

Notorious B.i.g. "Hold Ya Head"

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[Bob Marley]

Woman hold her head and cry
Cause her son had been shot down in the street and
died

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[Verse 1: notorious big]

When i die i wanna go to hell
Cause I'm a piece of shit it ain't hard to fuckin' tell
It don't make sense goin' to heaven with the goodie-
goodies
Dressed in white, i like black timbs and black hoodies.
God'll probably have me on some real strict shit
No sleepin all day, no gettin mah dick licked
Hangin wit the goodie-goodies
Loungin' in paradise
Fuck that shit, i wanna tote guns and shoot dice.
All my life i've been considered as the worst. lyin' to my
mother even stealin' out her purse
Crime after crime
From drugs to extortion
I know my mother wish she got a fuckin' abortion

[Bob Marley]

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[Verse 2: notorious big]

I swear to god I wanna just slit my wrist and end this
bull shit
Throw the magnum to my head threaten to pull shit
And squeeze,
Until the bed's completely red
I'm glad I'm dead
A worthless fuckin' buddha head
The stress is buildin up
I can't
I can't believe suicides on my fuckin' mind
I wanna leave I swear to god it feels like death is fuckin

callin me
But nah you wouldn't understand
You see, it's kinda like the crack did to pookie, in new
jack
Except when I crossover, there ain't no comin' back
Should I die on the train track, like Ramo in Beatstreet
People at the funeral frontin' like they miss me
My baby mama kissed me but she glad I'm gone
She know me and her sister had somethin' goin' on
I wonder if I died, would tears come to her eyes,
Forgive me for my disrespect forgive me for my lies

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I've reached my peak, I can't speak
Call my nigga Cheek tell him that mah will is weak
I'm sick of niggas lyin'
I'm sick of bitches hawkin'
Matter fact, I'm sick of talkin' [fades away]

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