

If I Should Die Before I Wake

Notorious B.i.g.

Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm on fuck 'em, yeah, yeah
With my hands gripped, praise the Lord shit
Fuck her, never knew her, screw her
Dump her body, dump her body
Sewer our Father
What you expected from his next of kin
I'm loco bro but ain't no Mexican
I got nines in the bedroom, glocks in the kitchen
A shotty by the shower if you wanna shoot me while I'm shittin'
The lesson from the Smith and Wesson is depressin'
Niggaz keep stressin', the same motherfuckin' question
How many shots does it take, to make my heart stop
And my body start to shake, if I should die before I wake
With my hands gripped
Praise the Lord shit, our Father
If I should die before I wake
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If I should die before I wake
Fuck that, snap a nigga shit, smash him with the fifth
Watch his body lift, shut his hottie's lips, bitch screamin'
Hit her body quick got me like the trifest not knowin' how my life is
My life is, rap sheet long as the Turnpike
The sheistest, hey fella, who bided with the lifers
Did it with the glocks, spit it witcha pops, you was in diapers
Loved me when you came to Rikers
Hated me all in the free cypher; mad you can't be like us
Some murderers who turn bikers see Biggie Smalls
Recruited these snipers alumni do it just like us
Some pied pipers, squeezin' life out y'all
It's all out war, be all wild as all outdoor
If a coward got beef, y'all be checkin' his palm
Paralyzin' my niggaz thorough kid, how bout yours?
Real quick to screw a nigga then, hop out four
Clean the wipers, hit the party up and, hop out yours
Bitch nigga, whoah
With my hands gripped
Praise the Lord shit, our Father

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Yo, when you fuckin' wit' Mac, you fuckin' wit' the best
Still wall to wall with them dusty Tecs
Man you know how I handle my shit, S.K. can on my shit
Jump out of vans like Hannibal Smith
Man I spit a thousand rounds, your squad don't need it
Shredders in a riot pump leave you quadriplegic
When I squeeze don't breathe keep it lined and even
So when niggaz get hit, they be cryin' screamin', lyin', bleedin'
From that iron steamin'
And I ain't tryin' to hear that bullshit, I ain't mean it
Niggaz start bitchin', when that pistol in they face
Or I sick two puts to come and get you in your place
If I catch you in my shit, I'm wakin' my bitch
Hear take this shit, crackin' the brick, facin' that shit
Takin' two sniffs, grabbin' my shit best believe if I get hit
Y'all niggaz takin' some shit picture niggaz takin' my shit
With my hands gripped
Praise the Lord shit, our Father
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Niggaz never thought they'd see Cube and Biggie
In the year 2000, all drunk and pissy
Off whiskey, you can miss me, actin' gay
He's the King of New York, I'm the King of L.A.
Doin' it the O.G. way, it's sorta like
The Brooklyn Way, it's just the crook in me
So this is dedicated to the memory of
The Notorious One, the glorious one
And if you go for your gun, I got to go for mine
Cock my nine and separate yo head from yo spine
So, Grab yo dicks if you love hip hop and
Fuck you niggaz that shot Big Pop
The conspiracy, of this nation, for assassination
Of the young black male in this black hell
And I can tell, no matter the weather
That you and Tupac got yo' shit together California Love
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