

Biggie Sound

"Flash Life (feat. Mc Quita)"

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[Big Sound talkin']
No smile, smilin' now!
I'm back!
Yeahhhhhhhh

[verse 1 - Big Sound]
Biggie Sound is like the Big Poppa
DJ Kidd is like the Junior M.A.F.I.A.
I shot more than 6 shots 'n' the police will only index
The niggaz scream and I sent it to relax (yeah)
She wants to Gucci and Prada, more than 16 sets
It was very good in that beautiful flesh
Suddenly, a camera and a flash
3 bullets pierce his clothes and chests
It's too late, came out in the press (Oh!)
The crime scene, pushed me and went flyin'
No' me! Some bodies and people dyin'

[chorus - Big Sound][2X]
Going out in the press!
My picture? My wallpaper?
I'm chaser? I got style, I'm caked up!
Going out in the press!
I gotta lot of paper

[verse 2 - MC Quita & (Big Sound)]
Big you got styyyyyyle
I'm rollin' in his sheet, I got money too
Big you're comin' home nowwww
I'm burnin' your hopes [bells]
(Burn baby burn)
Work Biggie work
Plastic explosives, weapons of carbon fibre
Handcuffs aluminum and a bottle of cider
(Baby-baby - I'm fighter)
I like playin' with fire
(I'm crazy, no mo' like Michael Myers)
Me twice as much as I can get in the bag
Kiss me, kiss me and I move my asssss (HoO!)

[chorus - Big Sound][2X]
Going out in the press!

My picture? My wallpaper?
I'm chaser? I got style, I'm caked up!
Going out in the press!
I gotta lot of paper

[Big Sound talkin']
I left my niggaz with marijuana
And I'm going straight home!
Hahaha

[- shots comin' from far away -]

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