

Da B Side - 1/2

Interprété par Bad Boys.

[Intro: Jermaine Dupri]

B Side, B side, check it
SoSoDef, Bad Boy, collaboration
The Notorious BIG's in the house
We got Da Brat in the house
And me, y'all know who I be
Check it
I got beats and beats
That ya love to rock to
Funk from my trunk is what I provide you
So slide through your hood with me in your deck
Cause yo, correct way to get your groove on, flossin
I paid the costs to be the boss as a kid
Now I be the one that you can't mess wit
They thought luck did it, but it didn't cause I'm back again
Back with the Big and my new found friend

[Da Brat]

sliding in from the front, never way behind
you're tryin to figure how I came with this style of mine
remain, in your seats as I release the clip into yo' hip
Brat and Biggie Smalls

[Notorious B.I.G.]

oh shit, on top of all that, I'm so-so
remarkable, flow, making competition know
ain't any MC coming close to the
Notorious B.I.G.
baby, baby

[Chorus]

[Notorious B.I.G.]

I never knew that you never had a clue of who was the king of the street
more deep than a range rover jeep, guns under the seat
and my man just came home from work
release, chrysalis in my lap, chronic in the air
(now Biggie pass what's lit like you just don't care)
yeah, you on my hit list, Biggie burns spliffs
when I'm pissed, release the rolex from your wrist
baby, no human being, Korean or European
be seeing what we be seeing, now they be peeing
in they drawers, because Biggie Smalls will spark a weed
brat-tat-tat please speak

[Da Brat]

just close your eyes, cause you already see

Da B Side - 2/2

(fool)
the Notorious B-R-A-T

[Notorious B.I.G.]
The raw combination destination, number one
tote a gun with no hestiation
live with the funkified cutie pie
gat by the side, the Smalls by her side,
if you mess with her you gots to mess with me
and we'll be rapping at your eulogy, baby

[Chorus]

Brat-tat-tat-tat please speak

[Da Brat]
I got the funk in my pocket, keep it locked down
shorty you know who represents them platinuim sound
now Biggie, baby, I done heard that Juicy
didn't find nuthin but truth, in the hook B
you're pledging to wreck with a notorious hustler ready to die
jump in the benz, took me a little ride
round the mountain, broke a left, hit SoSoDef
and told the homey JD I was the one, buck the rest
we Funkdafied, kicking it live
Robin Leach teaching me how to really survive
rather it be, track or blunt, ain't no need to front
got what you need, and I take everything you ever wanted, nucka
we come in mass, is clipping ass, my glass is full of moet
the rolex is bar-bayed, parkade, b to the r, ah, a-t
rolling off swoll on chrome 17

[Chorus]