

# Da B Side (feat. The Notorious B.I.G.)

## Da Brat

B side, B side, ha check it, So So Def  
Bad Boy collaboration, the Notorious B.I.G. in the house  
We got Da Brat in the house and me  
Y'all know who I be, check it I got that shit all you niggas just love to ride to  
Funk for your trunk is what I provide you  
So slide through your hood with me in your deck  
Cause your correct way to get your groove on flomps And I paid the costs to be the boss as a kid  
Fucked around and made some shit you can't fuck with  
They thought luck did it but it didn't 'cause I'm back again  
Back with the B.I.G. and my new-found friend Sliding in from the front, never way behind  
Niggas wonder how I came with this style of mine  
Remain in your seats as I release the clip into yo' hip  
Brat and Biggie Smalls  
Aw shit, on top of all that, I'm so, so remarkable  
Flow to make you motherfuckers know  
Ain't an MC coming close to touch  
Bitches I like to fuck, guns I like to bust, so Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want I never knew, niggas had a clue on who was  
the king of the street  
More deep than a Range Rover jeep, guns under the seat  
And my nigga just came home from work, release  
Cristal in my lap, chronic in the air Nigga, pass that shit like you just don't care  
Yeah, you on my shit list, Biggie burns spliffs  
When I'm pissed, release the Rolex from your wrist  
Nigga, no human being, Korean or European  
Be seein' what B.I.G. be seein', I leave 'em peein'  
In they draws because Biggie Smalls is far from weak  
Brat-tat-tat, please speak, nigga close your eyes  
'Cause you already see the Notorious B R A T The raw combination, the destination  
Number one tote a gun with no hesitation  
Live with the funk dafied cutie pie  
Gat by the thigh, the Smalls by her side If you fuck with her you got to fuck with me  
And we'll be rapping at your motherfuckin' eulogy, so Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want Brat-tat-tat-tat, please speak I got the funk in  
my pocket, shit stay locked down  
The nigga you know who represent them platinum sounds  
Now baby Biggie, I done heard that Juicy  
Didn't find nothin' but truth in the hook B You're pledging to wreck with a notorious nigga

ready to die  
Jump in the Benz, took me a little ride  
Round the mountain, broke a left, hit So So Def  
And told the nigga JD I was the one, fuck the rest  
We funkdafied, kicking it live  
Robin Leach teach a nigga how to really survive  
Whether it be track or blunt, ain't no need to front  
Got what you need and I take everything you ever wanted  
Nigga, we comin' mass, his pimpin'  
ass  
His glass is full of Moet, the Rolex is bar-bayed  
Parkade, B to the R A T  
Rolling off swoll on chrome 17  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay back, listen to the B side, slide, glide  
Do whatever you want, get out your lighters  
We be the rhyme writers, starters from the heart of College Park  
New York, Chicago, wherever you wanna go

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