

The Notorious B.I.G., It Has Been Said

(feat. P. Diddy, Eminem, Obie Trice)

(Eminem + {B.I.G.})

Ih.. ih, ih (it has been)

It has been, it has been, it has been

It has been said, that there has been known to be bloodshed

Over bread, men who have bled to death, dead {what?}

Strapped to beds, pipe bombs, dynamite, lead

Money power respect, street cred, yeah

It's scary ain't it? Picture yourself goin out as a hero {uhh}

Picture mural pictures of us painted all over street corners

Fans meet to mourn us, while we meet the coroners

Notorious tried to warn us

We watched, so many Biggie backed off of {ha ha ha}

Biggie's back and 'Pac's, landmarks, history in rap

Statistically in fact; it's so sad to see us re-enact

these tragic events, which lead us back

To where we left off on March 9th

To come from such hard knock lives

And make it up out of 'em, hit the spotlights

And, once they're on us this is our lives

Thrust out for all eyes to cast upon us

to see who can last the longest

And he who lasts the longest, must be the strongest {uh-huh}

In this concrete jungle, where this dog eat dog mentality comes from

It's origin, which is usually originated from cats who starvin

Or it could just be somebody's horror, that just horri-fies

And applies to his persona or the sizes

in his entou-rage, that intimidates the people

To the point that you know that he's gangster

He ain't just say shit, you just believe it

(Obie Trice + {B.I.G.})

Since B.I.B. taught us niggaz to think big

I'm been about my business since then, so anxious {what?}

It ain't how we live, it's what he said, he did it for Brooklyn

This I took in, sent chills through my skin

Vicious, I'm experiencin the same sights as him

It's what excited Obie to write these poems

Rollin, goin through the same shit he spoken

Open up my eyes so there's no limit in them skies

When Ready to Die was a sick part of my life {yeah}

Palmin that forty-five, plottin to pop my mind

Then that crooked eye Jamaican I'd so many times rewind

Got me to walk a straight line and get up on my grind

Get up out the system, who could give him better signs

No pop of mine could top Big Poppa rhymes

So possibly I'd be popular huh? {uh-huh}

That's the inspiration I got from my nigga B.I.

(Diddy + {B.I.G.})

I took him from coal to diamond, I molded his mind

Enter the most phenomenal artist of any and all time

I made a Frankenstein, my design impressed

Backpackers and press who said my house was a mess

Critics lashed, said I made a fortune off of his passin {what?}

All I did was build a dynasty, off of his passion

And I'm addressin the adolesencents absent to who he is

The original king of New York, Christopher Wallace...

This is a promise on Diddy's honor, I'm a father T'Yanna

And teach her that with all the drama don't even bother...

On repeat, all of your albums play back to back {yeah}

And I visit your grave cause our friendship's intact

An immaculate concept, extravagant progress

Bullet wounds left in my heart, I'm yellin "God bless"
Regardless to critics yellin that East/West
I seen the game losin, I'm just pressin the reset {uhh}
And when the resurrection of you shines through an individual
Lyrical enough to wear the same crown of thorns literally!
I'ma pay homage, Brooklyn's finest
Whether it's Queens or Harlem it'll be instant stardom, nigga!