

The Notorious B.I.G. f/ CJ Wallace, Diddy, Faith Evans

"One More Chance / The Legacy Remix"

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[CJ Wallace] + (Diddy) + {B.I.G.} Uhh... What? (That's right) That's right, uhh, uhh Bad Boy, what? Uhh, uhh {Uhh, what? Uh} {Uhh, uhh, what? Lyrically I'm} {Uhh, uhh} Uhh, uhh, check it out {Uhh, uhh} Uhh, lyrically I'm {Uhh... uhh, uhh} {What?} What? {Uhh, Junior M.A.F.I.A.} {Uhh} Junior M.A.F.I.A. (Remix) CJ, uhh [Verse One: Biggie] + (CJ) (First things first) I Poppa, freaks all the honies Dummies, Playboy bunnies, those wantin money Those the ones I like cause they don't get nathan but penetration, unless it smells like sanitation Garbage, I turn like doorknobs Heartthrob, never, black and ugly as ever (However, I stay Coogi down to the socks) (Rings and watch filled with rocks) (And my jam knock in your Mitsubishi) (Girls pee pee when they see me) (Navajos creep me in they teepee) (As I lay down laws like Alan Coppet) (Stop it, if you think you're gonna make a profit) Don't see my ones, don't see my guns - get it Now tell ya friends Poppa hit it, then split it in two (as I flow with the Junior M.A.F.I.A.) (I don't know what the hell's stoppin ya) (I'm clockin ya, Versace shade watchin ya) (Once ya grin, I'm in - game begin) (First I talk about how I dresses this) (in diamond necklasses, stretch Lexuses) The sex is just immaculate from the back I get Deeper and deeper, help ya reach the climax that your man can't make (Call him, tell him you'll be home real late) (Now sing the break, uhh) [Chorus One: Faith Evans] + (CJ & Biggie) Baby, here I am (I got that good love girl, you didn't know?) All, I need, is one, more chance... one more chance I, can help, you find, yourself (I got that good love girl, you didn't know?) You, don't need, nobo-dy else... one more chance (remix) [Verse Two: Biggie] + (CJ) She's sick of that song on how it's so long Thought he worked his until I handled my biz (There I is; Major Payne like Damon Wayans) (Low Down, Dirty even, like his brother Keenan) Schemin, don't leave ya girl 'round me True player for real (ask Puff Daddy) You ringin bells with bags from Chanel Baby Benz, traded in your Hyundai Excel (Fully equipped, CD changer with the cell) (She beeped me, meet me at twelve) (Where you at?) Flippin jobs, payin car notes? While I'm swimmin in

ya women like the breast stroke Right stroke, left stroke
was the best stroke Death stroke - tongue all down her
throat Nuttin left to do but send her home to you I'm
through, (can ya sing the song for me boo?) [Chorus
Two: Faith Evans] + (CJ & Biggie) + {CJ} One more
chance, Biggie give me one more chance (I got that
good love girl, you didn't know?) {Uhh, what? Uhh...
uhh, uhh ya didn't know? Uhh} One more chance,
Biggie give me one more chance (I got that good love
girl, you didn't know?) {Uhh, uhh, uhh.. what? What)
One more chance [Verse Three: CJ] + (Biggie) So,
what's it gonna be, him or me? We can cruise the world
with pearls, gator boots for girls The envy of all
women, crushed linen Cartier wrist-wear with diamonds
in 'em (Finest women I love with a passion) (Ya man's a
wimp, I give that ass a good thrashin) (High fashion,
flyin into all states) (Sexin me while ya man
masturbates) Isn't this great? Your flight leaves at
eight (Her flight lands at nine, my game just rewinds)
Lyrically I'm supposed to represent I'm not only a client,
I'm the Player President [Chorus Two] - 1/2X + [Chorus
One] [Outro: Diddy] + (Biggie) Bad Boy, Bad Boy (I got
that good love girl, you didn't know?) East coast... West
coast...

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