

The Game, 1970 Somethin'

[Intro - Notorious B.I.G.]

19, 1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
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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'

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[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 wraped 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

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[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'
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1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin'
Nine, 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin', 1970 somethin'
1970 somethin'
Nine, teen, seventy, somethin'
1970 somethin'