

Hypnotize - The Notorious B.I.G.

Lyrics

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"Hypnotize"

Uh, uh, (Uh, come on)

Ha, sicker than your average, Poppa twist cabbage off instinct

Niggas don't think shit stink

Pink gators, my Detroit players

Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn (That's right)

Dead right, if the head right, Biggie there e'ry night

Poppa been smooth since days of Underoos

Never lose, never choose to, bruise crews who

Do somethin' to us, talk go through us (Come on, do it)

Girls walk to us, wanna do us, screw us

Who, us? Yeah, Poppa and Puff (He, he)

Close like Starsky and Hutch, stick the clutch

Dare I squeeze three at your cherry M-3 (Take that, take that, take that, ha ha!)

Bang every MC easily, busily

Recently niggas frontin', ain't sayin' nothin' (Nothin')
So I just speak my piece, keep my peace (Come on)
Cubans with the Jesus piece, with my peeps (Thank you)
Packin', askin', "Who want it?", you got it, nigga, flaunt it
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it

Biggie, Biggie, Biggie, can't you see?
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me
And I just love your flashy ways
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid
Biggie, Biggie, Biggie, can't you see? (Uh-huh)
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me (Hypnotize)
And I just love your flashy ways (Uh-huh)
Guess that's why they broke, and you're so paid (Ha)

I put hoes in NY onto DKNY (Uh-huh)
Miami, D.C. prefer Versace (That's right)
All Philly hoes go with Moschino (Come on)
Every cutie with a booty bought a Coogi
Now who's the real dookie? Meaning, who's really the shit?
Them niggas ride dicks, Frank White push the six
Or the Lexus, LX, four and a half
Bulletproof glass, tints if I want some ass

Gonna blast, squeeze first, ask questions last
That's how most of these so-called gangsters pass
At last, a nigga rappin' about blunts and broads
Tits and bras, ménage à trois, sex in expensive cars
I'll still leave you on the pavement
Condo paid for, no car payment (Uh-uh)
At my arraignment, note for the plaintiff
"Your daughter's tied up in a Brooklyn basement"
Face it, not guilty, that's how I stay filthy (Not Guilty)
Richer than Richie, 'til you niggas come and get me (Come on)

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I can fill you with real millionaire shit (I can fill ya)
Escargot, my car go one-sixty, swiftly (Come on)
Wreck it, buy a new one

Your crew run-run-run, your crew run-run
I know you sick of this, name brand nigga with
Flows, girls say he's sweet like licorice
So, get with this nigga, it's easy (Uh-huh)
Girlfriend, here's a pen, call me round ten
Come through, have sex on rugs that's Persian (That's right)
Come up to your job, hit you while you workin'
For certain, Poppa freakin', not speakin'
Leave that ass leakin', like rapper demo
Tell them ho take they clothes off slowly (Slowly)
Hit 'em with the force like Obi (Obi)
Dick black like Toby (Toby)
Watch me roam like Romey (Romey)
Lucky they don't owe me
Where the safe? Show me, homie (Say what, homie)
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For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com