feel the same for this money and diamonds

Specially if my daughter cryin, I ain't lyin

Y'all know the signs

Chorus

Verse Three:

We agreed to go shoot till we silly

Because niggas could be hidin in showers with Mac
Billy's

So I freaked em

The telly manager was Puerto Rican

Gloria, from Historia, I went to war with her

Peeps in 91, stole a gun from her workers

And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us

We blaze they place, long story

Glo seent my face, got shook

Thought a nigga was comin for the safe

Now she breakin, shut up, 112, whats shakin

A jamaican, some bitches I swear

They look gay

In a black Range Rover

Been outside all day

If its trouble let me know, I'll be on my way

Please I got kids to feed, I done seen you make niggas
bleed

Nightmare, this bitch don't leave

Ron, get the gasoline

This spot, we bout to blow

Lets get the cash before the cops and Range Rover
cats know

Its room 112

Right by the staircase, perfect place

When they evacuate, they meet they fate

Ron pass the gasoline

The nigga pass me kerosene

Fuck it, its flammable

My hunger is unexplainable

Strike the match, just what I expected

The dred kid ejected in seconds

And here come two

Opposite sexes

One black, one Malaysian
We in the hallway waitin patient
As soon as she hit the door we start blastin
I saw her brains hit the floor
Raw laughin
I swear to God
I hit MaxiPriest at least 12 times in the chest
Spint around, shot the chick in the breast
She cryin, headshots put her to rest
Pop open the briefcases, nothin but Franco faces
The spots hot, sprinklers, alarm systems
Thats when other guests start to slip in
Its time for us to get to dippin
I know them niggas in the Range is on they way up
Flippin, pistol grippin
I know they clippin
The hallway, got real loud and crowded
They walked right past us
I dont know how they allowed it
The funny thing about it
Through all the excitement
They Range got towed, they double parked by a
hydrant
Stupid motherfuckers

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