

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh.. UHH

Yeah..

Uhh.. uhh..

Uh! Yeah.. yeah..

Uhh..

I'm on..

Fuck em.. yeah, uhh..

With my hands gripped.. praise the Lord shit

Fuck her, never knew her

Screw her.. (dump her body, dump her body) sewer

Our father.. uh-huh..

What you expected from his next of kin

I'm loco bro, but ain't no Mexican

I got nines in the bedroom, glocks in the kitchen

A shotty by the shower if you wanna shoot me while I'm shittin

Uhh, the lesson from the Smith and Wessun is depressin

Niggaz keep stressin, the same motherfuckin question

How many shots does it take, to make my heart stop

and my body start to shake, if I should die before I wake

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

With my hands gripped.. praise the Lord shit

Our father.. if I should die before I wake

[Black Rob]

Fluck that

Snap a nigga shit, smash him with the fifth, watch his body lift

Shut his hottie's lips, bitch screamin, hit her body quick

Got me like the trifest not knowin how my life is

My life is, rap sheet long as the Turnpike

The sheistest, hey fella, who bidded with the lifers

Did it with the glocks, spit it witcha pops, you was in diapers

Loved me when you came to Rikers

Hated me all in the free cypher, mad you can't be like us

Some murderers who turn bikers -- see Biggie Smalls

recruited these snipers -- alumni do it just like us

Some pied pipers, squeezin life out y'all

It's all out war, be all wild as all outdoor

If a coward got beef, y'all be checkin his palm

Paralyzin my niggaz thorough kid, how bout yours?

Real quick to screw a nigga then, hop out four

Clean the wipers, hit the party up and, hop out yours

Bitch nigga.. whoah..

Chorus

[Beanie Siegal]

Yo when you fuckin wit Mac, you fuckin wit the best

Still wall to wall with them dusty Tec's

Man you know how I handle my shit, S.K. can on my shit

Jump out of vans like Hannibal Smith

Man I spit a thousand rounds, your squad don't need it

Shredders in a riot pump leave you quadriplegic

When I squeeze don't breathe keep it lined and even

So when niggaz get hit, they be cryin screamin

Lyn bleedin -- from that iron steamin

And I ain't tryin to hear that bullshit, I ain't mean it

Niggaz start bitchin, when that pistol in they face

or I sick two puts to come and get you in your place

If I catch you in my shit, I'm wakin my bitch

Hear take this shit, crackin the brick, facin that shit

Takin two sniffs, grabbin my shit

Best believe if I get hit, y'all niggaz takin some shit

Picture niggaz takin my shit

Chorus

[Ice Cube]

Niggaz never thought they'd see Cube and Biggie

in the year 2000, all drunk and pissy

off whiskey, you can miss me, actin gay

He's the King of New York, I'm the King of L.A.

Doin it the O.G. way; it's sorta like

the Brooklyn Way, it's just the crook in me

So this is dedicated to the memory of

the Notorious One, the glorious one

And if you go for your gun, I got to go for mine

Cock my nine, and seperate yo' head from yo' spine

So, "Grab yo' dicks if you love hip-hop" and

fuck you niggaz that shot Big Pop'

The conspiracy, of this nation, for assassination
of the young black male in this black hell
And I can tell, no matter the weather
that you and Tupac got yo' shit together
California Love

Chorus