

## **Notorious B.i.g. "Young G's Perspective"**

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Intro: [The Notorious B.I.G.]

Some Junior Mafia shit right here  
We just gonna set it off  
We's know the deal  
This shit is real  
On this end, uh  
Shit is real on this end  
No friends, J-M  
(Shit it real on this end)  
Shit is real on this end  
(Shit is real on this end)  
No friends, J-M

Verse One: [Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #1]

Got into my mind  
Shit is smoked up, my sight is blind  
Cock back the nine,  
Cuz I might not like what I find  
Murders I seen, killer fiend  
Through the endosheen  
Mean burst into flying milloteen  
Into see I sit, till I'm rit  
I use the gun and slip exhale  
Hollow tits  
Rub my pointer angle  
This must be the devil's triangle  
Confused, so I mangle  
Demons I had to strangle  
Profession hit man,  
And so they guns  
Multi clips  
I grab my gats  
Got go back and let him pull it

Verse Two: [Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #2]

I said I'm rough a real bitch  
Nigga, you better back up  
With the four-four deivid loaded  
So motherfuckers slack up  
I shit the raps and craps  
Give me my snaps  
Bitches wanting the claps

Cuz I'm leaving them with fucking gats  
I write rhymes, the gay mind  
The maintain mind  
The rag around my head is for the gang sign  
So with the bottom lick the sha body shody  
Fear nobody at less catch fucking bodies  
On all you bitches, gang-bangers, snitches  
I get so fucked up I don't know  
Which, which, is which is  
Loss need a part of me  
Trifling and stifling  
MC's on they ass  
Two snakes in the fucking grass, nigga

Interlude: [The Notorious B.I.G.]  
Do you know what time is is?  
No friends, J-M

CHORUS: [The Notorious B.I.G.]  
(What you want?)  
Yo keys, G-S 3's, the papes  
Busing in bitches  
Making imperionts late  
Cleaning out cribs  
Coke crums off the plate  
Niggas real protctive  
Young G's Perspective

(What you want?)  
The keys, G-S 3's, the papes  
Busing in bitches  
Making impirionts late  
Cleaning out cribs  
Coke crums off the plate  
Niggas real protctive  
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Verse Three: [Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #3]  
(Lost)  
The dirty nigga, trigger  
Fuck the looking good shit  
I rather grab my gat  
And cock bullshit  
Heat I keep  
When I creep  
Using to sneak into leting kept treck  
And count them greens  
A nigga drops  
I wish it was the cops  
Shit is hot  
The motherfucking block, lock

Verse Four: [Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #4]

Wicked creator  
Life eliminator  
Continue to sinue  
Murders on a menu  
Which get in you  
Meet the boom on the stab  
On blood harvester tomb  
Catch a body ever full moon  
MC's with temptaion  
They're part, afixiation  
Snake relation  
Like proper damn nation  
Since birth  
On this scortched dirt  
Badness with the lyricals  
Pocket full of miricles  
I'm sick, and sick of being tired  
Ain't a soul I fear  
Too tired to care  
And sunwise  
To let my tepature rise  
Eagle eyes  
Don't believe in me  
Believe your eyes  
Should I cry?  
Cuz I wet a nigga then he die  
So cock my lie roll up and get high

CHORUS: [The Notorious B.I.G.]

(What you want?)  
The keys, G-S 3's, the papas  
Busing in bitches  
Making imperionts late  
Cleaning out cribs  
Coke crums off the plate  
Niggas real protctive  
Young G's Perspective

The keys, G-S 3's, the papas  
Busing in bitches  
Making impirionts late  
Cleaning out cribs  
Coke crums off the plate  
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Verse Five: [Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #5]

How cause dirty bodies and blood clots  
Very busses and buck shots

Cock gluts and run the block  
Niggas in they clean they clucks  
Niggas can see me nuts  
Let it get hot  
Murder mo niggas and gotta load of reps  
She think mets and cot  
Because I only get drastic  
So who hasta, black plastic  
Specs in the back with all the caskets  
Who can be mo killa?  
Blood spilla?  
Clips with hollow points  
So when a nigga slips  
He shits like he's got salmonela  
Danger approaches  
Checking for who gets closest  
You're closest to get my focus  
Smoke the rookies like roaches  
Who can cause more terror then this  
Like a full terrorist  
Breaking niggas like matches  
Broken bitches approaches  
And you know this  
Nigga lets it increase  
With mo heat than a heater  
'Specialy when I got my milometer  
Burning up these niggas like VD  
These niggas try to see me  
Now I'm making benders like Houdini

CHORUS: [The Notorious B.I.G.]

(What you want?)  
The keys, G-S 3's, the papes  
Busing in bitches  
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(What you want?)  
The keys, G-S 3's, the papes  
Busing in bitches  
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Cleaning out cribs  
Coke crums off the plate  
Niggas real protctive  
Young G's Perspective, uh

Outro: [The Notorious B.I.G.]

No doubt, no doubt

The Bay Area meets Bedstop  
Black Jack  
Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
Frank White is the fucker  
Keeping it real for the 9-6 until, uh  
Yeah, no friends, J-M  
Uh, no friends, J-M  
I lead a Black Jack  
Uh, no friends, J-M  
Uh, the snakes  
No friends, J-M, uh  
No friends, J-M, uh  
Uh, No friends J-M

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