It Has Been Said

Notorious B.i.g.

It has been, it has been, it has been, it has beenIt has been said that there has been known to be bloodshed
Over bread, men who have bled to death, dead
Strapped to beds, pipe bombs, dynamite, lead
Money power respect, street cred, yeahIt's scary, ain't it? Picture yourself goin' out as a hero
Picture mural pictures of us painted all over street corners
Fans meet to mourn us, while we meet the coroners
Notorious tried to warn usWe watched, so many Biggie backed off of
Biggie's back and 'Pac's, landmarks, history in rap
Statistically in fact, it's so sad to see us re-enact
These tragic events, which lead us backTo where we left off on March 9th to come from such hard knock lifes
And make it up out of 'em, hit the spotlights
And, once they're on us this is our lives
Thrust out for all eyes to cast upon us to see who can last the longestAnd he who lasts the longest, must be the strongest
In this concrete jungle, where this dog eat dog mentality comes from
It's origin, which is usually originated from cats who starvin'
Or it could just be somebody's horror that just horrifiesAnd applies to his persona or the sizes
In his entourage, that intimidates the people
To the point that you know that he's gangster
He ain't just say shit, you just believe itSince B.I.G. taught us niggaz to think big
I'm been about my business since then, so anxious
It ain't how we live, it's what he said, he did it for Brooklyn
This I took in, sent chills through my skinVicious, I'm experiencin' the same sights as him
It's what excited Obie to write these poems
Rollin', goin' through the same shit he spoken
Open up my eyes, so there's no limit in them skies'When Ready To Die' was a sick part of my life
Palmin' that forty-five, plottin' to pop my mind
Then that crooked eye Jamaican, I'd so many times rewind
Got me to walk a straight line and get up on my grindGet up out the system, who could give him better signs?
No pop of mine could top Big Poppa rhymes
So, possibly I'd be popular, huh?
That's the inspiration I got from my nigga B.I.I took him from coal to diamond, I molded his mind
Enter the most phenomenal artist of any and all time
I made a Frankenstein, my design impressed
Backpackers and press, who said my house was a messCritics lashed, said I made a fortune off of his passin'
All I did was build a dynasty, off of his passion
And I'm addressin' the adolescents absent to who he is
The original king of New York, Christopher WallaceThis is a promise on Diddy's honor, I'm a father T'Yanna
And teach her that with all the drama, don't even bother

On repeat, all of your albums play back to back
And I visit your grave 'cause our friendship's intactAn immaculate concept, extravagant progress
Bullet wounds left in my heart, I'm yellin', "God bless"
Regardless to critics yellin' that East, West
I seen the game losin', I'm just pressin' the resetAnd when the resurrection of you shines through an individual
Lyrical enough to wear the same crown of thorns literally
I'ma pay homage, Brooklyn's finest
Whether it's Queens or Harlem, it'll be instant stardom, nigga

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