

## Notorious B.I.G. f/ Faith Evans, The Game

### "1970 Somethin'"

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[Intro - Notorious B.I.G.]

19, 1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somthin'

[Verse One - Notorious B.I.G.]

1970 somethin'  
Nigga I don't sweat the date, my moms is late  
So I had to plan my escape, out the skins  
In this world, the fly girl  
Tangere or Hennessy until I called Earl  
Ten months in this gut, what the fuck  
I wish moms would hurry up so I could get buck  
While, Juvenile rippin' mics and shit  
New York, New York ready for the lights of this  
Uh, then came the worst date, May, 21st  
2:19 is when my mama's water burst  
No spouse in the house, so she rolls herself  
To the hospital, to see if she could get a little help  
Umbilical chord's wraped around my neck  
I'm seein' my death, and I ain't even took my first step  
I made it out, I'm bringin' mad joy  
The doctor looked and said "He's gonna be a Bad Boy."

[Hook - Notorious B.I.G.] w/ vocals from Faith Evans

1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'

[Verse Two - The Game]

Would 'Pac be alive, if you let 'Pac drive?  
Swear to God, to reverse, that I'll give my Left Eye  
With the right I'll visualize the king of Bed-Sty  
Checkin' his daughter, Teana into junior high  
If I was in Brooklyn and B.I. was still alive  
In 2006, it might sound like this  
NY, 7-1-8's, 2-1-2's  
With Sue's rendezvous, it's like Moulin Rouge

High fashion, uptown Air Force Ones and Vasquez  
Puerto Ricans with fat asses  
Blazed ducth masters, we dump ashes  
On models in S classes for you bastards  
Catch a cab to Manhattan, with that Broadway actin'  
You hype, that Belly shit'll get you capped and wrapped  
in plastic  
Tell the captain to ask Rog' What's Happenin'?  
I hear, nor speak no evil inside the magnum

[Hook - Notorious B.I.G.] w/ vocals from Faith Evans  
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'

[Verse Three - Notorious B.I.G.]  
Now I'm thirteen, smokin' blunts makin' cream  
On the drug scene, fuck the football team  
Risk it, rupt' your spleens by the age of sixteen  
Hearin' the coach scream, made my lifetime dream  
I mean, I wanna blow up, stack my dough up  
So school, I didn't show up, it fucked my flow up  
Ma' said that I should grow up, and check myself  
Before I wreck myself, disrespect myself  
Put the drugs on the shelf, nah, couldn't see it  
Scarface, king of New York, I wanna be it  
Rap was secondary, money was necessary  
Until I got incarcerated, kinda scary  
Seat 74, Mart 8 set me straight  
Not able to move, behind a great steel gate  
Time to contemplate, damn, where did I fail?  
All the money I stacked, was all the money for bail

[Outro - Notorious B.I.G.] w/ vocals from Faith Evans  
19, 70 somethin'  
19, 70 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin'  
Nine, 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'  
1970 somethin'  
Nine, teen, seventy, somethin'  
1970 somethin'

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