

# The Notorious B.I.G., Kick In The Door

Welcome back. \*audience applauds\*

We're here on Bad Boy television, and I'm Trevin Jones and I've been conversing with the Mad Rapper.

And quite frankly -- he's very mad.

We're gonna TRY to find out why; so we'll take some questions at this point from our studio audience.

Yes ma'am, please stand and state your name, and where you're from.

□Hi, my name is Shay, and I'm from New Rochelle

□and, I just don't understand, why you so mad. (yo, yo)

□Like what are you so mad about? (yo, yo, y-y-yo)

You wanna know why, yo first of all, yo first of all you can't be askin me no question knowhat!msayin who the fuck is you? (Ahh, excuse me, Mr. Rapper, Mr. Rapper.) Youknowhat!msayin? You can't be askin me no question (It's a family oriented show.) I'ma tell you why I'm mad, youknowhat!msayin? I'ma tell you why I'm mad. I'ma tell you why I'm mad. These niggaz is makin five hundred thousand dollar videos, yunusayin? They drivin around in hot cars, yunusayin? They got bitches, they got all that shit.

(Sir, please, please, refrain from your foul language.)

Youknowhat!msayin? I'm still livin with my MOMS, youknowhat!msayin?

That's my word. Yunusayin? I'm makin records I ain't made no money yet I done made this is my fourth album yo, this my FOURTH ALBUM.

I ain't made a dime yet. This nigga made one album, he makin wild records. That Ready to Die shit, it was aight, it was aight,

yunumsayin, that shit was aight, it was cool. But my shit is more John Blaze than that! I got John Blaze shit. And they not recognizing, they not sayin I recognize. And fuck is that, who

is you to be askin me questions, youknowhat!msayin? Who is you?

\*Mad Rapper fades out\*

(cut and scratched &quot;I gots to talk. I gotta tell what I feel. I gotta talk about my life as I see it!&quot;)

Intro: repeat 2X ('Biggie' repeats every line of beat)

This goes out to you

This goes out to you, and you, and you, and you

Verse One:

Your reign on the top was short like leprechauns

As I crush so-called willies, thugs, and rapper-dons

Get in that ass, quick fast, like ramadan

Its that rap phenomenon Don-Dadda, fuck Poppa

You got ta, call me, Francis M.H. White

in tank-light totes, tote iron

Was told in shootouts, stay low, and keep firin

Keep extra clips for extra shit

Who's next to flip, on that cat with that grip on rap

The mo shady, &quot;Tell em!&quot;, Frankie baby

Ain't no tellin where I may be

May see me in D.C. at Howard Homecomin

with my man Capone, dumbin, fuckin somethin

You should know my steelo

Went from ten G's for blow to thirty G's a show

to orgies with hoes I never seen befo'

so, Jesus, get off the Notorious

penis, before I squeeze and bust

If the beef between us, we can settle it

With the chrome and metal shit

I make it hot, like a kettle get

You're delicate, you better get, who sent ya?

You still pedal shit, I got more rides than Great Adventure  
Biggie, &quot;How are you gonna do it?&quot;

Chorus: repeat 4X

Kick in the door, wavin the four-four  
All you heard was Poppa don't hit me no more

Verse Two:

On ya mark, get set, when I spark, ya wet  
Look how dark it get, when ya marked with death  
Should I start your breath should I let you die  
In fear you start to cry, ask why  
Lyrically, I'm worser, don't front the word sick  
You cursed it, but rehearsed it  
I drop unexpectedly like bird shit  
You herbs get, stuck quickly for royalties and show money  
Don't forget the publishin, I punish em, I'm done with them  
Son, I'm surprised you run with them  
I think they got cum in them, cause they, nothin but dicks  
Tryin to blow up like nitro and dynamite sticks  
Mad I smoke hydro rock diamonds, that's sick  
Got pay off my flow, rhyme with my own click  
Take trips to Cairo, layin with yo bitch  
I know you prayin you was rich, fuckin prick  
When I see ya I'ma

Chorus

Verse Three:

This goes out for those that choose to use  
Disrespectful views on the King of NY  
Fuck that, why try, throw bleach in your eye  
Now ya Braille in it, stash that light shit, or scalin it  
Conscience of ya nonsense in eighty-eight  
Sold more powder than Johnson and Johnson  
Tote steel like Bronson, vigilante  
You wanna get on son, you need to ask me  
Ain't no other king in this rap thing  
They sibilings, nothing but my chil'ren  
One shot, they disappearin  
Its ill when, MC's used to be on cruddy shit  
Took home, Ready to Die, listened, studied shit  
Now they on some money shit, successful out the blue  
They light weight, fragilly, my nine milly  
make the white shake, thats why my money never funny  
And you still recoupin, stupid \*echoes\*