

Notorious B.I.G. F/ K-Ci % JoJo, Nas "Ci & JoJo, Nas - I Really Want To Show You"

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f

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Wooo! There's gonna be a lot of punchin in this
motherfucker

Y'all better be swift with that punch button Jack
Biggie.. Biggie..

[Notorious B.I.G.]

I know how it feel to wake up fucked up
Pockets broke as hell, another rock to sell
People look at you like youse the user
Selling drugs to all the losers, mad buddha abuser
But they don't know about your stress-filled day
Baby on the way mad bills to pay
That's why you drink Tanqueray; so you can reminisce
and wish, you wasn't livin so devilish, ssshit
I remember I was just like you
Smokin blunts with my crew, flippin over 62's
Cause G-E-D, wasn't B-I-G
I had to get P-A-D, that's why my moms hate me
She was forced to kick me out, no doubt
Then I figured out licks went for twenty down South
Packed up my tools for my raw power move
Glock nineteen for casket and flower moves
for chumps tryin to stop my flow
And what they don't know will show on the autopsy
Went to see Papi, to cop me a brick
Asked for some consignment, he wasn't tryin to hear it
Smoking mad Newports cause I'm due in court
for an assault, that I caught, in Bridgeport, New York
Catch me if you can like the Gingerbread Man
You better have your gat in hand, cause man

Chorus: K-Ci & JoJo

Come and run with me .. I really wanna show you
How I run the streets .. I really wanna show you
How I'm clockin G's .. I really wanna show you
Come and run with me .. I really wanna show you

[Notorious B.I.G.]

I had the master plan
I'm in the caravan on my way to Maryland
with my man Two-Tecs to take over this projects
They call him Two-Tecs, he tote two tec
And when he start to bust he like to ask, "Who's next?"
I got my honey on the Amtrak
with the crack in the crack of her ass
Two pounds of hash in the stash
I wait for hon to make some quick cash
I told her she could be Lieutenant, bitch got gassed
At last, I'm literally loungin black
Sittin back, countin double digit thousand stacks
Had to re-up; see what's up with my peeps
Toyota Deal-a-Thon had it cheap on the Jeeps
See who got smoked, what rumors was spread
Last I heard I was dead with six to the head
Then I got the phone call, it couldn't hit me harder
We got infiltrated, like Nino at the Carter
Heard Tec got murdered in a town I never heard of
by some bitch named Alberta over nickel-plated
burners
And my bitch swear to God she won't snitch
I told her when she hit the bricks I'll make the hooker
rich
Conspiracy, she'll be home in three
Until then I looks out for the whole family
A true G, that's me, blowing like a bubble;
in the everyday struggle

Chorus

[Notorious B.I.G.]

I'm seeing body after body and our mayor Guilliani
ain't tryin to see no black man turn to John Gotti

[Nas]

Guns and diamonds
Bitches put they tongues where the sun ain't shinin
Take ki's til they spot us, snakes flee with consignment
This kid he got his krib rated, police found grams
They locked up, his whole fam; moms sister his old
man
Nigga bailed his moms out, then he told on his man
Now they home, actin like nuttin wrong, hustlin again
He tried to be the next Frank White, and Escobar
Pickin up coke a fiend holds it in a seperate car
Cooks it up til it's bright white, cut it tight right
Then he slings it to the fiends, lookin like Fright Night
Coppin the motorbikes, the scooters, countin dough on
computers
High technology dealers, to the users and losers

Half-leg DiDi, try to swap drug for TV's
Stores run out of baking soda from BK to QB
My niggaz die for the cause, .45 on the drawer
City laws made by Big Nas and Biggie Smalls
Bitches, holdin my weight in they titties and drawers
My bitches out of state get bust while they pushin my
cars
Callin me up, callin me baller, call for they cut
Pretty hoes bring me my cash, swallow all of this nut
Seats on the Bent' stay nasty, push the dash
for the stash box is where the cash be; watchin for task
force
Cause I know they comin but I'm reachin my goal
Fuck bummin, I'm makin sure I leave this whole game
wit somethin
Crib in West Palms for my dime, crib for my moms
Ridiculous, you lookin at the next Nicholas Barnes,
baby

Chorus (repeat to fade)

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