

B.I.G. Notorious**"Warning"**

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sound of a pager going off*}

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Who the fuck is this? Pagin me at 5:46

in the mornin, crack of dawn an' {*dialing phone*}

now I'm yawnin - wipe the coals out my eye {*ring*}

See who's this pagin me - and why

It's my nigga Pop from the barbershop

Told me he was in the gamblin spot, and heard the intricate plot

of niggaz wanna stick me like flypaper neighbor

Slow down love, please chill, drop the caper

Remember them niggaz from the hill up in Brownsville?

That you rolled dice wit, smoked the blunts and got nice wit

Yeah my nigga Fame up in Prospect

Nah they're my niggaz nah love wouldn't disrespect

I didn't say them, they schooled me to some niggaz

that you knew from back when, when you was clockin minor figures

Now they heard you blowin up like nitro

And they wanna stick the knife through your windpipe slow

So - thank Fame for warnin me cause now I'm warnin

you

I got the mac nigga tell me what you gonna do

[Chorus]

Damn! Niggaz wanna stick me for my paper

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Damn! Niggaz wanna stick me for my paper

[Notorious B.I.G.]

They heard about the Rolex's and the Lexus

with the Texas license plates outta state

They heard about the pounds you got down in
Georgetown

And they heard you got half of Virginia locked down

They even heard about the crib you bought your moms
out in Florida

The fifth corridor --

-- call the coroner!

There's gonna be a lot of slow singin, and flower
bringin

if my burgular alarm starts ringin

Whatcha think all the guns is for?

All purpose war, got the Rottweilers by the door

And I feed 'em gunpowder, so they can devour

the criminals, tryin to drop my decimals

Damn! Niggaz wanna stick my for my cream

And it ain't a dream, things ain't always what it seem

It's the ones that smoke blunts witcha, see your picture

Now they wanna grab the guns and come and getcha

Betcha Biggie won't slip

I got the calico with the black talons loaded in the clip

So I can rip through the ligaments

Put the fuckers in a bad predicament, where all the foul
niggaz went

Touch my cheddar, feel my Beretta

Fuck what I'ma hit you with you motherfuckers betta
duck

I bring pain, bloodstains on what remains

of his jacket - he had a gun he shoulda packed it

Cocked it, extra clips in my pocket

So I can reload and EXPLODE on ya rasshole

I fuck around and get hardcore

C-4 to ya door no beef no more nigga

Feel the rough, scandalous

The more weed smoke I puff, the more dangerous

I don't give a fuck about you or your weak crew

What you gonna do when Big Poppa comes for you?

I'm not gunnin, nigga I bust my gun an'

hold on, I hear somebody comin...

{*night air, dogs barking*}

[Thieves talking]

(C'mon nigga) I'm only comin to pass the gat

(Just bring your motherfuckin ass on, come on)

Are we gettin close, huh?

(It's right over here)

Are you sure this Biggie Smalls crib man?

(Yeah I'm sure motherfucker, c'mon!)

Ahh fuck - it better be his motherfuckin house

Fuck right here..

This better be this motherfucker's house

(Oh shit!) What, what's wrong?

(It's that red dot on your head man!)

What red dot? .. Oh shit! You got a red dot on your head too!

{*BOTH*} Ohh shit! {*BLAM BLAM

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