

Running Your Mouth

The Notorious B.I.G.

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?
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1, 2, 3, and...

Now they say you ain't never suppose to envy no man
Can't tell that to a dingy old man
Who see a young nigga getting plenty dough man
Icy Audemar, hendy gold band
With a mean girl like Lindsay Lohan
That's why I keep the 9 in the Bentley door pan
Trust it's gon' bust you roll on us
Know it's gon' blow for my dough
Why would you try with that guy
Scene told u he keep it G
We can bang like the two chains on my neck
The hood is Iraq I'm Hussein in the 'jects
The coup's up take the new Lame for a sec
12" up, new cane in the deck nigga
Right now with a squeezer and a coozie
And I'm goin out like Keyshia with the uzzi

They talk about it, we all about it
They making plans, we sit and counting
Our cheddar stack it's just like a mountain
You heard about it cause she running her mouth

She want's to ride, and she's trying to hide it
I'm cool as ever, she's too excited
Her man look like, he want to fight
But he ain't doing nothing, but running his mouth

Fuck around and feel the fury of a high nigga
When I get busy throw your hands in the sky nigga
I got the illest of the ill mentality, niggas be grabbing me
Knowing that they'd rather be stabbing me
All up in my back trying to take my track
When I used to sell crack I ain't had problems like that
Street rules, watch your pockets and your jewels
A nigga front, throw the gat to the fool
Necks wanna move but's getting blasted
Streets to a flows from the ill ghetto bastard
As I release masterpieces like adhesive
Stuck to your ass, like tissue when your wiping fast
MC's have a hard time believing
I mark with death, hard to kill like Steven
When Jake come I'm leaving, the black man's motto
You got a better chance playing lotto
What you want nigga?

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Ah, Yo

Now watch me dip-dip-di-dive all over the beat
Now watch me drip-drip-dri-di all over the street
The general consensus is you'll be the dominating fleet
Bitch raw, and let me continue to bring the heat
You know who been the kings of the block, the kings of the drops
The kings of the crap music and the kings of the cross
Niggas fire then drop shit like the purest of powder
That's why most of these niggas little song be sounding like ours
Couple years ago, niggas probably thought I was dieing
Now same niggas are idolizing put our face in the shrine
Yeah I took a little time to cook and show you what's really hot
How the fuck any of you niggas think you feeling my spot
Why you niggas getting mad at us, we shit on your floors
All in your house nigga, our strategies is different from yours
Listen, you come you can do it while I continue to preach
Snoop, fam, bigger Bust of the stand if you can't reach

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Uhhh, uhhh

Fox then B.I.G.

Who fucking with Fox, who want it with I
Bust a shot for me and Big from the villfredo sky
Got my joan fross shit on, hop off my dick
Canary bangle-round I ain't gon' 20 carrots on this bitch
Pull up the Phantom, show 'em how we switch
From the Bentley blinds spur kill 'em with the six
Bedstuy what up y'all, what up with your girl
How she leave dude broke tell them boys on work
I'm in the G5 jedi, Brooklyn what's your chrome
Cause that niggas lieing home if the tutti with the dead-eye
My nigga Neck got hit up in his truck
And no Stranel ain't the same since Homo got touched
Nasty with the pistol, nasty with the clit
See I'm a beast with it, fucking 'til I'm crippled
Ill nuns squeezing the lhama
Bog roll dutty, Fox and Poppa

Run for your gun you suckers
B.I.G. I'm a get them motherfuckers
Don't you worry about a thing, bang-bang-boogie
I got a few chickens that's gon' work that noggie
In the lack with a sack go and put it on the mat
What it do nephew (Where Brooklyn at?)
Uh, turning it out, run in your house
Gun in your mouth, motherfucker quit running your mouth

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What you really want from a nigga?...