

## **Biggie Smalls "Ready To Die"**

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Yeah, yeah  
(You ready motherfucker? We gon' kill your ass)

As I grab the glock, put it to your headpiece  
One in the chamber, the safety is off release  
Straight at your dome homes, I wanna see cabbage  
Biggie Smalls the savage, doin' your brain cells much  
damage

Teflon is the material for the imperial  
Mic ripper girl stripper the Henny sipper  
I drop lyrics off and on like a light switch  
Quick to grab the right bitch and make her drive

The Q-45, glocks and tecs are expected when I wreck  
shit  
Respect is collected, so check it  
I got techniques drippin' out my butt cheeks  
Sleep on my stomach, so I don't fuck up my sheets, huh

My shit is deep, deeper than my grave G  
I'm ready to die and nobody can save me  
Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl  
My life is played out like a jheri curl, I'm ready to die

As I sit back and look when I used to be a crook  
Doin' whatever it took from snatchin' chains to  
pocketbooks  
A big BAD motherfucker on the wrong road  
I got some drugs tried to get the avenue sold

I want it all from the Rolexes  
To the Lexus gettin' paid, is all I expected  
My mother didn't give me what I want, what the fuck?  
Now, I got a glock, makin' motherfuckers duck

Shit is real and hungry's how I feel  
I rob and steal because that money got that whip  
appeal  
Kickin niggaz down the steps just for rep  
Any repercussion lead to niggaz gettin' wet  
The infrared's at your head real steady

You better grab your guns 'cause I'm ready, ready

I'm ready to die

(Nah, we ain't gon' kill your ass yet, ee gonna make you suffer)

In a sec, I throw the tec to your fuckin' neck  
Everybody hit the deck, Biggie bout to get some wreck  
Quick to leave you in a coffin, for slick talkin'  
You better act like CeCe and keep on walkin'

When I hit ya, I split ya to the white meat  
You swung on like you slumber right you fell to the concrete  
Your face, my feet, they meet, we're stompin'  
I'm rippin' MC's from Tallahassee, to Compton

Biggie Smalls on a higher plane  
Niggaz say, I'm strange deranged because  
I put the 12 gage to your brain, make your shit splatter  
Mix the blood like batter then my pocket gets fatter

After the hit, leave you on the street with your neck split  
Down your backbone to where your motherfuckin' cheek drip  
The shit I kick, rip it through the vest  
Biggie Smalls passin' any test, I'm ready to die

I'm ready  
(Time to go, we gonna put you out your misery motherfucker)  
Niggaz definitely know what time it is  
The Notorious one in full effect for ninety three  
Suicidal, I'm ready

(Now, I lay me down to sleep)  
Yeah  
(Pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake)  
(I pray the Lord my soul to take, 'cause I'm ready to die)

All y'all motherfuckers come with me if you want to

Biggie Smalls, the biggest man  
Rockin' on and on in ninety three, Easy Mo Bee  
Third Eye, and the rest of the Bad Boy fam  
I don't wanna see no cryin' at my funeral

