Last Day

Notorious B.i.g.

Can I live til' my last day?
Hittin' honies that be nasty
Gettin' money in the fast way
And I only care halfway
But I still can't let you pass me
Yo, what's beef to you, three niggaz with hoodies and bats
That ain't shit compared to one small cat with gats
When we came here we cut off all kind circulation
Breathin', eatin' the whole situation
When we do our shit, we do our shit for real
While you take your money for your deal and make your own beats
Compose your own sheets, that's aight but chill
I'ma spend that mill and cop only hot shit
Rock top shit, you know how The Lox get
Then you can see me flyin' in the Bentley cockpit
Lox and B-I, hold our grica down for years
Gang not, but we been had our black tears
Niggaz under the stairs only understand what we got
Underground, all above must get shot
You couldn't book me Dano, see Luciano put the burners
To all y'all, what nigga bring it, I'm callin' y'all
You already know what it's about when I run up in your house
Put the gun up in your mouth and get the money out the couch
Hearin' you out is senseless, perhaps for instance
I give this faggot a French kiss
Black gloves, no prints, dark tints
Word on the street, they ain't heard from him since
You know about life after kicked the kid in
Since me and my mi-dan can flip seven gridams
Scridam the flow is forbidden
Either you ridin' or you dyin' 'cuz we swingin' iron
Lox and Poppa, turning niggaz into Jim Hoffa
Who gon' stop us, it's your last joint double copper
You gettin' money or you're runnin' from the Feds
Ain't nothin' over here but sixteen and one in the head
And I solemnly swear
That all y'all niggaz out there got a problem this year
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Before you think of keepin me down, heatin' me down
The flow like water get deep and you drown
With no soul, many niggaz roll with no dough
Even the small Dunn got a little black hole
Your destiny is somethin you can never figure out
Niggaz is never happy 'til there's blood up in your mouth
There's a lot of killers, but who the hell are you to play in this?
A lot are dead, how the hell you take the pain?
Live with it, got money, you better get with it
My man had the thug in him, did his bid with it
Get married to the game but never have a kid with it
Advice from the wise, slice the pies
Too many schemes divides when dreams collide
Teams provide war for the street to absorb
You're stashed in the ceilin' and you slept on the floor
Only a blind dove'll fall in love with a whore
Uhh, uhh, uhh
Who the fuck wanna squeeze?
My Desert Ease make MC's freeze
You wakin' up in cold sweats, they just dreams
You still apoligizin', analyzin', my size and your size and
Realizin', a fist fight would be asinine
You just pop wines, I must pop nines
Genuine steel piece, nozzle in your grill piece
You're shook up, two bricks, every cook up
We can hook up, all I see is the future
Disrespect, I shoot ya
By the way, them bricks, get flipped weekly
Sold by soldiers that mix weed with the leak, leak
Die for a dollar nigga, life ain't sweet
Play for keeps wet shirts with experts on the creep
I be the mob fiance, about to marry it
Illegal transactions in Farragut with Arabics
Why not, they fit twelve up in the bedroom
Imagine what they stash is like, make you a classic like
My first LP, beef with me is unhealthy
Fuck around and get an ulcer, loose your pulse or

Collapsed lung, look how many gats I brung
For them homos, still doin' promos
Break both your legs, you're movin' slow-mo', got shined to glow mo'
Nine hundred and ninety six grams, you need for mo'
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