Miss U

The Notorious B.I.G.

[Notorious B.I.G.]
Yeah, dedicatin this to my nigga O
We miss you nigga
Goin out to all the niggas that died in the struggle
Word up, shit is real in the field
You know, sparkin blunts to all you niggaz
Word up

Each and every day
The daydreams of how we used to be
See your family
And that baby's lookin just like you
Why'd you go away
I've been missin you lately
Tell me why you're gone and through

[Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.]
I remember sellin three bricks of straight flour
Got my man a beat down to the third power
He didn't care, spent the money in a half hour
Got some fishscale, ain't no competition that could sour
Got the coke cooked up, a crackhead heaven
In eighty-eight, when Kane ruled, with Half Steppin
A thirty-eight, a lot of mouth, was our only weapon
We was king till the G's crept in
And now I'm missin em

[Chorus]
Ooh, I'm missin you
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns
Ooh, I'm missin you
Nah nah nah nah nah, oh tell me why why why why

[Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.]
We work all week, we dancin, play the movies
We rock flatops, our girls rocked doobies
Made a killin, even though the D's knew me
Eventually, you know they try to do me
Fuck it
Fed up, my nigga want to take it down south

Sick of cops comin, sick of throwin jacks in his mouth
Gave him half my paper, told 'em go that route
Few months, he got his brain blown out
Now I'm stressed
His baby's mother, she trippin, blamin me
And his older brothers, understand, the game it be
Kinda topsy turvy
You win some, you lose some
Damn, they lost a brother
They mother lost a son
Fuck, why my nigga couldn't stay in NY?
I'm a thug, but I swear for three days I cried
I look in the sky and ask God why
Can't look his baby girls in the eye
Damn I miss you

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.]
There was this girl around the way that make cats drool
Her name's Drew, played fools out they money in pool
People swore we was fuckin but we was just cool
She used to hang while I slang my drugs after school
She'd watch my bomb, help my moms with the groceries
My little sister, the girl was kinda close to me
A little closer than the average girl's supposed to be
Far from a lover, my girl was jealous of her
Then she started messin with some major players
Handled keys, niggas called them the Bricklayers
A dread kid, had a baby fore that bitch Taya
Found out her baby's father cheatin, now Drew she gotta slay her
One night, across from the corner store
Taya ran around the block with a chrome four-four
Squeezed all six shots in the passenger door
The dude lived, what my baby had to die for
We missin her

[Chorus]

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