

# The Notorious B.I.G., Get Your Grind On

(feat. Big Punisher, Fat Joe & Freeway)

But I would've loved to hear  
A Big Pun and B.I.G. collabo  
That shit would've been incredible

(Big Pun talking)  
Aye yaknahmsayin, it was just happen  
We have our day, you know?  
I seen him, I seen him, I seen him at the pearly gates, yaknahmean?  
We keep it, keep it, keep it going from there

(Notorious B.I.G.)  
Uhh, I dream filthy  
My moms and pops mixed me with Jamaican Rum and Whiskey  
Huh, what a set up  
Shoulda pushed 'em dead off, wipe the sweat off  
Uhh, cause in this world I'm dead off, squeeze lead off  
Benz sped off, ain't no shook hands in Brook-land  
Army fatigue break up teams, the enemies  
Look man, you wanna see me locked up, shot up  
Moms crotched up over the casket, screamin BASTARD  
Cryin, know my friends is lyin  
Y'all know who killed 'em filled 'em with the lugars from they Rugers  
or they Desert, dyin ain't the shit but it's pleasant  
Kinda quiet, watch my niggaz bring the riot  
Giving cats the opposite of diets  
You gain thirty pounds when you die no lie, lazy eye  
I was high when they hit me, took a few cats with me  
Shit, I need the company (uh-huh)  
Apoligies in order, to T'Yanna my daughter  
If it was up to me you would be with me, sorta like  
Daddy Dearest, my vision be the clearest  
Silencers so you can't hear it  
Competition still fear it, shit don't ask me  
I went from ashy to nasty to classy, and still

(Chorus: Freeway)  
Nigga still gotta get his grind on  
Come get introduced to my home  
I grew up in the crime zone  
Soon as you grown, you on your own, you keep your strap  
You keep your chrome cause the streets is chilly  
Now get your grind on  
Come get introduced to my home  
A nigga grew up in the pro-jects, end up gettin mo' stressed  
Mo' money, mo' drama you know a nigga keep his armor  
Cause the streets are killin  
Now get your grind on  
Come get introduced to my home

(Big Punisher)  
Yo, yo  
The penalty is death, especially when I'm mentally stressed  
My enemies hang with me 'til I eventually flip  
I never reject an offer to battle  
Slap a coffin on the saddle  
and rattle like a wooden horse to el barrio  
Niggaz talk but they babble cause they ain't sayin nuttin  
If ain't blazin somethin with the mac I'm in the shack bakin muffins  
Fake the funk and get your rump roast  
One dose of the toast'll make you jump if you come close  
Pun spoke, ain't no more debatin; my Squad been waitin  
for the perfect time to give you what you all been waitin

An orgi-nation of veterans built  
with genuine skills to pay the heat, gas, and the rest of the bills  
Invest in the real, don't get left in the hills  
My tech and my steel turn your whole crew into vega-ta-bills  
We blessed with the will to never surrender  
cause my every agenda's in and out, unseen like I entered the ninja  
It's my world

(Chorus)

(Fat Joe)

I got that new F-N, call it that faggot nigga gun  
Couple of hollow tips make you faggot niggaz run  
Crack pull up, everybody clear out  
Anybody pumpin that rock is gettin aired out  
I'm in that caddy with my bitch in the pack  
Your mommy got a body but she itchin to clap  
And I know you pitchin purple but we switchin the packs  
Listen, don't make me hurt you I'm just givin the facts  
On that I 9-5 swirvin to a town near you  
My niggaz watch out for that Black Surburbans  
And no it's not the Feds, man papi's home  
And papi got it good, he could put you on  
Listen, I done made abandoned blocks look hot  
Nine to ten Benzes, a couple of drops  
Couple of rubber bands from the corrupt cops  
Just to see my niggaz eat and shit and huggin the blocks  
Crack a chestize 'em, right besides 'em  
In front of a hundred million viewers, shouldn't surprise 'em  
We from the Bronx where the may-ors lift up  
And niggaz get shot in broad day cause we don't give a...  
Fuck little niggaz on bike and just shoot you  
All for a pair of some Nikes, the shits brutal  
I done seen fiends O.D., shot the wrong pack  
Then they call the shit the bomb smack  
Word to Crack, the god body, the hard body, the realest ever  
The John Gotti, this rap shit, will it kill me? Never

(Notorious B.I.G.)

This goes out to cats, fingers in they ass again  
Fifty dollar half-a-men, daydreamin  
Fuck around get wet like semen, your whole team-and  
be Mor-gan than Freeman  
I took the cream and, moved to new places new faces  
Fuck the screwfaces, cause when I flip  
I make the papers, dangerous, we Goodfellas  
Niggaz can't bang with us, try to do me  
My crew be unruly (what)  
To old school cats that call gats toolies  
Call blacks moolies, think it's cool to smoke woolies  
And fuck without rubbers (what) specialize  
in killin wives and grandmothers, who ya trustin, shit  
When Frank start bustin, Frank start somethin  
Killin ya gently, God meant me, to push a Bentley  
Me and Sean Combs takin broads home  
On the phone with the chip, with these Cristal chicks  
Bout to make our own porno flicks, my life's the shit