1970 Somethin'

Notorious B.i.g.

1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
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1970 somthin'1970 somethin', nigga I don't sweat the date, my moms is late
So I had to plan my escape, out the skins
In this world, the fly girl
Tangere or Hennessey until I called Earl
Ten months in this gut, what the fuck
I wish moms would hurry up so I could get buck
While, Juvenile rippin' mics and shit
New York, New York ready for the lights of thisUh, then came the worst date, May, 21st
2:19 is when my mama's water burst
No spouse in the house, so she rolls herself
To the hospital, to see if she could get a little help
Umbilical chord's wrapped around my neck
I'm seein' my death, and I ain't even took my first step
I made it out, I'm bringin' mad joy
The doctor looked and said, "He's gonna be a bad boy"I remember back in time
Before all the homies died
Before all the dollars and nines
I knew that I was 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' somewhereWould 'Pac be alive, if you let 'Pac drive?
Swear to God, to reverse, that I'll give my left eye
With the right I'll visualize the king of Bed Sty
Checkin' his daughter, Teana into junior high
If I was in Brooklyn and B.I. was still alive
In 2006, it might sound like this
NY, 7 1 8's, 2 1 2's
With Sue's rendezvous, it's like Moulin RougeHigh fashion, uptown Air Force Ones and Vasquez
Puerto Ricans with fat asses
Blazed dutch masters, we dump ashes
On models in S classes for you bastards
Catch a cab to Manhattan, with that Broadway actin'
You hype, that Belly shit'll get you capped and wrapped in plastic
Tell the captain to ask Rog 'What's Happenin'?
Nah, I hear, nor speak no evil inside the magnumI remember back in time

Before all the homies died
Before all the dollars and nines
I knew that I was goin' somewhere
Let me take you back in timeNow I'm thirteen, smokin' blunts makin' cream
On the drug scene, fuck the football team
Risk it, rupt' your spleens by the age of sixteen
Hearin' the coach scream, make my lifetime dream
I mean, I wanna blow up, stack my dough up
So school, I didn't show up, it fucked my flow up
Ma' said that I should grow up, and check myself
Before I wreck myself, disrespect myselfPut the drugs on the shelf, nah, couldn't see it
Scarface, king of New York, I wanna be it
Rap was secondary, money was necessary
Until I got incarcerated, kinda scary
Seat 74, Mart 8 set me straight
Not able to move, behind a great steel gate
Time to contemplate, damn, where did I fail?
All the money I stacked, was all the money for bailI remember back in time
Before all the homies died
Before all the dollars and nines
I knew that I was 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, yeah1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
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