

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Notorious Thugs (2008 Remaster)

Par The Notorious B.I.G., Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

*Album : NOTORIOUS Music From and Inspired by the Original Motion Picture*

And Biggie, Biggie

**It's Bone and Biggie, Biggie**

**Just Bone and Biggie, Biggie**

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**Just Bone and Biggie, Biggie**

**It's Bone and Biggie, Biggie**

**Let's ride, let's ride, let's ride, let's ride**

Get high, get high, get high, c'mon

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**No-to-rious thugs**

**Nothin' but them thugstas**

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Armed and dangerous

Ain't too many can bang with us

Straight up weed, no angel dust

Label us "Notorious"

Thug-ass niggas that love to bust it's strange to us

Y'all niggas be scramblin', gamblin'

Up in restaurants with mandolins and violins

We just sittin' here tryna win, try not to sin

High off weed and lots of gin

So much smoke, need oxygen

Steadily countin' them Benjamins

Nigga, you should too

If you knew what this game'll do to you

Been in this shit since '92

Look at all the bullshit I been through

So-called beef with you-know-who

Fucked a few female stars or two

Then I blew like, nigga, move like Mike

Shit, not to be fucked with

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Motherfucker better duck quick

'Cause me and my dogs love to buck shit

Fuck the luck shit, strictly aim

No aspirations to quit the game

Spit your game, talk your shit

Grab your gat, call your clique

Squeeze your clip, hit the right one

Pass that weed, I got to light one

All them niggas, I got to fight one

All them hoes, I got to like one

Our situation is a tight one

What you gonna do: fight or run

Seems to me that you'll take B

Bone and Big, nigga, die slowly

I'ma tell you like a nigga told me

"Cash Rules Everything Around Me"

Shit, lyrically, niggas can't see me

Fuck it, buy the coke, cook the coke, cut it

Know the bitch 'fore you caught yourself lovin' it

Nigga with a Benz fuckin' it

Doesn't it seem odd to you

Big come through with mobs and crews

Goodfellas down to the Mo' Thugs dudes

Who's the killer, me or you

We forgive you, for you know not what you do

7AM, woke in the morning

With Hen' and caffeine and green and nicotine

No dough, so pop a couple of doze

Lil' RIPsta, nigga Mista Clean, nigga Dean

Deep in my temple and not to get sentimentally steamed

With my instrumelody, and heated, especially for your team

And a .45 indeed will beam in between the scenes

Destroy your dreams; you willin' to die, we'll see

How many flee when I cause the scene

We mean mug, Mo' Thugs, trained to be perfect disciples

When it's survival, tongue is a double-edged sword

Triple six rivals spittin' fire

This the real truth, bitch, breakin' out for lies

My Messiah's better be ready for Armageddon, shit's expired

It's wild, bless the child, the one that became a man

Put in positions off in the Clair

All that I had to do was stare

Test me now, contender; never no surrender, no pretend

Pick up my pen, in my hand, one of my trusted friend-friends

Hey, open it let's see if we're real, we all suited

Beg my pardon to Martin: baby, we ain't marchin', we shootin'

In daily recruitin', there's a thug born everyday in the ghetto

We start 'em off little, we give 'em a bible

And a pen and a pad to hit the label – kick it, nigga

Nigga roll with Bone up into the Thug spot

To the dome with a shot of bird

Never get tossed to the curb

Be feelin' that urge to splurge

But I'm broke as fuck, Sin, give me that Mossberg swerve

Up into my bag, 'cause I gotta get my mask and shells

To put in this 12 gauge sawed-off

Get 'em hauled off, nigga, your loss

Take it all off, got a nigga caught off

But the Bone, not Leatherface

Too many are thinkin' they thugs

And little Mo Hart want to pull it and bust it

And bitch, if you steppin', we buckin' them guts – that's fucked up

Now let me get done with the grime

Gotta go purchase a dime

Put in a state to get done with the crime

Smokin' the reefer to ease my mind

Swig some wine, step on the block with the rocks

But really we be servin' them dummies, see

Gotta buck him on down

If he come back talkin', like, "Give me back me money"

Thuggin' with me killers

Need us a liter of liquor, but niggas ain't got shit

With a sawed-off pump, chrome .38 pistol

Now, who ready to get bent

Nigga like me fiendin' for them green leaves

But I ain't had no dough

Gotta make some money

So I'm makin' my dummy rocks if I go broke

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Yeah, Little Lay, hey, comin' in the form of scripture  
Finna get ya and hit ya with magic  
Droppin' down lead, but I call it my gadgets  
With an automatic-status, we spray  
Time to load the Glocks, but I'm thinkin' not  
There's another evil force tellin' me to do what I gotta do  
So I up my pipe, a nigga dyin' tonight  
And I'm always runnin' from the boys in blue  
Biggie, blue's on my ass  
  
Pull out the cellular phone to call Bone: "What's happenin"  
Grab artillery, a nigga start packin'  
'Cause a motherfucker tried to get me in a jackin'  
And I did him, hit him right between the eyes  
The spot was wise; wanna test a nigga size, it'll cost him  
Nigga fuck around with the wrong shit  
  
Y'all get mo' murdered all day, all day  
We done paved the way and I'm on the run  
I'ma call my boys and bring all the guns  
Y'all niggas wanna have a little fun with number one, one, one

**Bloody red, red, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum, rum**

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Bloody red, red, rum...

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