

The Game

"1970 Somethin'"

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"1970 Somethin'"

(feat. The Notorious B.I.G.)

[Intro - Notorious B.I.G.]

19, 1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somthin'

[Verse 1 - Notorious B.I.G.]

1970 somethin'
Nigga I don't sweat the date, my moms is late
So I had to plan my escape, out the skins
In this world, the fly girl
Tangere or Hennessy until I called Earl
Ten months in this gut, what the fuck
I wish moms would hurry up so I could get buck
While, juvenile rippin' mics and shit
New York, New York ready for the lights of this
Uh, then came the worst date, May, 21st
2:19 is when my mama's water burst
No spouse in the house, so she rolls herself
To the hospital, to see if she could get a little help
Umbilical chord's wraped around my neck
I'm seein' my death, and I ain't even took my first step
I made it out, I'm bringin' mad joy
The doctor looked and said "He's gonna be a Bad
Boy."

[Hook - Notorious B.I.G. w/ vocals from Faith Evans]

1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'

[Verse 2 - The Game]

Would 'Pac be alive, if you let 'Pac drive?
Swear to God, to reverse, that I'll give my Left Eye
With the right I'll visualize the king of Bed-Sty
Checkin' his daughter, Teana into junior high
If I was in Brooklyn and B.I. was still alive
In 2006, it might sound like this

NY, 7-1-8's, 2-1-2's
With Sue's rendezvous, it's like Moulin Rouge
High fashion, uptown Air Force Ones and Vasquez
Puerto Ricans with fat asses
Blazed ducth masters, we dump ashes
On models in S classes for you bastards
Catch a cab to Manhattan, with that Broadway actin'
You hype, that Belly shit'll get you capped and wrapped
in plastic
Tell the captain to ask Rog' What's Happenin'?
I hear, nor speak no evil inside the magnum

[Hook - Notorious B.I.G. w/ vocals from Faith Evans]

1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'

[Verse 3 - Notorious B.I.G.]

Now I'm thirteen, smokin' blunts makin' cream
On the drug scene, fuck the football team
Risk it, rupt' your spleens by the age of sixteen
Hearin' the coach scream, made my lifetime dream
I mean, I wanna blow up, stack my dough up
So school, I didn't show up, it fucked my flow up
Ma' said that I should grow up, and check myself
Before I wreck myself, disrespect myself
Put the drugs on the shelf, nah, couldn't see it
Scarface, king of New York, I wanna be it
Rap was secondary, money was necessary
Until I got incarcerated, kinda scary
Seat 74, Mart 8 set me straight
Not able to move, behind a great steel gate
Time to contemplate, damn, where did I fail?
All the money I stacked, was all the money for bail

[Outro - Notorious B.I.G. w/ vocals from Faith Evans]

19, 70 somethin'
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin'
Nine, 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin'
Nine, teen, seventy, somethin'
1970 somethin'

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