

B.I.G. Notorious**"Last Day"**

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Featuring The Lox]

Intro/Chorus: The Lox

Can I live til my last day

Hittin honies that be na sty

Gettin money in the fast way

And I only care halfway

But I still can't let you pass me

[The Lox]

Yo what's beef to you three niggaz with hoodies and
bats

That ain't shit compared to one small cat with gats

When we came here we cut off all kind circulation

Breathin eatin the whole situation

When we do our shit we do our shit for real

While you take your money for your deal and make
your own beats

Compose your own sheets, that's aight but chill

I'ma spend that mil and cop only hot shit

Rock top shit you know how The Lox get

Then you can see me flyin in the Bentley cockpit

Life's a B-I, hold I cliqua down for years

Gang not, but we been had our black tears

Niggaz under the stairs only understand what we got

Underground, all above must get shot

You couldn't book me Dano, see Luciano put the
burners

to all y'all, what nigga bring it I'm callin y'all

You already know what it's about when I run up in your
house

Put the gun up in your mouth and get the money out the
couch

Hearin you out is senseless, perhaps for instance

I give this faggot a french kiss

Black gloves, no prints, dark tints

Word on the street they ain't heard from him since

You know about life after kicked the kid in

Since me and my mi-dan can flip seven gri-dams

Scri-dam the flow is forbidd-en

Either you ridin or you dyin cause we swingin iron

Lox and Poppa, turning niggaz into Jim Hoffa

Who gon stop us, it's your last joint double copper

You gettin money or your runnin from the Feds

Ain't nothin over here but sixteen and one in the head

And I solemnly swear

That all y'all niggaz out there got a problem this year

Chorus: repeat 2X

[The Lox]

Before you think of keepin me down, heatin me down

The flow like water get deepe and you drown

with no soul, many niggaz roll with no dough

Even the small Dunn got a little black hole

Your destiny is somethin you can never figure out

Niggaz is never happy til there's blood up in your
mouth

There's a lot of killers, but who the hell are you to play
in this?

A lot are dead, how the hell you take the pain?

Live with it got money you better get with it

My man had the thug in him did his bid with it

Get married to the game but never have a kid with it

Advice from the wise, slice the pies

Too many schemes divides, when dreams collide

Teams provide, war for the street to absorb

Stashed in the ceiling and you slept on the floor

Only a blind dove'll fall in love with a whore

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh, uhh, uhh

Who the fuck wanna squeeze?

My Desert Ease make MC's freeze

You wakin up in cold sweats, they just dreams

You still apoligizin, analyzin, my size and your size and
realizin, a fist fight would be asinine

You just pop wines I must pop nines

Genuine steel piece, nozzle in your grill piece

You're shook up, two bricks, every cook up

We can hook up, all I see is the future
Disrespect, I shoot ya
By the way, them bricks, get flipped weekly
Sold by soldiers that mix weed with the leak leak
Die for a dollar nigga, life ain't sweet
Play for keeps wet shirts with experts on the creep
I be the mob fiancé, about to marry it
Illegal transactions in Farragut with Arabics
Why not, they fit twelve up in the bedroom
Imagine what they stash is like, make you a classic like
my first LP, beef with me is unhealthy
Fuck around and get an ul-cer, loose your pulse or
collapsed lung, look how many gats I brung
For them homos, still doin promos
Break both your legs you're movin slow-mo, got shined
to glow mo'
Nine hundred and ninety six grams, you need for mo'
Chorus: repeat til fade

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