The Notorious B.I.G., Everyday Struggle

Chorus: Notorious B.I.G. (repeat 2X)

I don't wanna live no mo' Sometimes I hear death knockin at my front do' I'm livin everyday like a hustle, another drug to juggle; another day, another struggle

(Notorious B.I.G.) I know how it feel to wake up fucked up Pockets broke as hell, another rock to sell People look at you like youse the user Selling drugs to all the losers, mad buddha abuser But they don't know about your stress-filled day Baby on the way mad bills to pay That's why you drink Tangueray; so you can reminisce and wish, you wasn't livin so devilish, ssshit I remember I was just like you Smokin blunts with my crew, flippin over 62's Cause G-E-D, wasn't B-I-G I got P-A-I-D, that's why my moms hate me She was forced to kick me out, no doubt Then I figured out licks went for twenty down South Packed up my tools for my raw power move Glock nineteen for casket and flower moves for chumps tryin to stop my flow And what they don't know will show on the autopsy Went to see Papi, to cop me a brick Asked for some consignment and he wasn't tryin to hear it Smoking mad Newports cause I'm due in court for an assault, that I caught, in Bridgeport, New York Catch me if you can like the Gingerbread Man You better have your gat in hand, cause man

Chorus

(Notorious B.I.G.) I had the master plan I'm in the caravan on my way to Maryland with my man Two-Tecs to take over this projects They call him Two-Tecs, he tote two tecs And when he start to bust he like to ask, " Who's next? " I got my honey on the Amtrak with the crack in the crack of her ass Two pounds of hash in the stash I wait for hon to make some quick cash I told her she could be Lieutenant, bitch got gassed At last, I'm literally loungin black Sittin back, countin double digit thousand stacks Had to re-up; see what's up with my peeps Toyota Deal-a-Thon had it cheap on the Jeeps See who got smoked, what rumors was spread Last I heard I was dead with six to the head Then I got the phone call, it couldn't hit me harder We got infiltrated, like Nino at the Carter Heard Tec got murdered in a town I never heard of by some bitch named Alberta over nickel-plated burners And my bitch swear to God she won't snitch I told her when she hit the bricks I'll make the hooker rich Conspiracy, she'll be home in three Until then I looks out for the whole family A true G, that's me, blowing like a bubble; in the everyday struggle

Chorus

(Notorious B.I.G.) I'm seeing body after body and our mayor Guiliani ain't tryin to see no black man turn to John Gotti My daughter use a potty so she's older now Educated street knowledge I'ma mold 'er now Trick a little dough buyin young girls fringes Dealin with the dope fiend binges, seein syringes in the veins; hard to explain, how I maintain The crack smoke make my brain feel so strange Breakin days on the set, no sweat Drunk off Moet, can't bag yet because it's still wet But when that dry, baggin five at a time I can clock about nine on the check cashin line I had the first and the third; rehearse that's my word Thick in the game, D's knew my first name Should I quit? Shit no! Even though they had me scared Yo they got a eight, I gotta teck with air holes... ..and that's just how the shit go in the struggle motherfucker

(Puff) Hah.. c'mon.. what you say?

Chorus 2X

(Notorious B.I.G.)
Uhh, uhh
Junior M.A.F.I.A., right (yeah..)
(rock on..)
(WOO! .. Biggie Smalls .. right ..)