

Notorious B.i.g. "It Has Been Said"

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(feat. P. Diddy, Eminem, Obie Trice)

[Eminem + {B.I.G.}]

Ih.. ih, ih (it has been)

It has been, it has been, it has been

It has been said, that there has been known to be
bloodshed

Over bread, men who have bled to death, dead
{what?}

Strapped to beds, pipe bombs, dynamite, lead

Money power respect, street cred, yeah

It's scary ain't it? Picture yourself goin out as a hero
{uhh}

Picture mural pictures of us painted all over street
corners

Fans meet to mourn us, while we meet the coroners
Notorious tried to warn us

We watched, so many Biggie backed off of {ha ha ha}

Biggie's back and 'Pac's, landmarks, history in rap

Statistically in fact; it's so sad to see us re-enact
these tragic events, which lead us back

To where we left off on March 9th

To come from such hard knock lifes

And make it up out of 'em, hit the spotlights

And, once they're on us this is our lives

Thrust out for all eyes to cast upon us

to see who can last the longest

And he who lasts the longest, must be the strongest
{uh-huh}

In this concrete jungle, where this dog eat dog
mentality comes from

It's origin, which is usually originated from cats who
starvin

Or it could just be somebody's horror, that just horri-
fies

And applies to his persona or the sizes

in his entou-rage, that intimidates the people

To the point that you know that he's gangster

He ain't just say shit, you just believe it

[Obie Trice + {B.I.G.}]

Since B.I.B. taught us niggaz to think big

I'm been about my business since then, so anxious
{what?}
It ain't how we live, it's what he said, he did it for
Brooklyn
This I took in, sent chills through my skin
Vicious, I'm experiencin the same sights as him

It's what excited Obie to write these poems
Rollin, goin through the same shit he spoken
Open up my eyes so there's no limit in them skies
When Ready to Die was a sick part of my life {yeah}
Palmin that forty-five, plottin to pop my mind
Then that crooked eye Jamaican I'd so many times
rewind
Got me to walk a straight line and get up on my grind
Get up out the system, who could give him better signs
No pop of mine could top Big Poppa rhymes
So possibly I'd be popular huh? {uh-huh}
That's the inspiration I got from my nigga B.I.

[Diddy + {B.I.G.}]

I took him from coal to diamond, I molded his mind
Enter the most phenomenal artist of any and all time
I made a Frankenstein, my design impressed
Backpackers and press who said my house was a mess
Critics lashed, said I made a fortune off of his passin
{what?}
All I did was build a dynasty, off of his passion
And I'm addressin the adolesencents absent to who he
is
The original king of New York, Christopher Wallace...
This is a promise on Diddy's honor, I'm a father
T'Yanna
And teach her that with all the drama don't even
bother...
On repeat, all of your albums play back to back {yeah}
And I visit your grave cause our friendship's intact
An immaculate concept, extravagant progress
Bullet wounds left in my heart, I'm yellin "God bless"
Regardless to critics yellin that East/West
I seen the game losin, I'm just pressin the reset {uhh}
And when the ressurection of you shines through an
individual
Lyrical enough to wear the same crown of thorns
literally!
I'ma pay homage, Brooklyn's finest
Whether it's Queens or Harlem it'll be instant stardom,
nigga!

