

## **Notorious B.i.g. "I'm With Whateva"**

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(Jim Jones)

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

(Lil Wayne)

Madd trees and bitches in dungarees  
The City under seige  
Kitchen hundred degrees  
I love that summer breeze  
I'll stand in it til it freeze  
I'm from another breed of s-s-sothern G's  
I sip promethazine  
I lean, I stand tall  
I mean I'm madd raw  
I'm coming like Fastballs  
St-eeee-rike  
Yup, so get it right  
Nigga, one of my snippets will end your whole life  
You aint nothin but a riblet to a nigga wit a knife  
In the fork, I'm a pig myself, I eat pork  
So be smart, and play your own part  
If you don't love yourself, I'll make you see your own  
heart  
And we don't like the Narcs  
Stay away from the cell  
Hey, Ima shoot it out if Im facin an L  
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  
And 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  
Will these motherfuckers learn?

[juelz santana]  
Its showdown time  
Throw down time  
Safety off  
Four pound time  
Aye, aye  
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(aye!)  
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 right 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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