

The Biggie Sound "Reputation"

Visit "[Reputation](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[verse 1: Notorious B.I.G.]

Nineteen-seventy somethin', nigga I don't sweat the date
My moms is late so I had to plan my escape
Out the skins, in this world of fly girls
Tanqueray and Hennessy until I cold hurl
Ten months in this gut, what the fuck
I wish moms'd hurry up so I could get buck
Wild, juvenile rippin' mics and shit
New York, New York, ready for the likes of this (uh!)
Then came the worst date, May 21st
2:19, that's when my momma water burst
No spouse in the house so she rode for self
To the hospital, to see if she could get a little help
Umbilical cord's wrapped around my neck
I'm seein' my death and I ain't even took my first step
I made it out, I'm bringin' mad joy
The doctor looked and said, "He's gonna be a Bad Boy"

[chorus: Notorious B.I.G.]

1970 somethin' - 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin' - 1970 somethin'

[singin' background: MC Quita]

Respect now
B.I.G. along with Biggie Sound

[verse 2: Notorious B.I.G.]

Now I'm thirteen, smokin' blunts, makin' cream
On the drug scene, fuck a football team
Riskin' ruptured spleens by the age of sixteen
Hearin' the coach scream at my lifetime dream, I mean
I wanna blow up, stack my dough up
So school I didn't show up, it fucked my flow up
Mom said that I should grow up and check myself
before I wreck myself, disrespect myself
Put the drugs on the shelf? Nah, couldn't see it
Scarface, King of New York, I wanna be it
Rap was secondary, money was necessary
Until I got incarcerated - Kinda scary
C 74 - Mark 8 set me straight

Not able to move behind the great steel gate
Time to contemplate, damn, where did I fail?
All the money I stacked was all the money for bail

[chorus: Notorious B.I.G.]
1970 somethin' - 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin' - 1970 somethin'

[singin' background: MC Quita]
Respect now
B.I.G. along with Biggie Sound

[verse 3: Biggie Sound]*
Since eighty-nine I grow up with guns around
Today at 21 years I have been Porsche around
Photos, action and have to keep my reputation
Damn, now I gotta rapper's gratification
Smokin' blunts, shootin' niggas weak
Don't be surprised with my mic, I swin' the Hennessy
This is my way of be
Had not yet twat when I made my first song
What the fucker, I knew that my money is long
I fell in love and fell out
I thought of drown, I thought the crown
Do not forget who I am (yea!)
From where I came and I play this fuckin' game
Rest in peace B.I.G. - Respect for me
Now let me bring the good shit

[* bells *]

*Supplement: authorship of Biggie Sound

Visit [The Biggie Sound](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.