

# 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 Tanqueray; 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 tec's  
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 ..)