

The Notorious B.I.G.

"Just A Memory"

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(feat. Clipse)

[Diddy]

Its Bad Boy bitch
Scram Jones... the Clipse... B.I.G.
Let's go

[Biggie]

Niggaz in my faction don't like asking questions
Strictly gun testing, coke measuring
Giving pleasure in the Benz-ito
Hitting fanny, spendin chips at Manny's
Hope you creeps got receipts, my peeps get dirty like
cleats
Run up in your crib, wrap you up in your Polo sheets
Six up in your wig piece, nigga decease
Muah!, may you rest in peace
With my Sycamore style, more sicker than yours
Four-four, and fifty-four draw
As my pilot, steers my Leer
Yes my dear shit's official, only the Feds I fear
Here's a tissue, stop your blood clot crying
The kids, the dog, everybody dyin, no lying
So don't you get suspicious
I'm Big dangerous you're just a Likkle Vicious
As I leave my competition, respirator style
Climb the ladder to success, escalator style
Hold y'all breath, I told y'all, death controls y'all
Big don't fold y'all, (big don't fold y'all)
I spit phrases that'll thrill you, (thrill you)
You're nobody till somebody kills you (I don't wanna
die)

[Biggie (chorus)]

Do you know where your going to
Just a memory...everybody dying
When I throw my clip in the AK
May you rest in peace
You're nobody 'till somebody kills you

Do you know where your goin to

Just a memory...so you better pack a pistol
Everybody dying, death controls y'all
You're nobody till somebody kills you

[Pusha T]

Label limbo, I treat it like the wind blows
My back don't bend, see papi is my kinfolk
Spin out the work, as if its on a ten spoke
Soul benefactor the benz, he made the rims poke
Trust me they can't touch P, in one touchie
Turn drop-head coupe to dune-buggy
Admire the verses, they're inspired by the hearses
That carried my niggaz, and had the church mothers
cursing
Imagine the glamour that comes out the flow
Of a nigga who still play in the snow like Santa
The wrist is rushing, my ears is blushing
And the diamonds in my chain, big as grandma's
buttons, (yes!)
On the flipside, the steel I'm gripping
You thought all the floss had me slipping?
Think again, blink again let me know that your bluffing
Lead give permanent concussion, you're nothing

[chorus]

[Malice]

Ha ha ha ha ha check out the facade
On the face of rap, so we gon raise the bar
A mil on the crib, mean a quarter on the car
Bentley coupe another short of the arnage
Even as a youth I was laudering the stoop
Underneath the nose, and the Feds had no clue
I was pushing keys in a V with no roof
Rich, black, two big guns and no coof
Things at the label, well they tend to get unstable
And that pretty much leave Malice at the table
Or over the stove with the flame to the ladle
Because Im a provider as long as I am able
This here hughe the most foolish of blues
When I tell my mom the price
She damn near sent me to my room
It's the M-A-L-I-C-I-O-U-S
You don't wanna try nigga, you next uhh

[chorus]

[Diddy]

Biggie Duets...
Born Again...
Life After Death...

Legacy lives on..and on, and on
These motherfuckers still can't see you BIG
shit you ain't even here..
Motherfuckers better step their game up..
Greatest of all time, Greatest of all time!
Motherfuckers...

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