

Notorious B.i.g. "I'm Wit Whateva"

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I'm With Whateva - Notorious B.I.G.

(Jim Jones)

Cause real G's know da feelin(its murda)
Its hard buddy, no remorse for the killings
Cause real G's know da feelin(its murda)
Its hard buddy, no remorse for the killings

(Lil Wayne)

Madd trees and bitches in dungarees
The City under seas
Catch 100 degrees
I love that summer breeze
I'll stand in it til it freeze
I'm from another creed of s-s-sothern G's
I sip Promethazine
I lean, but stand tall
I mean I'm madd raw
I'm coming like fastball
St-eeee-ribe
Yup, so get it right
Nigga, one of my snippets will end your whole life
You aint nothin but a ribblet to a nigga wit a knife
In the fork, I'm a pig myself, I eat shh-work
So be smart, and play your own part
If you dont love yourself, I'll make you see your own
heart
And we dont like the Narcs
Stay away from the sale
Hey, Ima shoot it out if Im facin jail
So tell ya girl to come and make me rich
Weezy baby, Nigga 9-5, 10-6

[chorus: juelz santana]

at night i can't sleep
i toss and turn
got mah hand on mah pistol
When Will these motherfuckers learn?
watch it
i ain't goin out without a fight
im wit whateva
i ain't goin out without a fight
im wit whateva

i ain't goin out without a fight
im wit whateva
it would be a light before mah life
at night i can't sleep
i toss and turn
got mah hand on mah pistol
When will these motherfuckers learn?

[juelz santana]
its showdown time
throw down time
say D off
four pound time
clack, clack
go get yours
i go get mine
check it
man, im with whateva

goodness gracious the paper
where the cash at?
where the stash at?
i blow that ass back
for frontin' on a nigga like me
you got nothin' on a nigga like me
youuuuu'll seeeee
im on the grind
from sun up to sun down
if im lyin
then lightning come down
and strike me right now
i turn a dollar, to a twenty to a fifty to a hundred
keep em' comin' til im full on mah stomach
im stuck in mah ways
im stuck puffin' mah haze
hand on mah pistol
frontin' to spray(clack!)
im stuck livin the life
of a ghetto nigga
tryin to get rid of the life of fright
stuck to it

[chorus]

[notorious big:]
as i grab the glock
put it to your head piece
one in the chamber
the safety is off
release straight at ya dome holmes
i wanna see cabbage

biggie smalls' a savage
doin' ya brain cells much damage
teflon is the material for the imperial
mic grippa, girl strippa, the henny sippa
i drop lyrics off and on like a light switch
quick to grab the white bitch and make her drive the Q
.45, glocks and techs are expected when i
wreck shit
respect is collected, so check it
i got techniques drippin out mah butt cheeks
sleep on mah stomach so i don't fuck up mah sheets
(huh!)
mah shit is deep
deeper than mah grave, G
im ready to die and nobody can save me
fuck the world, fuck mah moms, and mah girl
mah life is played out like a jehri curl
im ready to die

[chorus]

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