

Notorious B.i.g. "The Most Shady"

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[Verse 1] [Eminem]

It has been said, that there has been known to be blood
shed
Over bread, men who have bled to death, dead
Strapped to beds, bite bombs dynamite lead
Money, power, respect, street cred, yeah
It's scary aint it? Picture yourself going out as a hero
Pictch a Mural, pictures of us painted all over street
corners
Fans meet to mourn us, while we meet the coroners
Notorious tried to warn us
So many piggy bank off of, 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 of March 9th to come from such hard
knock life's
And make it out of the bottom to hit the spotlights
Once the artist, this is our lives
Cast out for all eyes
And he who lasts the longest must be the strongest
In this concrete jungle
Where this dog eat dog mentality comes from
This origin, which is usually originated from cats are
starving
Or it could just be somebody's aura that just horrifies
And applies to his persona or the sizes in his entourage
That intimidates the people to the point
You know that he's gangster, he aint gotta say shit you
just believe it

[Verse 2] [Obie Trice]

Since Big taught us niggas to think big
I'm been about my business since then so it aint Cheers
It aint how we live, it's what he said he did it for
Brooklyn
This I took in, sent chills through my skin
Vicious, I've experienced in the same sights as him
It's what excited Obie to write these poems
Rolling, going through the same shit he spoken

Open up my eyes there's no limit in them skies

When Ready 2 Die was a sick part of my life
Pummin that .45, plotting 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 Poppas rhymes
So possibly I'd be popular huh?
That's the inspiration I got from my nigga P.I

[Verse 3] [P Diddy]

I took a coal, a diamond, I moulded his mind, enter
The most phenomenal artist of any and all time
I made a Frankenstein, my designs impressed
Backpackers and press who said my house was a mess
Critics lash, said I made a fortune of his past an'
All is did was build a dynasty off of his passion
And I'm addressing the adolesence 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 to ya'll and teach ya with all the drama
Don't even bother, or repeat
All of your albums play back to back
And I visit your grave cause our friendships intact
An ammaculate concept, extravagant progress
Bullet wounds left in my heart, I'm yelling God bless
Regardless to critics yelling that 'east-west'
I seen the game loosing, I'm just pressing the reset
When the ressurection of you shines through an
individual
Lyrical enough, doing the same crown of thorns
literally
I'ma pay homage, brooklyn's finest
Wether it's Queens or Harlem it'll be instant stardom,
ni99a!

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