

# 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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But I still can't

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