

# Hypnotize

The Notorious B.I.G.

Uh, uh, uh, c'mon

Hah, sicka than your average Poppa  
Twist cabbage off instinct, niggaz don't think shit stink  
Pink gators, my Detroit players  
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn

Dead right, if the head right, Biggie there every night  
Poppa been smooth since days of Underroos  
Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who  
Do something to us, talk go through us

Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us  
Who us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff  
Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch  
Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3  
Bang every MC easily, busily

Recently niggaz frontin' ain't sayin' nuttin'  
So I just speak my peace, keep my piece  
Cubans with the Jesus piece with my peeps  
Packin', askin' 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  
I guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid

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I put hoes in NY onto DKNY  
Miami, D.C. prefer Versace  
All Philly hoes, dough with Moschino  
Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi

Now who's the real dookie, meanin' who's really the shit?  
Them niggaz ride dicks, Frank White push the sticks  
On the Lexus, LX, four and a half  
Bulletproof glass tints if I want some ass

Gon' blast squeeze first ask, questions last  
That's how most of these so-called gangsters pass  
At last, a nigga rappin' 'bout blunts and broads  
 Tits and bras, menage-a-trois, sex in expensive cars

I still leave you on the pavement  
Condo paid for, no car payment  
At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff  
Your daughter's tied up in a Brooklyn basement  
Face it, not guilty, that's how I stay filthy  
Richer than Richie, till you niggaz come and get me

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I can fill ya wit real milllionaire shit  
Escargot, my car go, one sixty, swiftly  
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  
So get with this nigga, it's easy  
Girlfriend here's a pen, call me round ten

Come through, have sex on rugs that's Persian  
Come up to your job, hit you while you workin'  
For certain, Poppa freakin', not speakin'  
Leave that ass leakin', like rapper Demo

Tell them hoe, take they clothes off slowly  
Hit 'em wit the force like Obie, dick black like Toby  
Watch me roam like Gobe, lucky they don't owe me  
Where the safe? Show me, homey

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