

## **Big L f/ 2Pac, The Notorious B.I.G.**

### **"Deadly Combination"**

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[Ron G - echoing at each break] Yes indeed - it's the mix king - Ron G I got somethin - the world - ain't ready for New York City - L.A. - Chicago - Atlanta D.C. - Detroit - New Orleans, y'all know the deal FLAVA!!!! [2Pac] Hahahahahaha! Yeah nigga! Yeah.. that's right.. BAYY-BAYY! That's how we do it Follow me tell me if you feel me I think niggaz is tryin to kill me Picturin pistols, spittin hollow points til they drill me Keepin it real, and even if I do conceal my criminal thoughts, preoccupied with keepin steel See niggaz is false, sittin in court, turned snitches that used to be real, but now they petrified bitches I'm tryin to be strong, they sendin armies out to bomb me Listen to Ron, the only DJ that can calm me Constantly armed, my firepower keep me warm I'm trapped in the storm, and fuck the world til I'm gone Bitches be warned - word is bond, you'll get torn I'm bustin on Guiliani, he rubbin my niggaz wrong And then it's on, before I leave picture me I'm spittin at punk bitches and hustlin to be free Watch me set it, niggaz don't want it, you can get it Bet it make these jealous niggaz mad I said it This +Thug Life+ nigga, we don't cater to you hoes Fuck with me, have a hundred motherfuckers at yo' do' with fo'-fo's.. hahahahaha, yeah nigga! +Thug Life+! [The Notorious B.I.G.] I'm hard, Jehovah said I born from the pearly gates Fuck him, I didn't wanna go to heaven anyway, but my momma had me on my hands and knees With my hands gripped talkin about some "Praise the lord," shit Hail Mary, fuck her! I never knew her I'll probably probably screw her and dump her body in the sewer Our father, my pops stuck up bed spots big, black, and mean with the fifth by the caradeims 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 Wessun 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, Ron G, stop the tape [Big L] I be that young Freddie Fly smooth glorious kid A Bad Boy, just like Notorious B.I.G. I Roc-a-

Fella like Shawn Carter with more game than Ron  
Harper The bomb sparker rapper slash charm robber  
While y'all be on the corners bummy and high I be out  
buyin the finest shit money can buy You wish you was in  
a position that I'm in Hot rhymin, diamonds shinin,  
autograph signin My lifestyle is far out Every week  
bring a different car out I go to nightclubs and buy the  
bar out, UHH cause I keep cream, I'm large on the  
street scene Everytime I touch mics you hear all the  
freaks scream Yeah yeah Big L Harlem's finest, yeah  
That nigga who hold it down for Uptown [2Pac]  
Hahahaha, that's how we do it out here on this  
underground real shit nigga, it's the heat nigga Now  
rewind this motherfucker, you know you can't help it  
Deadly combination bwoy!

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