

Biggie

Biggie & Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Queen Bee and Notorious B.I.G. nigga
The best that ever lived, the best that ever did it
The best that ever lived it, cock suckers, what's his name?
That's how we do it y'all, yeah, to all my niggaz in the house
Bad Boy, who we die for all day, everyday nigga, yeah, yeah

Yeah

For the love of Big, we bang out
Since my man died, we don't hang out
We blow brains out, we tear the club up pullin' things out
Mafia World, all my niggaz max out
We Bad Boys, why y'all niggaz cracked out
Coward niggaz, most are buried down south
Far from gangstas, really hush puppies
Niggaz barely speak when we discuss money
Niggaz stay yappin' when there's always somethin' funny
The realest niggaz never took nuthin' from me
Rock ice, stay jig, fuck with niggaz that got drunk
And hate kids got niggaz on state bids
That hate movies like Rosewood and Matrix
A yo, Biggie taught me well, Biggie told me
How to flip bricks like cartwheel
To all my thugs who puffed him
To all my girls who hugged him
You love him, yell his name Biggie
I'd rather die on my feet, than live on my knees
Nigga please, I cock and squeeze for Biggie

Mafia

Representin' Buck town
Mack 11's cocked back, niggaz better duck down
Face down, you know the routine, the cream
Earing's, you know the drama Biggie bring
For Big I learn to grip aim and cock it once I got it, I lock it
Banger, big city boy with deep pockets
See me speak, that paper better be the topic
I like my ice frozen like the Antarctic
I'm quick to finish it, your good to start it
And with the flashy colors on, you just a target
Waitin' for a hard hit
I like marine blue, marine green, roll with a mean team

Meshed out, fresh out, and stay greams
We big boys, we do big things, born in this county of kings
I ain't got shit, I spread things, take things
Fuck whenever my mood swings, from the summer
Fall, winter to the spring my nigga ill's holdin' it down for the beam
Like BIG said, we do the real things, we still bubble and steal chains
Still tustle, still struggle, we feel pain still ride, still die for Big's name

To all my thugs who puffed him

To all my girls who hugged him

You love him, yell his name Biggie

I'd rather die on my feet, than live on my knees

Nigga please, I cock and squeeze for Biggie

Mafia

Representin' Buck town

Mack 11's cocked back, niggaz better duck down

Face down, you know the routine, the cream

Earing's, you know the drama Biggie bring

For Big I grip the cig, put six in your wig

Not 'cause of what he said, 'cause of what he did

When I hear that pop quiz, that's the way I was raised

And thats the way it is for Biggie

We roll like the Panthers, show our guns on camera

Do jokes with police scanners, niggaz mediocre

Full of dirt like hampers I roll with a bunch of niggaz

That wear bandannas and rep Biggie

We kept it through, from the heart ripped the barrel

B.K. style, see Big howl, now

Lets see who, wanna go against Mafia world

Niggaz nuthin' but squirrels, they know we rep Biggie

Niggaz tryin' to get a nut, hit in the head or below the gut

Wood style roll 'em up, get plucked, nigga what

Go back to spend a ton, and know cats wit gold tooths

Know my gat and bust for my nigga Biggie

To all my thugs who puffed him

To all my girls who hugged him

You love him, yell his name Biggie

I'd rather die on my feet, than live on my knees

Nigga please, I cock and squeeze for Biggie

Mafia

Representin' Buck town

Mack 11's cocked back, niggaz better duck down

Face down, you know the routine, the cream

Earing's, you know the drama Biggie bring

Now when I cock back and squeeze, my Desert E'z

Make you drop to your knees, barely able to breathe

My bullets move in threes, one for Brook-lyn
One for Mafia so take that and this one's for Biggie
You know Frank kept me iced out
Mink dragon, seven figures in my bank account
All that material shit, y'all still tryin' to get it
You fuckin' pricks, get off his dick tryin' to be like Biggie
All y'all lame ass niggas keep my man name out your mouth
Or get this shit right, check it, it's the B I, double G I E
Y'all niggaz can't see Poppa, nor the Big Moma
Who you love Biggie for the Y2G, the two ten
We got it sewn, we don't need y'all help, we hold our own
'Cause this goes out to cats not tryin' to give it up
B I G missin' us, shout him out Biggie
To all my thugs who puffed him
To all my girls who hugged him
You love him, yell his name Biggie
I'd rather die on my feet, than live on my knees
Nigga please, I cock and squeeze for Biggie
Mafia
Representin' Buck town
Mack 11's cocked back, niggaz better duck down
Face down, you know the routine, the cream
Earing's, you know the drama Biggie bring
Biggie
To all my thugs who puffed him
To all my girls who hugged him
You love him, yell his name Biggie
I'd rather die on my feet

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>