

# Niggas Bleed

The Notorious B.I.G.

Today's agenda  
Got the suitcase up in the Sentra  
Go to room 112, tell em Blanco sent ya  
Feel the strangest  
If no money exchanges  
I got these kids in ranges  
To leave them niggas brainless  
All they tote is stainless  
You just remain as  
Calm as possible, make the deal go through  
If not, here's 12 shots, we know how you do  
Please make yo killings clean  
Slugs up in between  
They eyes, like True Lies  
Kill em and flee the scene  
Just bring back the coke or the cream  
Or else, yo life is on the shelf  
We mean this Frank  
Them cats we fucking wit put bombs in yo moms gas tank  
Lets get this money baby  
They shady, we get shady  
Dress up like ladies  
And burn em with dirty 380's  
Then they come to kill our babies  
That's all out  
I got gats that blow the wall out  
Clear them all out  
Fuck the fallout  
Word to Stretch, I bet they pussy  
The seven digits push me  
Fucking real  
Here's the deal  
I got a hundred bricks, 14-5 a piece  
Enough to cop a six buy the house on the beach  
Supply the peeps with Jeeps  
Brick a piece  
Capiche?  
Everybody getting cream  
No one considered a leech  
Think about it now, that's damn near 1 point 5  
I kill em all I'll be set for life  
Frank pay attention  
These motherfuckers is henchmen  
Renegades, if you die they still get paid  
Extra probably, fuck a robbery  
I'm the boss  
Promise you won't rob em, I promise  
But of course you know I had my fingers crossed

Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture me being scared of a nigga that breathe the same air as me  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture me being shook  
We can both pull burners, make the motherfucking beef cook  
Niggas bleed just like us  
Picture a nigga hiding  
My life in that man hands, while he just deciding

Niggas bleed just like us  
I'd rather go toe to toe with all of y'all  
Running ain't in my protocol

Since it's on, I call my nigga Arizona Ron  
From Tuscon, push the black Yukon  
Usually had the slow grooves on  
Mostly rock the Isley  
Stupid as a youngin, chose not to move wisely  
Sharper with game, him and his crooks, caught a ?jooks?  
Heard it was sweet, bout 350 a piece  
Ron bought a truck, 2 bricks laid in the cut  
His peeps got bucked, got locked the fuck up  
That's when Ron vanished, came back, speaking Spanish  
Lavish habits, two rings, 20 carats  
He's a criminal  
Nigga made America's Most  
Killed his baby's mother's brother, slit his throat  
The nigga got bagged with the toast, weeded  
Took it to trial, beat it  
Now he feel he undefeated  
He mean it  
Nothing To Lose, tattooed around his gun wounds  
Everything, the game, embedded in his brain  
And me I feel the same for this money ya dying,  
Specially if my daughter crying, I ain't lying  
Y'all know the signs

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We agreed that going shooting is silly  
Because niggas could be hiding in showers with Mac Milly's  
So I freaked em  
The telly manager was Puerto Rican  
Gloria, from Astoria, I went to war with her  
Peeps in 91, stole a gun from her workers  
And they took drugs, they tried to jerk us  
We blaze they place, long story  
Glo seen my face, got shook  
Thought a nigga was coming for the safe  
Now she breaking, shut up, 112, whats shaking  
A Jamaican, some bitches I swear  
They look gay  
In a black Range Rover  
Been outside all day  
If its trouble let me know, I'll be on my way  
Please I got kids to feed, I done seen you make niggas bleed  
Nightmare this bitch don't need  
Ron, get the gasoline  
This spot, we bout to blow this  
Get the cash before the cops and Range Rover cats notice  
Room 112  
Right by the staircase, perfect place

When they evacuate, they meet they fate  
Ron pass the gasoline  
The nigga pass me kerosene  
Fuck it, its flammable  
My hunger is unexplainable  
Strike the match, just what I expected  
The dred kid ejected in seconds  
And here come two  
Opposite sexes  
One black, one Malaysian  
We in the hallway waiting patient  
As soon as she hit the door we start blasting  
I saw her brains hit the floor  
Ron laughing  
I swear to God  
I hit MaxiPriest at least 12 times in the chest  
Spinned around, shot the chick in the breast  
She crying, head shot's put her to rest  
Pop open the briefcases, nothing but Franklin faces  
The spots hot, sprinklers, alarm systems  
That's when other guests start to slip in  
Its time for us to get to dipping  
I know them niggas in the Range is on they way up  
Flipping, pistol gripping  
I load the clip in  
The hallway, got real loud and crowded  
They walked right past us  
I don't know how they allowed it  
The funny thing about it  
Through all the excitement  
They Range got towed, they double parked by a hydrant  
Stupid motherfuckers