

Lady May

"If I Should Die Before I Wake"

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[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh.. UHH

Yeah..

Uhh.. uhh..

Uh! Yeah.. yeah..

Uhh..

I'm on..

Fuck em.. yeah, uhh..

With my hands gripped.. praise the Lord shit

Fuck her, never knew her

Screw her.. (dump her body, dump her body) sewer

Our father.. uh-huh..

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

Uhh, the lesson from the Smith and Wesson 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, if I should die before I
wake

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

With my hands gripped.. praise the Lord shit

Our father.. if I should die before I wake

[Black Rob]

Fluck that

Snap a nigga shit, smash him with the fifth, watch his
body lift

Shut his hottie's lips, bitch screamin, hit her body quick

Got me like the trifest not knowin how my life is

My life is, rap sheet long as the Turnpike

The sheistest, hey fella, who bided with the lifers

Did it with the glocks, spit it witcha pops, you was in
diapers

Loved me when you came to Rikers

Hated me all in the free cypher; mad you can't be like
us
Some murderers who turn bikers -- see Biggie Smalls
recruited these snipers -- alumni do it just like us
Some pied pipers, squeezin life out y'all
It's all out war, be all wild as all outdoor
If a coward got beef, y'all be checkin his palm
Paralyzin my niggaz thorough kid, how bout yours?
Real quick to screw a nigga then, hop out four
Clean the wipers, hit the party up and, hop out yours
Bitch nigga.. whoah..

Chorus

[Beanie Siegal]

Yo when you fuckin wit Mac, you fuckin wit the best
Still wall to wall with them dusty Tecs
Man you know how I handle my shit, S.K. can on my shit
Jump out of vans like Hannibal Smith
Man I spit a thousand rounds, your squad don't need it
Shredders in a riot pump leave you quadriplegic
When I squeeze don't breathe keep it lined and even
So when niggaz get hit, they be cryin screamin
Lyin bleedin -- from that iron steamin
And I ain't tryin to hear that bullshit, I ain't mean it
Niggaz start bitchin, when that pistol in they face
or I sick two puts to come and get you in your place
If I catch you in my shit, I'm wakin my bitch
Hear take this shit, crackin the brick, facin that shit
Takin two sniffs, grabbin my shit
Best believe if I get hit, y'all niggaz takin some shit
Picture niggaz takin my shit

Chorus

[Ice Cube]

Niggaz never thought they'd see Cube and Biggie
in the year 2000, all drunk and pissy
off whiskey, you can miss me, actin gay
He's the King of New York, I'm the King of L.A.
Doin it the O.G. way; it's sorta like
the Brooklyn Way, it's just the crook in me
So this is dedicated to the memory of
the Notorious One, the glorious one
And if you go for your gun, I got to go for mine
Cock my nine, and seperate yo' head from yo' spine
So, "Grab yo' dicks if you love hip-hop" and
fuck you niggaz that shot Big Pop'
The conspiracy, of this nation, for assassination
of the young black male in this black hell
And I can tell, no matter the weather

that you and Tupac got yo' shit together
California Love

Chorus

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