

# Hassan I Sabbah

## Hawkwind

Notorious B.I.G. F/ K-Ci & JoJo, Nas

Miscellaneous

I Really Want to Show You

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Wooo! There's gonna be a lot of punchin in this motherfucker

Y'all better be swift with that punch button Jack

Biggie. Biggie.[Notorious B.I.G.]

I know how it feel to wake up fucked up

Pockets broke as hell, another rock to sell

People look at you like youse the user

Selling drugs to all the losers, mad buddha abuser

But they don't know about your stress-filled day

Baby on the way mad bills to pay

That's why you drink Tanqueray; so you can reminisce

and wish, you wasn't livin so devilish, ssshit

I remember I was just like you

Smokin blunts with my crew, flippin over 62's

Cause G-E-D, wasn't B-I-G

I had to get P-A-D, that's why my moms hate me

She was forced to kick me out, no doubt

Then I figured out licks went for twenty down South

Packed up my tools for my raw power move

Glock nineteen for casket and flower moves

for chumps tryin to stop my flow

And what they don't know will show on the autopsy

Went to see Papi, to cop me a brick

Asked for some consignment, he wasn't tryin to hear it

Smoking mad Newports cause I'm due in court

for an assault, that I caught, in Bridgeport, New York

Catch me if you can like the Gingerbread Man

You better have your gat in hand, cause manChorus: K-Ci & JoJo

Come and run with me . I really wanna show you

How I run the streets . I really wanna show you

How I'm clockin G's . I really wanna show you

Come and run with me . I really wanna show you[Notorious B.I.G.]

I had the master plan

I'm in the caravan on my way to Maryland

with my man Two-Tecs to take over this projects

They call him Two-Tecs, he tote two tec

And when he start to bust he like to ask, "Who's next?"

I got my honey on the Amtrak

with the crack in the crack of her ass

Two pounds of hash in the stash  
 I wait for hon to make some quick cash  
 I told her she could be Lieutenant, bitch got gassed  
 At last, I'm literally loungin black  
 Sittin back, countin double digit thousand stacks  
 Had to re-up; see what's up with my peeps  
 Toyota Deal-a-Thon had it cheap on the Jeeps  
 See who got smoked, what rumors was spread  
 Last I heard I was dead with six to the head  
 Then I got the phone call, it couldn't hit me harder  
 We got infiltrated, like Nino at the Carter  
 Heard Tec got murdered in a town I never heard of  
 by some bitch named Alberta over nickel-plated burners  
 And my bitch swear to God she won't snitch  
 I told her when she hit the bricks I'll make the hooker rich  
 Conspiracy, she'll be home in three  
 Until then I looks out for the whole family  
 A true G, that's me, blowing like a bubble;  
 in the everyday struggle  
 Chorus[Notorious B.I.G.]  
 I'm seeing body after body and our mayor Guiliani  
 ain't tryin to see no black man turn to John Gotti[Nas]  
 Guns and diamonds  
 Bitches put they tongues where the sun ain't shinin  
 Take ki's til they spot us, snakes flee with consignment  
 This kid he got his krib rated, police found grams  
 They locked up, his whole fam; moms sister his old man  
 Nigga bailed his moms out, then he told on his man  
 Now they home, actin like nuttin wrong, hustlin again  
 He tried to be the next Frank White, and Escobar  
 Pickin up coke a fiend holds it in a seperate car  
 Cooks it up til it's bright white, cut it tight right  
 Then he slings it to the fiends, lookin like Fright Night  
 Coppin the motorbikes, the scooters, countin dough on computers  
 High technology dealers, to the users and losers  
 Half-leg DiDi, try to swap drug for TV's  
 Stores run out of baking soda from BK to QB  
 My niggaz die for the cause, .45 on the drawer  
 City laws made by Big Nas and Biggie Smalls  
 Bitches, holdin my weight in they titties and drawers  
 My bitches out of state get bust while they pushin my cars  
 Callin me up, callin me baller, call for they cut  
 Pretty hoes bring me my cash, swallow all of this nut  
 Seats on the Bent' stay nasty, push the dash  
 for the stash box is where the cash be; watchin for task force  
 Cause I know they comin but I'm reachin my goal  
 Fuck bummin, I'm makin sure I leave this whole game wit somethin  
 Crib in West Palms for my dime, crib for my moms  
 Ridiculous, you lookin at the next Nicholas Barnes, babyChorus (repeat to fade)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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