

**AZ The Visualiza F/ Missjones****"Miss U"**

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[Biggie] (Lil 'Cease)

Fam, you know wha I'm sayin? (No doubt man)

The motherfuckin shit just get me so motherfuckin mad  
cause

you know, that was my nigga, you know, and like

I had just got the nigga Puff card and shit (yeah)

I knew the shit was bout to go down,

and my man was like hypin me bout everywhere we go,  
me and O

(Pluggin it) Me and O be together

And the nigga be like "Watch, I'm tellin you when my  
man get on,

it's gonna be some shit; we ain't gonna have to sell this  
shit

no mo', I'm tellin you" (Aight?)

And the nigga just got moked out like that man (Tch)

That shit fucked me up man

(That shit fucked a whole lot of niggaz up man)

Yo man, I loved that nigga O too (say word)

That was my motherfuckin heart

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Yeah, dedicatin this to my nigga O

We miss you nigga

Goin out to all the niggas that died in the struggle

Word up, shit is real in the field

You know, sparkin blunts to all you niggaz

Word up

[112]

Each and every day

The daydreams of how we used to be

See your family

And that baby's lookin just like you

Why'd you go away

I've been missin you lately

Tell me what you're goin through, oh yeah

Verse One: Notorious B.I.G.

I remember sellin three bricks of straight flour

Got my man a beat down to the third power  
He didn't care, spent the money in a half hour  
Got some fishscale, rained on competition like a  
shower  
Got the coke cooked up, a crackhead Kevin  
In eighty-eight, when Kane ruled, with Half Steppin  
A thirty-eight, a lot of mouth, was our only weapon  
We was king till the G's crept in  
And now I'm missin em

Chorus: 112

Ooh, I'm missin you  
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns  
Ooh, I'm missin you  
Nah nah nah nah nah, oh tell me why why why why

Verse Two: Notorious B.I.G.

We work all week, weekends we play the movies  
We rock flatops, our girls rocked doobies  
Made a killin, even though the D's knew me  
Eventually, you know they try to do me, fuck it  
Fed up, my nigga wanted to take it down South  
Sick of cops comin, sick of throwin jacks in his mouth  
Gave him half my paper, told 'em go that route  
Few months, he got his brain blown out  
Now I'm stressed  
His baby's mother, she trippin, blamin me  
And his older brothers, understand, the game it be  
Kinda topsy turvy; you win some, you lose some  
Damn, they lost a brother - they mother lost a son  
Fuck, why my nigga couldn't stay in NY?  
I'm a thug, but I swear for three days I cried  
I look in the sky and ask God why  
Can't look his baby girls in the eye  
Damn I miss you

Chorus

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

There was this girl around the way that make cats drool  
Her name's Drew, played fools out they money in pool  
People swore we was fuckin but we was just cool  
She used to hang while I slang my drugs after school  
She'd watch my bomb, help my moms with the  
groceries  
My little sister, the girl was kinda close to me  
A little closer than the average girl's supposed to be  
Far from a lover, my girl was jealous of her

Then she started messin with some major players  
Handled keys, niggas called them the Bricklayers  
A dread kid, had a baby fore that bitch Taya  
Found out her baby's father cheatin, now Drew she  
gotta slay her  
One night, across from the corner store  
Taya ran around the block with a chrome four-four  
Squeezed all six shots in the passenger door  
The dude lived, what my baby had to die for  
We missin her

Chorus

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