

Total F/ Notorious B.I.G.

"Caroline"

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I was cool, sitting on a bench, it was springtime
they pick up a daisy, those are 2 lovers
overdose of sweetness, they play like childrens
I love you a little, a lot, crazilly, passionately
but following a painfull sentimental deception
from warmfull humor I became brutal
hatred of a being is not in our prerogatives
tchernobyl, tcherno-dumb (debile)! radio active
jealousy
Caroline was a friend, a beautifull girl
I think back of her, of us, of our vanilla ice cones
at her boulimia of strawberries, raspberries, myrtles
at her futile frenzies (deliriums?), at her paste jewelry
style
(style pacotille)(= cheap usually adjective used for
plastic (or fake) jewelry)

I am the as of clubs who (spades) stings your heart

Like a 4 leaf clover (clubs) I looking to make you happy
I am the the man who comes in a nick of time to take
your heart
(french title for the fall guy, also nick = pic sounds like
spades)
we must take every precaution (carreau = diamonds),
Caro this message comes
from the heart

A pyramid of kisses, a storm of friendship
a wave of caresses, a cyclon of softness
an ocean of thoughts, Caroline I offered you a
skyscraper of tenderness

I am scared to death (peur bleue = blue fear) of being
pursued by the red army
For you I took some green bills, I had to flee
Pyromaniac of your heart, canadair of your fears
I offered you a symphony of colors

She went away, maso(chist)
with an old macho

that she met in a station of metro
When I see them hand in hand smoking the same butt
I feel a pinch in my heart, but she doesn't dare say a
word

I am the as of clubs who stings (spades) your heart

Claude MC (= MC Solaar) takes the microphone, love
story ragga muffin style
to talk to you about a girl friend that we call Caroline
She was my lady, she was my dope
she was my vitamines
She was my drug, my dope, my coke, my crack
my amphetamins, Caroline

I think back of her, actual woman, 20 years young and
beautiful
(Femme actuelle, 20 ans: fashion papers)
Let's play the film backwards, magneto of life
For her should I admit that tears have rolled out
ocular hemmoragy, cheers for our friendship
Of the past present and I hope futur
I passed by to be present in your futur
Life is a game of cards
Paris a casino
I play red... heart, caro (diamonds)

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