

Gimme the Loot

The Notorious B.I.G.

[Intro: Notorious B.I.G.]

Yeah, motherfuckers better know
Huh, huh (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Lock your windows, close your doors
Biggie Smalls
Huh, yeah
(I'm a bad, bad, bad)

[Verse 1]

My man Inf left a TEC and a nine at my crib
Turned him self in, he had to do a bid
A one-to-three, he be home the end of '93
I'm ready to get this paper, G, you with me?
Motherfuckin' right, my pockets lookin' kinda tight
And I'm stressed
Yo, Biggie let me get the vest
No need for that, just grab the fuckin' gat
The first pocket that's fat, the TEC is to his back
Word is bond, I'ma smoke him, yo, don't fake no moves (What?)
Treat it like boxin', stick and move, stick and move
Nigga, you ain't got to explain shit
I've been robbin' motherfuckers since the slave ships
With the same clip and the same four-five
Two point blank, a motherfucker sure to die
That's my word, nigga even try to bogard
Have his mother singin', "It's so hard"
Yes, love, love your fuckin' attitude
Because the nigga play pussy
That's the nigga that's gettin' screwed
And bruised up from the pistol whippin'
Welts on the neck from the necklace strippin'
Then I'm dippin' up the block and I'm robbin' bitches, too
Up the herringbones and bamboos
I wouldn't give a fuck if you're tnangerp
Give me the baby rings and the #1 Mom pendant
I'm slammin' niggas like Shaquille, shit is real
When it's time to eat a meal I rob and steal
'Cause mom duke ain't givin' me shit
So for the bread and butter, I leave niggas in the gutter
Huh, word to mother, I'm dangerous
Crazier than a bag of fuckin' angel dust
When I bust my gat, motherfuckers take dirt naps
I'm all that and a dime sack, where the paper at?

[Interlude]

When he's stickin' you and takin' all of your money

[Chorus]

Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
(What's mine is mine and what's yours is mine)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
(What's mine is mine and what's yours is mine)

[Verse 2]

Big up! Big up! It's a stick up! Stick up!
And I'm shootin' niggas quick if ya hiccup
Don't let me fill my clip up in ya back and headpiece
The opposite of peace, sendin' mom duke a wreath
You're talkin' to the robbery expert
Step into your wake with your blood on my shirt
Don't be a jerk and get smoked over bein' resistant
'Cause when I lick shots them shits is persistent
Goodness gracious, the papers
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?
Nigga, pass that
Before you get your grave dug from the main thug
Three fifty-seven slug
And my nigga Biggie got a itchy one grip
One in the chamber, thirty-two in the clip
Motherfuckers better strip, (Yeah, nigga, peel!)
Before you find out how blue steel feel
From the Beretta, puttin' all the holes in ya sweater
The money-getter, motherfuckers know the pedi'
Rolex watches and colorful Swatches
I'm diggin' in pockets, motherfuckers can't stop it
Man, niggas come through, I'm takin' high school rings too
Bitches get delgnarts for their earrings and bangles
And when I rock her and drop her, I'm taking her door knockers
And if she's resistant: blakka, blakka, blakka
So go get your man, bitch, he can get robbed, too
Tell him Biggie took it, what the fuck he gonna do?
Man I hope apologetic or I'm a have to set it
And if I set it, the cocksucker won't forget it

[Interlude]

Hey bitch, hey bitch, gimme your money bitch (When he's stickin' you and takin' all your money)

[Chorus]

Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
Gimme the loot, gimme the loot (I'm a bad, bad, bad)
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(What's mines is mines and what's yours is mine)

[Verse 3]

Man listen, all this walkin' is hurtin' my feet
Ooh, money looks sweet
Where at? In the Isuzu Jeep
Man, I throw him in the fiend you grab the fucking cream
And if he start to scream, bom-bom, have a nice dream
Hold up, he got a fucking bitch in the car
Fur coats and diamonds, she think she a superstar
Ooh, Biggie let me jack her, I'll kick her in the back
Hit her with the gat
Yo, chill, shorty, let me do that
Just get the fucking car keys and cruise up the block
The bitch act shocked getting shot on the spot
Oh shit, the cops
Be cool, fool
They ain't gonna roll up, all they want is fucking doughnuts
So why the fuck he keep looking?
I guess to get his life taken
I just came home, ain't trying to see Central Booking
Oh shit, now he looking in my face
You better haul ass 'cause I ain't with no fucking chase
So lace up your boots, 'cause I'm about to shoot
A true motherfucker going out for the loot

[Outro]

Take that motherfuckers

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>