

# Bob Marley, Hold Your Head

Bob Marley]

Woman hold her head and cry

Cause her son had been shot down in the street and died

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(Notorious BIG)

When I die fuck it i wanna to go to hell

cause im a piece of shit it aint hard to fucking tell

it dont make sense going to heaven with the goodie goodies

dressed in white, i like black tim's and black hoodies

god would probably have me on some real strict shit

no sleepin all day no geting my dick licked

hanging with the goodie goodies loungin in paradise

fuck that shit i wanna tote guns and shoot dice

all my life ive been considered as the worst

lying to my mother even stealin out her purse

crime after crime from drugs to extortion

i know my mother wish she got a fucking abortion

[Bob Marley]

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[Notorious BIG]

I swear to God I just want to slit my wrists and end this bullshit

Throw the Magnum to my head, threaten to pull shit

And squeeze, until the beds, completely red

I'm glad i'm dead, a worthless fuckin' buddha-head

The stress is buildin' up, I can't,

I can't believe suicide's on my fuckin' mind

I want to leave, I swear to God I feel like death is fuckin' callin' me

But naw you wouldn't understand

You see its kinda like the crack did to Pookie, in New Jack

Except when I cross over, there ain't no comin' back

Should I die on the train track, like Remo in Beatstreet

People at the funeral frontin' like they miss me

My baby momma kissed me but she glad i'm gone

She know me and her sister had somethin' goin' on

I wonder if I died, would tears come to her eyes?

Forgive me for my disrespect, forgive me for my lies

[Bob Marley X2]

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Cause her son has been shot down in the street and died

[Notorious BIG]

I reach my peak, I can't speak,

Call My Nigga Cheek, tell him that my will is weak

I'm sick of niggaz lyin', I'm sick of bitches hawkin'

Matter of fact, I'm sick of talkin' (talking..talking..) (fade)