

# The Notorious B.I.G., Living The Life

(feat. Bobby Valentino, Cheri Dennis, Faith Evans, Ludacris, Snoop Dogg)

(Notorious B.I.G) + (Faith Evans)

To my motherfuckin' man, fifty grand, the alcoholic man  
Inject a tall can to his blood stream if he can  
Biggie Smalls, the pussy stroker  
MC provoker, the chocolate tah smoker (huh?)  
I like to mack in Maximas and Acuras  
But cheeks, I'm smackin' em' (huh?)  
The raw rapper, spot smacker  
Wit the lil hooker on my lap-ah, you know your favorite macker  
A shy nigga, but I ain't ya fuckin' comforter  
And If I ever fall in love, I better fuck it up  
Ask the hooker, If I didn't jug her  
She try to front, then I put the Chucky Booker on her  
(Why you wanna...play games on me?)  
Bitch, you crazy? Commitments, I'm Swayze  
No time for the ill shit  
Mess with the niggaz on that real blood spill shit  
My rappin' tactics, are drastic  
Stretchin' motherfuckers like Mr. Fantastic  
So if you wanna see my Pedigree, you better be  
filled with energy, niggaz never gettin' me

(Chorus 2X: Bobby Valentino and Cheri Dennis) + (Ludacris ab-libbing)

Big cities and bright lights  
Short days and long nights  
No stress and no strife  
I'm high off living the life

(Ludacris)

It's clear to see that I'm the motherfuckin' man, I done learned from the  
best of em; Took the first slot, niggaz still second guessin' em  
Hoes, I'm undressin' em', foes, I'm not stresin' em'  
Outlastin' a bunch of 'em , outflowed the rest of em'  
Cuz everyday, I stay preachin' on the pulpit  
So tell them haters they could miss me with that bullshit  
But I won't miss, I'm Luda, the heat holder  
I'm rich, bitch! I've done more shows than Hova  
And I'm a soldier, ready for whatever  
Roll with a bunch of niggaz that don't know no better  
King like Coreddar, countin' mo' cheddar  
Just hired two dykes to be my ho getters  
When it comes to these women, dog, ain't no one fuckin' wit me  
They runnin' back, you think I had TJ Duckett wit me  
That's cause I throw it like Vick, from the yard line  
Menage a trois, it's safe to say I'm havin' hard times

(Chorus) + (Ludacris ab-libbing)

(Snoop Dogg)

To my nigga Chopper dot, with the whoopy-whop on the block  
Got the heaters cocked, cause I know the suckers on the block  
Hennesey and Belve-D, brings a lot of jealousy  
Nigga stop snitchin', nephew, why you tellin' me?  
They say the game ain't what it use to be on (?)  
Used to be a G, but now he just a ho  
Runnin' 'round poitin' fingers, tellin' names  
You fuckin' up the rules to this dirty game, and it's a diry shame  
I ain't flippin' out, that's probably why I'm dippin' out  
Ya'll fools trippin' out, that why I'm on a different route  
Now, makin' money, havin' clout, what's what it's all about  
Twenty seven cars and a tweleve bedroom house  
Now they call me Snoopy Trump

I keep my heater close, cause I love to bust  
Now hat's a stain on a nigga, I bang on a nigga  
Kick rocks and watch how I do my thang, young nigga; I'm livin' the life!

(Chorus) + (Snoop Dogg ab-libbing)

(Chorus) - w/o ab-libs