Just a Memory

Johnny Hodges

It's Bad Boy bitch, Scram Jones, the Clipse B I G, let's go
Niggaz in my faction don't like asking questions
Strictly gun testing, coke measuring
Giving pleasure in the Benzito
Hitting fanny, spendin' chips at Manny's
Hope you creeps got receipts
My peeps get dirty like cleats
Run up in your crib, wrap you up in your Polo sheets
Six up in your wig piece, nigga decease
May you rest in peace
With my Sycamore style, more sicker than yours
Four, four, and fifty four draw
As my pilot, steers my Leer
Yes my dear shit's official, only the Feds I fear
Here's a tissue, stop your blood clot crying
The kids, the dog, everybody dyin', no lying
So don't you get suspicious
I'm Big dangerous you're just a Likkle Vicious
As I leave my competition, respirator style
Climb the ladder to success, escalator style
Hold y'all breath, I told y'all, death controls y'all
Big don't fold y'all, I spit phrases that'll thrill you
You're nobody till somebody kills you
Do you know where your going too
Just a memory everybody dying
When I throw my clip in the AK
May you rest in peace
Your nobody till somebody kills you
Do you know where your goin' too
Just a memory so you better pack a pistol
Everybody dying, death controls y'all
Your nobody till somebody kills you
Label limbo, I treat it like the wind blows
My back don't bend, see papi is my kenfolk
Spin out the work, as if its on a ten spoke
Soul benefactor the Benz, he made the rims poke
Trust me they can't touch P, in one touchie
Turn drop head coupe to dune buggy
Admire the verses, their inspired by the hearses

That carried my niggaz and had the church mothers cursing
Imagine the glamor that comes out the flow
Of a nigga who still play in the snow like Santa
The wrist is rushing, my ears is blushing
And the diamonds in my chain, big as grandma's buttons, yes
On the flip side, the steel I'm gripping
You thought all the floss had me slipping?
Think again, blink again let me know that your bluffing
Lead give permanent concussion, your nothing
Do you know where your going too
Just a memory everybody dying
When I throw my clip in the AK
May you rest in peace
Your nobody till somebody kills you
Do you know where your goin' too
Just a memory so you better pack a pistol
Everybody dying, death controls y'all
Your nobody till somebody kills you
Check out the fisad
On the face of rap, so we gon raise the bar
A mil on the crib, mean a quarter on the car
Bentley coupe another short of the arnage
Even as a youth I was laundering the stoop
Underneath the nose and the Feds had no clue
I was pushing keys in a V with no roof
Rich, black, two big guns and no coof
Things at the label, well they tend to get unstable
And that pretty much leave Malice at the table
Or over the stove with the flame to the ladle
Because I'm a provider as long as I am able
This here hughe the most foolish of blues
When I tell my mother the price
She damn near sent me to my room
It's the M A L I C I O U S
You don't wanna try nigga, you next, uh
Do you know where your going too
Just a memory everybody dying
When I throw my clip in the AK
May you rest in peace
Your nobody till somebody kills you
Do you know where your goin' too
Just a memory so you better pack a pistol
Everybody dying, death controls y'all
Your nobody till somebody kills you
Biggie Duets, Born Again, Life After Death

Legacy lives on and on, and on
These motherfuckers still can't see you BIG
Shit you ain't even here
Motherfuckers better step their game up
Greatest of all time, greatest of all time, motherfuckers

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