Ready to Die

The Notorious B.I.G.

Yeah...
Yeah...
(You ready motherfucker?)
(We gon' kill your ass)

As I grab the glock, put it to your headpiece
One in the chamber, the safety is off release
Straight at your dome homes, I wanna see cabbage
Biggie Smalls the savage, doin your brain cells much damage
Teflon is the material for the imperial
mic ripper girl stripper the Henny sipper
I drop lyrics off and on like a lightswitch
Quick to grab the right bitch and make her drive
the Q-45, glocks and tecs are expected when I wreck shit
Respect is collected, so check it
I got techniques drippin out my buttcheeks
Sleep on my stomach so I don't fuck up my sheets, huh
My shit is deep, deeper than my grave G
I'm ready to die and nobody can save me
Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl
My life is played out like a jheri curl, I'm ready to die

As I sit back and look when I used to be a crook
Doin whatever it took from snatchin chains to pocketbooks
A big BAD motherfucker on the wrong road
I got some drugs tried to get the avenue sold
I want it all from the Rolexes
to the Lexus gettin paid, is all I expected
My mother didn't give me what I want, what the fuck?
Now I got a glock, makin motherfuckers duck
Shit is real, and hungry's how I feel
I rob and steal because that money got that whip appeal
Kickin niggaz down the steps just for rep
Any repercussion lead to niggaz gettin wet
The infrared's at your head real steady
You better grab your guns cause I'm ready, ready

I'm ready to die!
(Nah we ain't gon' kill your ass yet)

(We gonna make you suffer)

In a sec I throw the tec to your fuckin neck
Everybody hit the deck, Biggie bout to get some wreck
Quick to leave you in a coffin, for slick talkin
You better act like CeCe, and keep on walkin
When I hit ya, I split ya to the white meat
You swung a left you swung a right you feel to the concrete
Your face, my feet, they meet, we're stompin
I'm rippin MC's from Tallahassee, to Compton
Biggie Smalls on a higher plane
Niggaz say I'm strange deranged because I put the 12 gauge to your brain
Make your shit splatter
Mix the blood like batter then my pocket gets fatter
after the hit, leave you on the street with your neck split
down your backbone to where your motherfuckin cheek drip
The shit I kick, rip it through the vest
Biggie Smalls passin any test, I'm ready to die!

I'm ready
(Time to go, we gonna put you out your misery motherfucker)
Niggaz definitely know what time it is
The Notorious one in full effect
for ninety-three!
Suicidal, I'm ready!

(Now I lay me down to sleep)
Yeah
(Pray the Lord my soul to keep)
(If I should die before I wake)
(I pray the Lord my soul to take)
(Cause I'm ready to die)

(All y'all motherfuckers come with me if you want to)

(Biggie Smalls the biggest man)
(Rockin on and on in ninety-three, Easy Mo Bee)
(Third Eye, and the rest of the Bad Boy fam)
(I don't wanna see no cryin at my funeral)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Wallace, Christopher / Combs, Sean / Harvey, Osten S / Satchell, Clarence / Morrison, Walter Junie / Middlebrooks, Ralph / Jones, Marshall Eugene / Mason, Barbara / Bonner, Leroy
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/