

## 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