

Ha, sicker than your average
Poppa twist cabbage off instinct
Niggas don't think shit stink
Pink gators, my Detroit players
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn (that's
right)
Dead right, if the head right, Biggie there e'ry
night
Poppa been smooth since days of Underoos
Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who
Do somethin' to us (come on), talk go
through us (through us)
Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us
Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff (hehe)
Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch
Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3 (take
that, take that)
Bang every MC easily, busily (take that, haha)
Recently, niggas frontin' ain't sayin'
nothin' (nothin')
So I just speak my piece, keep my piece
(come on, now)
Cubans with the Jesus piece, with my peeps
(thank you, God)
Packin', askin', "Who want it?" (who want it?)
You got it, nigga, flaunt it
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it
Biggie, Biggie, Biggie, can't you see?
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me

And I just love your flashy ways
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so
paid (uh)

Biggie, Biggie, Biggie (uh-huh), can't you see?
(Uh)

Sometimes your words just hypnotize me
(hypnotize)

And I just love your flashy ways (uh-huh)
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so
paid (ha)

I put hoes in NY onto DKNY (uh-huh)

Miami, D.C. prefer Versace (that's right)

All Philly hoes know it's Moschino (c'mon)

Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi (ha)

Now who's the real dookie? Meanin', who's
really the shit?

Them niggas ride dicks, Frank White push the
six

Or the Lexus, LX, four and a half

Bulletproof glass, tints if I want some ass

Gon' blast, squeeze first, ask questions last
(haha)

That's how most of these so-called gangsters
pass (bye-bye)

At last, a nigga rappin' bout blunts and
broads

Tits and bras, ménage à trois, sex in
expensive cars

I still leave you on the pavement

Condo paid for (uh-huh), no car payment
(uh-uh)

At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff
Your daughter's tied up in a Brooklyn
basement

Face it, not guilty (shh)

That's how I stay filthy (not guilty)

Richer than Richie, 'til you niggas come and
get me (come on)

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(Uh)

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I can fill ya wit' real millionaire shit (I can
fill ya)

Escargot, my car go one-sixty, swiftly (come
on)

Wreck it, buy a new one

Your crew run-run-run, your crew run-run

I know you sick of this, name brand nigga
wit'

Flows, girls say he's sweet like licorice (uh-huh)

So get with this nigga, it's easy (uh-huh)

Girlfriend, here's a pen, call me 'round ten (ten)

Come through, have sex on rugs that's Persian (that's right)

Come up to your job, hit you while you workin' (uh)

For certain Poppa freakin', not speakin'

Leave that ass leakin', like rapper demos (ha)

Tell them hoes, take they clothes off slowly (slowly)

Hit 'em wit' the force like Obi (Obi)

Dick black like Toby (Toby)

Watch me roam like Romey (Romey)

Lucky they don't owe me

Where the safe? Show me (say what?)

Homie (homie)

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