

Lionel Richie & Diana Ross**"The Big Picture"**

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Hook: Mr. Nigga & [Mr. Emp]

Whenever that ya die ya can't take shit wit ya
Some of my homies blind and can't see the big picture
[What ya gonna do when the riggamortis hit ya?]
Now who gon' rescue your soul,
[When the reaper come and get ya?]
(2x)

[Verse 1: Mr. Emp]

Takin' nothin' but chances, wid a twistin'
That'll take your situation, stimulation got me, bringin'
home the bacon
What ya sayin', I know man, life ain't what it used to be
Now we got to lay that program down on the t-o-p
Stackin' nothin' but d-o-e to escape this pain and
misery
Mind over the relation best respect the devil or family
Bitch come hang wid me, sendin' them slugs to you
randomly
That's the way it goes nigga and that's the way it's
gonna be
Wanna be havin' that broad, see ya fallin' nigga wid a
broke
Payin' all them back half, niggas are dead, in they
graves
See the grain the grain, of this game, tryna maintain
Afta playin' Jesse James they get they ass blown off the
scene
Leave more brains than pop, let's go and street block
Swisher, need some, two eleven strolled up on the prop
So sit back and lounge, and twist yourself a Swisher
Cause when your ass die you can't take that shit wit ya

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Mr. Nigga]

I close my eyes and vibe take a pull from the blunt
Thinkin' and reminiscin' now a nigga be goin' from
pimps to pumps
And I remember, when niggas loved jackin'

But nowadays niggas'll drop your ass while the
argument happenin'
But now I'm lookin' three hundred and sixty degrees
around me
Shiesty niggas flossin' while my baby momma's
annoyin' me
And I got to work with this condition I be livin' in
I'm ready to do some dirt I'm on a mission for my
dividends
Who'd ever thought that I'd result to sellin' dope?
Cause ah the gangsta ass niggas and thugs vibin' off
the rhymes I wrote
I'm outta this hood see this ghetto,
Is where a man'll be pickin' up bullet shells at the spots
I used to play at
And you wonder how it is to see a roaddog die,
And you wonder how it is to see his old girl cry
I'm lookin' em eye to eye but ya can't see the big
picture
That when yo ass die ya can't take shit wit ya

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Memphis "G"]

Now it's too late for me to turn back,
I left my finger prints on the steering wheel from the
Lex that I jacked
I got no time to relax, I'm quick to react
Spotted a old lady gettin' out a 2G Lac
I told her move back, don't make me put you on yo
back
Start actin' like a dope fiend and smoke you like some
crack,
Get me actin' like a wildcat,
Cause it's a fact that I've been known to run up medical
bills wid this gat
What might ah started over somethin' small as a tap
Results in confliction death over hood rats
Kill a nigga for some pussy what the fuck is up wid
that?
So many niggas done screwed that, so nigga why you
chewin' that?
The only reason she fuckin' wid ya is cause you got that
sack
Keep borrowin' her money from you but she never
gonna pay you back
Game you lack, and you ain't got the stomach to be no
mack
That's why when God call for you they ain't no comin'
back

[Hook]

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