

# I Like

Clinton Sparks

[Notorious B.I.G. (XL)]

Hey, doggystyle nigga  
YEAH! (Ohh, oh oh oh)  
Uhh.. can I get witcha, uhh (oh oh oh)  
Can I get witcha, hey (oh OHH oh)  
Can I get witcha-cha-cha [echoes]

[Verse 1: Notorious B.I.G. (XL)]

Another day in the ghetto (yeah)  
One look outside and I'm already upset yo  
It look about a hundred-and-two  
It's a Saturday and Biggie ain't got nuttin to do (nuttin to do)  
Uhh, I'm interrupted by a phone ring  
Sometimes I wish I never got the motherfuckin thing  
"Hello hello? Can I speak to Biggie?"  
Yo who dis? "Talisha!" Yo call back, I'm busy  
Why don'tcha hit me on the box a little later  
Washed up, got dressed, hits the elevator  
Steps out, it's the same old scene  
Dopefiend, crackfiend, eyewitness news team (yeah)  
I seen a honey with a butt lookin butter soft  
I know she looks much better with them clothes up off  
Sittin all thick with the ruby red lipstick  
That's the one I got to get with

[Chorus: XL]

I like, the way that you look, I was hopin we could  
Maybe spend some time, there's so much that we can do  
We can party all night, I can tell you're so right (so right)  
From the way that you shine (yeah) I just wanna get with you

[Notorious B.I.G. (XL)]

Uhh.. can I get witcha, can I get witcha (can I get witcha)  
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (but can I get witcha)  
"Why you wanna get with me?"  
Cause you got a big B-U-T-T (whoa-ooooh)

[Verse 2: Notorious B.I.G. (XL)]

She said, "If I get witchu  
I gotta get witcha whole hood rat crew (ohhhh)  
Whatcha I think I do, sling skins for a livin?  
My name ain't November, this ain't Thanksgiving  
You ain't Michael Bivins  
Smack it up flip it, rub it down  
Do me baby, I ain't down  
My name ain't Tupac, I don't +Get Around+  
You hittin this, nigga how that sound?"  
Huh, first of all you got me mixed up with  
somebody ya done slept with, hold up  
That's my Neneh Cherry shit, I got somethin slicker (yeah yeahhhhh)  
Let me just sip up on this liquor (yeahhhh)  
All I wanna do is smoke a little chronic (all I wanna do)  
+Slam+ ya like Onyx, and get ya Hooked on (yeah)  
this Biggie Smalls Phonics, 102  
How to squeeze 22's in them Reebok shoes, HUH?

[Chorus]

[Interlude: XL]

Hey lady, ohhhhhh baby  
I wanna make you miiiii-iiine, ooooooh-oooh  
And we can riiiiiide, all niiiiight  
Cause you the shit, yeah, whoo!

[Verse 3: Notorious B.I.G (XL)]

To all the ladies in the house, oww  
Uhh, uhh - ta-dow  
I said walk me upstairs, cause I forgot my Phillies  
She said "I don't care, just don't be actin silly"  
I knew I had her trapped with my hardcore rap  
And it wouldn't take a second 'fore I had her on her back  
Twiddlin with the bra strap, threw on my Sillk CD  
cause "I wanna get freaky witchu!" (freaky witchu)  
Lose control on the skins is all I can picture (I like)  
Now I'm about to hitcha (yeahhhhhh)

[Chorus: w/ ad-libs]

[Notorious B.I.G. (XL)]

Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (can I get witcha)  
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (I wanna get witcha)  
"Why you wanna get with me?"  
Cause you got a big B-U-T-T (whoa-ooooh)  
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha  
Can I get witcha, can I get witcha (I wanna get witcha)  
"Why you wanna get with me?"  
Cause you got a big B-U-T-T (hey)