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Lil' Cease "Letter To B.I.G"

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This is my letter, to my boy B.I, uh, dear christopher frank white wallace, its your boy ceaserlee i just wanna holla, The world took you through hell hope you in heaven talk to you in my prayers but here my letter go, roc home..gutta locked, The same on st.james you know we run the block, and on your b-day gotta hit the weed and brew, i look at cj and tianna all i see is you, me and kim had a fall and out, i love her like a sis wishin i could call her now, the mafia doing there thing tho, money L cheap bang and nino, rap's lame yo anyone could get a deal, i rock with jada ricky ross and eminem, black kango reppin like if biggies here, but aint shit change tho diddy run the city still, remember mace parked by the hydrant, the cops came with the warrants knocking, a bunch of weed and some O's in the closets, 5 guns i said 2 of those is my shits, and it was plain to see, i was eighteen but you would do the same for me, since you be gone cant tell you how life is, now i miss you so much its hard for me to right this down, i talk to faith every other week or two, she been cool taking care of the cease for you, alot of pain on this part of town, but i can say marckawayne holdin Ms. wallace down, still go through harlem in the summertime, and hit branson boy you know we love to lie, i done what you would did, its still stupid big, remember 123rd where kuda used to live, im just trippin remininsing witcha, and if you dont know nothin,

know a nigga miss ya,

guess what Big ya movies in theaters, got me smellin like koolaid, did 21suttin mill thats in 2 days, you know the team and us was there, busta buss was in the house and jigga came to the premiere, so much pain cus you was there to me, such a beautiful thing wish you was here to see, and now before i finish the letter, this could be better, if i would thank Mrs.violetta, and to you son i love you your my homie ben dren, big brotha my only bestfriend, im glad you taught its about being me, yours truly your heart ceaserlee. (im gone)

and all the groupies still feel us,

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