

Gimme the Loot

The Notorious B.I.G.

Yeah. Motherfuckers better know... huh, huh. Lock your windows,
close your doors. Biggie Smalls, huh...yeah.

My man Inf left a Tec and a nine at my crib
Turned himself in, he had to do a bid
A one-to-three, he be home the end of '93
I'm ready to get this paper, G, you with me?

Motherfucking right, my pocket's looking kind of tight
and I'm stressed, yo Biggie let me get the vest

No need for that, just grab the fucking gat
The first pocket that's fat the Tec is to his back
Word is bond, I'm a smoke him yo don't fake no moves (what?)
Treat it like boxing: stick and move, stick and move

Nigga, you ain't got to explain shit
I've been robbing motherfuckers since the slave ships
with the same clip and the same four-five
Two point-blank, a motherfucker's sure to die
That's my word, nigga even try to bogart
have his mother singing "It's so hard..."

Yes, love love you're fucking attitude
because the nigga play pussy that's the nigga that's getting screwed
and bruised up from the pistol whipping
webs on the neck from the necklace stripping
Then I'm dipping up the block and I'm robbing bitches too
up the herring bones and bamboos
I wouldn't give fuck if you're pregnant
Give me the baby rings and a #1 MOM pendant

I'm slamming niggas like Shaquille, shit is real
When it's time to eat a meal I rob and steal
'cos Mom Duke ain't giving me shit
so for the bread and butter I leave niggas in the gutter
Huh, word to mother, I'm dangerous
Crazier than a bag of fucking Angel Dust
When I bust my gat motherfuckers take dirt naps
I'm all that and a dime sack, where the paper at?

Big up, big up, it's a stick up, stick up
and I'm shooting niggas quick if you hiccup
Don't let me fill my clip up in your back and head piece
The opposite of peace sending Mom Duke a wreath
You're talking to the robbery expert
Stepping to your wake with your blood on my shirt
Don't be a jerk and get smoked over being resistant
'cos when I lick shots the shits is persistent

Huh, goodness gracious the papers
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?
Nigga, pass that before you get your grave dug
from the main thug, .357 slug
And my nigga Biggie got an itchy one grip

One in the chamber, 32 in the clip

Motherfuckers better strip, yeah nigga peel
before you find out how blue steel feel

From the Beretta, putting all the holes in your sweater
The money getter motherfuckers don't have better
Rolex watches and colourful Swatches
I'm digging in pockets, motherfuckers can't stop it

Man, niggas come through I'm taking high school rings too
Bitches get stripped down for they earrings and bangles
and when I rock her and drop her I'm taking her door knockers
And if she's resistant "baka! baka! baka!"

So go get your man bitch he can get robbed too

Tell him Biggie took it, what the fuck he gonna do?

I hope apologetic or I'm a have to set it
and if I said it the cocksucker won't forget it

Man, listen all this walking is hurting my feet
But money looks sweet (where at?) in the Isuzu jeep

Man, I throw him in the Beem, you grab the fucking C.R.E.A.M
and if he start to scream "bam! bam!", have a nice dream
Hold up, he got a fucking bitch in the car
Fur coats and diamonds, she thinks she a superstar

Ooh Biggie, let me jack her, I kick her in the back
Hit her with the gat...

Yo chill, Shorty, let me do that...
Just get the fucking car keys and cruise up the block
The bitch act shocked, getting shot on the spot
(Oh shit! The cops!) Be cool, fool
They ain't gonna roll up, all they want is fucking doughnuts
(So why the fuck he keep looking?) I guess to get his life taken
I just came home, ain't trying to see Central Booking
Oh shit, now he looking in my face
You better haul ass 'cos I ain't with no fucking chase
So lace up your boots, 'cos I'm about to shoot
A true motherfucker going out for the loot