

B.I.G. Notorious**"Miss U"**

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Yeah, dedicatin' this to my nigga O

We miss you nigga

Goin out to all the niggas that died in the struggle

Word up, sh*t is real in the field

You know, sparkin' blunts to all you niggaz

Word up

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 why you're gone and thru

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, ain't no competition that could
sour

Got the coke cooked up, a crackhead heaven

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:

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, we dancin, 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 want 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

D*mn 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 f*ckin 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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