

# The Notorious B.I.G., Let Me Get Down

(Notorious B.I.G.)

To my motherfuckin man 50 Grand, the alcoholic man  
Inject a tall can in his bloodstream if he can  
Biggie Smalls, the pussy stroker  
MC provoker, chocolate thai smoker HEAR??  
I like to max in Maximas and Acuras  
Your girl buttcheeks I'm smackin HER  
The raw rapper, spine snapper  
with the little hookers on my lap-ah  
You know the flavor Mack-ah  
A shy nigga but I ain't your fuckin comforter  
And if I ever fall in love I bet I'm fuckin her  
Ask the hooker, if I didn't jook her  
If she tried to front, then I drop the Chucky Booker on her  
{\*singing\*} Why you wanna.. play your games on me  
{\*rapping\*} Bitch, you crazy?  
Commitments, I'm Swayze, no time for the ill shit  
Rest with the niggaz on that real bloodspill shit  
My rap-pin tac-tics are drastic  
Stretchin motherfuckers like Mr. Fantastic  
So if you wanna see my pedigreeeee  
You better be, filled with energy, niggaz never gettin me  
So let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down

Chorus: Craig Mack

Hahhhh, AHHHHHHHH HAH  
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(Hahhhh boyeeeeee, let me get down and funk em)  
Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(Yeah.. uh-huh.. yeah)  
Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(Yo I just wanna get em)

(G-Dep)

Yeah, yo  
Odds even, said shoot (blaow)  
Asked me the reason, and I said loot  
Man that's all I'm here for, therefore  
when death declares war, you know what to prepare for  
Shit, one for shelter, book flights on Delta  
Live on your station, the radiation'll melt ya  
Cool - I guess your momma raised a fool  
You didn't wanna blaze your tool shoulda stayed in school  
Rap terror, shots through your new era  
Get it together, y'all niggaz shoulda knew better  
I'm on point like acupuncture  
I might, track and hunt ya, smack and punch ya  
Left side, right side, witcha hoe I might slide  
Runnin wit this big guy, y'all niggaz is pranksters  
Don't make a nigga have to show you the pound  
and show you the sound, that'll put you low in the ground  
Just let me get down

Chorus: Craig Mack

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(What? What?)  
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(I just wanna funk a little bit)  
Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(Hahh.. I just wanna funk, what? Ahhhh)  
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down

(Missy)

I be like WHAAAAT? Let me clear my throat  
Break the smoke, Missy gotta hit some high notes  
HEYYYYYY! Yo from coast to coast I burn like toast  
So dope that I floats through snow nig-guh  
Oh, you don't wanna bow to me  
The agony be like, "Somebody help me please!"  
Feel my pressure, never could a bitch flow better  
in any weather, I'm Biggie bangin ya nigga  
Ah-huh, I used to be the chick to lick the lollipop  
Now I pop through your body parts  
BLAOW, BLAOW, you like the way I interact  
Proceed to smack, any MC that's wack  
Ah-huh, microphone check one two  
I do ya tool, like them freaks run through your crew  
Give it to me, OHHHH, send it to me, OHHHH  
But before I get down, where's my money?  
Let me get down

Chorus: Craig Mack

Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(Hahhh.. boyeee)  
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(I just wanna funk a little bit)  
Yo let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(Hahh.. I just wanna funk)  
Let me get down, let me get down, let me get down, let me get down  
(The Mackalicious funk wanna get down.. boyeeeeeeee, HAHHH, AHHHH-HAH  
Mack, feelin the funk)

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Bringin it live to you bitch ass niggaz