

Michael Jackson F/ Notorious B.I.G.**"P.W"**

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I hit their block
nonstop, young gunnin'
all day runnin'
to innermeans I'm the most wanted
killin' off opponents
lyrically or wit a glock
lookin' at the clock
it's eleven-five on the dot
how could you plot
I anticipated every move
way to smooth
never slip cause I made the rules
pay my dues
and suckas still want to hate
call the blitz
and lay 'em down for the safety
lately
I've been hearin' thangs on the street
ready for war like Dinero in the movie Heat
I come complete
wit the gats and the ammunitions
I open fire
and blow away the competition
so pay attention
cause I'm only gonna say it once
we baggin' hatas in the town like free lunch
instead of checkin' me
you need to check that bitch
cause how I see it
you the only one pussy whipped

[chorus]
only one pussy whipped
only one pussy whipped
cause how I see it nigga
you the only one pussy whipped
only one pussy whipped
only one pussy whipped
you better think about cash
and bounce on dat ass
cause you the

only one pussy whipped
only one pussy whipped
cause how I see it nigga
you the only one pussy whipped
only one pussy whipped
only one pussy whipped
you better think about cash
and bounce on dat ass

I heard you got an attitude
cause I can get your women in the mood
she only grind
just doin' what a hustla do
you knew the school
cause she was loose from the start
you only hit her first
cause you let her try to lark
mistake two
my tape in your tape deck
number three
you gave the bitch a hoe your paycheck
so I plotted
now me and baby are milkin' you
so sucks game from dick
in album number two
recognize
the city for the g that I be
instead on hatin' homeboy
learn the game properly
what
it's raw
and uncut
you fuckin' wit a slut
and she's really on my nuts
who set you up
so why you hatin'
you should have been paper chasin'
now you want to stalk me like your name is Jason
it ain't Friday
and bitch it ain't the 13th
and I'm a gonna have another hustle about of 15

[chorus]

nonstop for the '98
on the paper chase
better recognize game
or let the murder be the case
all up in your face
wit deep dump in the place
Mr. K I double L A

choppin' these niggas like blaze
see I throw 'em from the shoulders
like a soldja
bout it bout it like Master P
I thought I told ya
game over
sideways till the next motherfuckin' level
I hit the ghetto
hands on my heavy metal
I see some hatas
and their bitches lookin' my way
little did they know
I plotted with their hoes yesterday
hit the freeway
I got cash to get
international
need blaze, bumpin' milk-a-bitch
schemin'
plottin'
I know some niggas off the softer than a cock
pretend to be rock
like nothin' but lead to stop 'em
get along wit a bitch
and it's all over wit
got 'em givin' up the chips
because he's pussy whipped

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