

Various Artists

"Mo Money Mo Problems"

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Now, who's hot, who not
Tell me who rock, who sell out in the stores
You tell me who flopped, who copped the blue drop
Who jewels got robbed, who's mostly goldie down

To the tube sock, the same old pimp
Mase, you know ain't nuttin' change but my limp
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
Guarantee a million sales pullin' all the love

You don't believe in harlem world, nigga, double up
We don't play around, it's a bet, lay it down
Nigga didn't know me ninety-one, bet they know me
now
I'm the young harlem nigga with the goldie sound

Can't no Ph.D., niggaz hold me down, Cooter
Schooled me to the game, now I know my duty
Stay humble, stay low, blow like Hootie
True pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty
And then ya yell there go Mase there go your cutie

I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see

I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see

From the D to the A to the D D Y
Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
I call all the shots
Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks

Cop all the drops, I know you thinkin' now's
When all the ballin' stops, nigga never
Home gotta call me on the yacht
Ten years from now we'll still be on top
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop

Now, whatcha gonna do when it's cool

Bag a money much longer than yours
And a team much stronger than yours, violate me
This'll be your day, we don't play
Mess around be D.O.A., be on your way

'Cause it ain't enough time here, ain't enough lime here
For you to shine here, deal with many women
But treat dimes fair, and I'm
Bigger than the city lights down in Times Square
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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B.I.G., P O, P P A
No info, for the D E A
Federal agents mad 'cause I'm flagrant
Tap my cell, and the phone in the basement

My team supreme, stay clean
Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that
Cat you see at all events bent
Gats in holsters girls on shoulders

Playboy, I told ya, bein' mice to me
Bruise too much, I lose too much
Step on stage the girls boo too much
I guess it's 'cause you run with lame dudes too much

Me lose my touch, never that
If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
Where the true players at?
Throw your rollies in the sky
Wave 'em side to side and keep your hands high

While I give your girl the eye, player please
Lyrically, niggaz see, B. I. G
Be flossin' Jig on the cover of Fortune
Five double, oh, here's my phone number
Your man ain't got to know, I got to go
Got the flow down pizat, platinum plus
Like thizat, dangerous
On trizack, leave your ass blizzack

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What's goin on?
Somebody tell me
What's goin on?

I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see

I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see

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