

Biggie

"Sky Is The Limit"

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Good evenin' ladies and gentlemen, how's everybody doin' tonight?
I'd like to welcome to the stage, the lyrically acclaimed,
ha
I like this young man, because, when he came out
He came out wit the phrase, he went from ashy to
classy

Ha, I like that
So everybody in the house, give a warm, round of
applause for
The Notorious B.I.G.
The Notorious B.I.G., ladies and gentlemen give it up
for him ya'll

Uh, a nigga never been as broke as me, I like that
When I was young I had two pair of Lees, besides that
The pin stripes and the gray
(Uh, huh)

The one I wore on Mondays and Wednesdays
While niggas flirt, I'm sewing tigers on my shirt and
alligators
Ya wanna see the inside, huh, I see ya later
Here come the drama, oh, that's that nigga wit the
fake, blow!

Why you punch me in my face, stay in ya place
Play ya position, here come my intuition
Go in this nigga pocket, rob him while his friends
watchin'
That hoes clockin', here comes respect

His crew's your crew, or they might be next
Look at they man eye, B.I.G. man, they never try
So we roll wid 'em, stole wid 'em
I mean loyalty, niggaz bought me milks at lunch

The milks was chocolate, the cookies, butter crunch
In gear, Oshkosh with blue and white ducks
Pass the blunt

Sky is the limit and you know that you keep on
Just keep on pressin' on
Sky is the limit and you know that you can have
What you want, pressin' what you want

Sky is the limit and you know that you keep on
Just keep on pressin' on
Sky is the limit and you know that you can have
What you want, be what you want
Have what you want, be what you want

Uh, huh, I was a shame, my crew was lame
I have enough heart for most of 'em
Long as I got stuff from most of 'em
It's on, even when I was wrong I got my point across

They depicted me the boss, of course
My orange box-cutter make the world go round
Plus I'm fuckin', bitches ain't my home girls now
Start stackin', dabbled in crack, gun packin'

Nickname Medina, make the seniors tote my Ninas
From gym class, to Englass, pass off a global
The only nigga wit a mobile, Can't You See like Total
Gettin' larger in waist and taste

Ain't no tellin' where this felon is headin', just in case
Keep a shell at the tip of ya melon, clear da space
Ya brain was a terrible thing ta waste
Eighty-eight long gates, snatch initial name plates
Smokin' spliffs wit niggaz, real life beginner killers
Prayin' God forgive us for being sinners, help us out

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After realizin', to master enterprisin'
I ain't have ta be in school by ten, I was in
Began to encounter, wit my counter-parts
On how ta burn the block apart, break it down into
section

Drugs by the selection

Some use pipes, others use injections
Syringe sold separately, Frank the deputy
Quick to grab my Smith-n-Wesson, like my dick was
missin'

To protect my position, my corner, my layer
While we out here, say the hustlas prayer
If the game shakes me or breaks me
I hope it makes me a better man

Take a better stand, put money in my moms hand
Get my daughter this college plan, so she don't need
no man
Stay far from timid, only make moves when ya heart's
in it
And live the phrase, 'Sky's The Limit'
Motherfucker, see you chumps on top

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