

## Notorious B.I.G. F/ Big Tymers, Hot Boys "Big Bang Theory"

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Intro: Xzibit

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, what

Snoop double, D O G, what, mr. X to the Z, yeah, and

Kurupt

The kingpin, DoggHouse Records takin over the shit in the '99

What, yeah, uh huh, yeah, bangin on you, huh

It's the big bang theory, yeah, check it out, bring it, yo

HOOK: Xzibit

I got a big bang theory my hardcore comittee

Gon rock and roll the streets and shake the whole city

Chronic low ridin bitches with silicon tities

(we gon bounce and ball until the wheels fall off)

I got a big bang theory my hardcore committee

Gon rock and roll the streets and shake the whole city

Affiliated with thousands sent out medallions

(we gon bounce and floss until the wheels fall off)

[Kurupt]

Chest plates hit with gauges, sawed off, hauled off

Blast wit somethin and I breaks all the walls off

Fuck it, tie my flag around my mouth

Blue rag on my face, blue rag in my left pocket

Pistols screamin, unleashin pure fury

Smash, snatch the pockets and all the jewelry

Glass shattering, blastin, niggas scatterin

Scat, takin three to four to the back

I'm back motherfucker, live broadcast

Show my face, with my rag on, let me throw my hood in the air

Let me put 'bout two in the air

Let me show these motherfuckers that I don't care

It's a symphony composed of killers and armed forces

Livin for whatever it cost's, crimb bosses

[Pinky]

It's goin down by the year 2 G

I'm goin be flyin through the hood, duckin, dodgin the heat

My niggas watch the street, be it rain, snow, or sleet

Us niggas gon eat, makin troops we creep  
Losin the jeep, runnin on feet, survivin off the land  
money and  
Gun in hand, operation quicksand  
Aint tryin ta put the mark of the beast on my hand  
I had to bless the head of a military man  
Jumped into the back of the 4 door sedan  
All up in the trunk was the hidden contraband  
Fuck a middleman, my pistols aim directly from Iran  
Looking from a third eye, I spot the hidden cam  
I know what you look like, I know how you think  
I'm the type of bitch to pop a pill up in your drink

HOOK

[CPO]

Bitch, fuck that, you bring fat rag, here's cheese  
You work your fuckin employees  
You know you get all excited like that  
Stack it through them hoodlum back, cuz I like it like  
that, bitch  
I kill drama, shit get action packed  
When I jump out the black stealth bomber  
Cuz it's bout, you know, I want the fuckin mansion pad  
To heal that bitch sittin on  
So don't waste the fuckin cheese that you earn  
Rotate the fuckin weed that you burn  
Don't fuck with Bossy off the glam,  
Rollin crack , blow blocks in half

[Tray Deee]

We rides on visitors and takes no prisoners  
Handles all business and pay off the comissioner  
Big time crime figure niggas gettin riches  
20 inches whippin all we givin hittin switches  
Twistin flippin chickens stickin victims if they slippin  
Trippin, on the mission and my trigga finga itchin  
Positioned at your dome, one twitch and it's on  
No remorse or second thoughts once the clip and the  
chrome  
This is the zone, weak niggas covers get blown  
Stoned killers and gorillas want whatever you want  
Shake spots with bank nots, keep the thang cocked  
And leave motherfuckers stripped to tank tops  
We the gang, it's our thang to mash and maintain  
Gangbang slang came and aint gon change  
All out till we fall out, fuck the world  
DoggHouse style with the chucks and curls

HOOK

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