

B.I.G. Notorious

"Ready to Die"

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featuring Puff Daddy (uncredited)

Yeah...

Yeah...

(You ready motherfucker?)

(We gon' kill your ass)

As I grab the glock put it to your headpiece

One in the chamber the safety is off release

Straight at your dome homes I wanna see cabbage

Biggie Smalls the savage doin your brain cells much
damage

Teflon is the material for the imperial

mic ripper girl stripper the Henny sipper

I drop lyrics off and on like a lightswitch

Quick to grab the right bitch and make her drive

the Q-45, glocks and tecs are expected when I wreck
shit

Respect is collected, so check it

I got techniques drippin out my buttcheeks

Sleep on my stomach so I don't fuck up my sheets, huh

My shit is deep, deeper than my grave G

I'm ready to die and nobody can save me

Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl

My life is played out like a jheri curl, I'm ready to die

As I sit back and look when I used to be a crook

Doin whatever it took from snatchin chains to
pocketbooks

A big BAD motherfucker on the wrong road

I got some drugs tried to get the avenue sold

I want it all from the Rolexes

to the Lexus gettin paid, is all I expected

My mother didn't give me what I want, what the fuck?

Now I got a glock, makin motherfuckers duck

Shit is real, and hungry's how I feel

I rob and steal because that money got that whip
appeal

Kickin niggaz down the steps just for rep

Any repercussion lead to niggaz gettin wet

The infrared's at your head real steady

You better grab your guns cause I'm ready, ready

I'm ready to die!

(Nah we ain't gon' kill your ass yet)

(We gonna make you suffer)

In a sec I throw the tec to your fuckin neck

Everybody hit the deck, Biggie bout to get some wreck

Quick to leave you in a coffin, for slick talkin

You better act like CeCe, and keep on walkin

When I hit ya, I split ya to the white meat

You swung on like you slumber right you fell to the
concrete

Your face, my feet, they meet, we're stompin

I'm rippin MC's from Tallahassee, to Compton

Biggie Smalls on a higher plane

Niggaz say I'm strange deranged because I put the 12
gauge to your brain

Make your shit splatter

Mix the blood like batter then my pocket gets fatter

after the hit, leave you on the street with your neck split

down your backbone to where your motherfuckin cheek
drip

The shit I kick, rip it through the vest

Biggie Smalls passin any test, I'm ready to die!

I'm ready

(Time to go, we gonna put you out your misery
motherfucker)

Niggaz definitely know what time it is

The Notorious one in full effect

for ninety-three!

Suicidal, I'm ready!

(Now I lay me down to sleep)

Yeah

(Pray the Lord my soul to keep)

(If I should die before I wake)

(I pray the Lord my soul to take)

(Cause I'm ready to die)

(All y'all motherfuckers come with me if you want to)

(Biggie Smalls the biggest man)

(Rockin on and on in ninety-three, Easy Mo Bee)

(Third Eye, and the rest of the Bad Boy fam)

(I don't wanna see no cryin at my funeral

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