I'm With Whateva

Notorious B.i.g.

R.I.P Big
Jones, Capo, Santana
Lil Weezy, let's Ride
'Cause real g's know the feeling
(It's murda)
It's hard body, no remorse for the killing
(Watch it)
'Cause real g's know the feeling
(It's murda)
It's hard body, no remorse for the killing
(Weezy)
Mad trees and bitches in dungarees
The city under seas, kitchen 100 degrees
I love that summer breeze, I'll stand in it until it freeze
I'm from another breed, them s-s-southern G's
I sip phemetrazine, I lean, I stand tall
I'm mean, I'm mad raw, I'm coming like fastball
Steee-rike, yup, so get it right
Nigga, one of my sniplets'll end your whole life
You ain't nothing but a riblet to a nigga with a knife
In a fork, I'm a pig myself, I eat schwork
So be smart and play your own part
If you don't love yourself, I'll make you see your own heart
And we don't like the narcs, stay away from the cell
Hey, I'ma shoot it out if I'm facing the ail
Yeah, so tell your, girl, to come and make me rich
Weezy baby nigga, 9 to 5, 10 to 6
At night, I can't sleep, I toss and turn
Got my hand on my pistol, when will these motherfuckers learn?
I ain't going out without a fight
I'm with whatever and I ain't going out without a fight
I'm with whatever and I ain't going out without a fight
I'm with whatever, It'd be your life before my life
At night, I can't sleep, I toss and turn
Got my hand on my pistol, when will these motherfuckers learn?
It's showdown time, throwdown time
Safety off, four pound time
Clack clack, go get yours, I'll go get mine
Check it, man, I'm wit whatever

Goodness gracious the paper
Where the cash at? Where the stash at?
I'll blow that ass back for fronting on a nigga like me
You got nothing on a nigga like me, you'll see
I'm on the grind from sun up to sun down
If I'm lying, may lightning come down and strike me right now
I'll turn a dollar to a twenty to a fifty to a hundred
Keep it coming till I'm full on my stomach
I'm stuck in my ways, I'm stuck puffing my hase
Hand on my pistol, front of it sprays
I'm stuck living the life of a ghetto nigga
Trying to get rid of the life, alright?
At night, I can't sleep, I toss and turn
Got my hand on my pistol, when will these motherfuckers learn?
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I'm with whatever and I ain't going out without a fight
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