

The Notorious B.I.G., 1970' Somethin'

(B.I.G.)

1970 Somethin' nigga I don't sweat the date my moms was late,
So I had to plan my escape, out the skins,
In this world the fly girls, tangeray and henneseey,
Untill I call earl, 10 months in this gut, wut the fuck,
I wish moms would hurry up, so I can get buck wild,
Juvenile with the mics n shit, New York New York, ready for the likes of this,
Then came the worst date, May 21st 2:19 was when my moma water burst,
No spouse in the house, so she rolled herself,
To the hospital, to see if she could get a little help,
Umbilicle cords wrapped around my neck,
Im seein' my death, and I ain't even took my first step,
I made it out im bringin' mad joy,
The docter looked and said he's gonna be BAD BOY!

(Faith Evans)

I remmember back in time, before all the homies died, before all the dollars and nines, i knew that i
goin' somewhere, let me take you back in time, before i even got the rhyme, before i had nickels and
dimes, i knew that i was goin' somewhere,

(The Game)

would pac be alive, if you let pac drive,
swear to god to reverse it I give my left eye,
with the right I visualized, the king of bed-stuy,
checkin his daughter tianna into junior high,
if I was in brooklyn, and B.I. was still alive, in 2006 it might sound like this,
N.Y. 7-1-8 2-1-2, with sues rendezvous,
its like moulin rouge,
high fashion, up town air force ones,
and vasquez, puerto ricans with fat asses
blaze dutch masters, we dump ashes, on models and S classes,
for you bastards, catch a cab to manhattan,
with that broadway actin', u hype that belly shit,
would you get you capped, and wrapped in plastic,
tell the captain, S Roge was happennin',
out here nor speak no evil, inside the magnum

(Faith Evans)

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(B.I.G.)

now i'm 13 smokin' blunts, makin' green,
on the drug scene, fuck the football team,
risk it, rupt ur spleens, by the age of 16,
hearin' the coach scream, make my lifetime dream,
i mean, i wanna blow up, stack my doe up,
so school i didn't show up, and fucked my flow up,
mom said that i should grow up, and check myself,
before i wreck myself, disrespect myself,
put the drugs on the shelf, naww! i couldn't see it,
Scarface king of New York, i wanna be it,
rap was secondary, money was neccessary,
untill i got encarcerated, kinda scary,
see 74' march 8, set me straight, not able to move behind a great steel gate,
time to contemplate, damn were did i fail,
all the money i stacked, was all the money for bail,

(Faith Evans)

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