

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)