

B.I.G. Notorious

"The What"

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featuring Method Man

Verse One: Notorious Meth

I used to get feels on a bitch

Now I throw shields on the dick

To stop me from that HIV shit

And niggaz know they soft like a Twinkie filling

Playin the villian

Prepare for this rap killin

Biggie Smalls is the illest

Your style is played out like Arnold wondered

"What you talkin bout Willis?"

The thrill is gone the black Frank White

is here to excite and

throw dick to dykes

Bitches I like em brainless

Guns I like em stainless steel

I want the fuckin Fortune like the Wheel

I squeeze gats till my clips is empty

Don't tempt me [T-H-O-D

Man] You don't want to fuck with Biggie

Here I am, I'll be damned if this ain't some shit

Come to spread the butter lyrics over hominy grit
It's the low killer death trap, yes I'm a jet black ninja
Comin where you rest at, surrender
Step inside the ring, youse the number one contender
Lookin cold booty like your pussy in December
Nigga stop bitchin, button up ya lip and
From Method all you gettin is a can of ass-whippin
Hey, I'll be kickin, you son, you doin all the yappin
Actin as if it can't happen
You front and got me mad enough to touch somethin
Yo I'm from Shaolin, Island, and ain't afraid to bust
somethin
So what cha want nigga, ya punk nigga
I got a six-shooter and a horse named Trigger
It's real, ninety-four, rugged raw
Kickin down your god damn door [and it goes a lil
somethin like this]

Chorus:

Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit
And everything you get ya gotta work hard fot it
Honies shake your hips, ya don't stop
And niggaz pack the clips, keep on

Verse Two: Meth, Notorious

Verse two, comin with that Olde E brew

Meth-tical, puttin niggaz back in I.C.U.

I'm lifted troop, you can bring yours wack ass crew

I got connections, I'll get that ass stuck like glue, huh

No question, I be comin down and shit

Yo I gets rugged as a motherfuckin carpet get

And niggaz love it, not in the physical form but in the mental

I spark and they cells get warm

I'm not a gentle, man, I'm a Method, Man!

Baby accept it, utmost respect it

[Assume the position] Stop look and listen

I spit on your grave then I grab my Charles Dickens

Welcome to my center

Honies feel it deep in they placenta

Cold as the pole in the winter

Far from the inventor, but I got this rap shit sewed

And when my Mac unloads

I'm guaranteed another video

Ready to die, why I act that way?

Pop Duke left Mom Duke

The faggot took the back way

So instead of makin hoes suck my dick up

I used to do stick-up

Cause hoes is irritatin like the hic-CUPS

Excuse me, flows just grow through me

Like trees to branches

Cliffs to avalanches

It's the praying mantis

Deep like the mind of Farrakhan

A motherfuckin rap phenomenon, plus

[I got more glocks and techs than you]

I make it hot [Nigga won't even stand next to you]

Nigga touch me you better bust me

tree times in the head

Or motherfucker's dead, ya thought so

Chorus: repeat 2X

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