

# The Notorious B.I.G., Just A Memory

(Diddy)

Its Bad Boy bitch  
Scram Jones... the Clipse... B.I.G.  
Let's go

(Biggie)

Niggaz in my faction don't like asking questions  
Strictly gun testing, coke measuring  
Giving pleasure in the Benz-ito  
Hitting fanny, spendin chips at Manny's  
Hope you creeps got receipts, my peeps get dirty like cleats  
Run up in your crib, wrap you up in your Polo sheets  
Six up in your wig piece, nigga decease  
Muah!, may you rest in peace  
With my Sycamore style, more sicker than yours  
Four-four, and fifty-four draw  
As my pilot, steers my Leer  
Yes my dear shit's official, only the Feds I fear  
Here's a tissue, stop your blood clot crying  
The kids, the dog, everybody dyin, no lying  
So don't you get suspicious  
I'm Big dangerous you're just a Likkle Vicious  
As I leave my competition, respirator style  
Climb the ladder to success, escalator style  
Hold y'all breath, I told y'all, death controls y'all  
Big don't fold y'all, (big don't fold y'all)  
I spit phrases that'll thrill you, (thrill you)  
You're nobody till somebody kills you (I don't wanna die)

(Biggie) (chorus)

Do you know where your going too  
Just a memory...everybody dying  
When I throw my clip in the AK  
May you rest in peace  
Your nobody till somebody kills you

Do you know where your goin too  
Just a memory...so you better pack a pistol  
Everybody dying, death controls y'all  
Your nobody till somebody kills you

(Pusha T)

Label limbo, I treat it like the wind blows  
My back don't bend, see papi is my kenfolk  
Spin out the work, as if its on a ten spoke  
Soul benefactor the benz, he made the rims poke  
Trust me they can't touch P, in one touchie  
Turn drop-head coupe to dune-buggy  
Admire the verses, their inspired by the hearses  
That carried my niggaz, and had the church mothers cursing  
Imagine the glamour that comes out the flow  
Of a nigga who still play in the snow like Santa  
The wrist is rushing, my ears is blushing  
And the diamonds in my chain, big as grandma's buttons, (yes!)  
On the flipside, the steel I'm gripping  
You thought all the floss had me slipping?  
Think again, blink again let me know that your bluffing  
Lead give permanent concussion, your nothing

(chorus)

(Malice)

Ha ha ha ha ha check out the fisad  
On the face of rap, so we gon raise the bar

A mil on the crib, mean a quarter on the car  
Bentley coupe another short of the arrage  
Even as a youth I was laudering the stoop  
Underneath the nose, and the Feds had no clue  
I was pushing keys in a V with no roof  
Rich, black, two big guns and no coof  
Things at the label, well they tend to get unstable  
And that pretty much leave Malice at the table  
Or over the stove with the flame to the ladle  
Because Im a provider as long as I am able  
This here hughe the most foolish of blues  
When I tell my mom the price  
She damn near sent me to my room  
It's the M-A-L-I-C-I-O-U-S  
You don't wanna try nigga, you next uhh

(chorus)

(Diddy)  
Biggie Duets...  
Born Again...  
Life After Death...  
Legacy lives on..and on, and on  
These motherfuckers still can't see you BIG  
shit you ain't even here..  
Motherfuckers better step their game up..  
Greatest of all time, Greatest of all time!  
Motherfuckers...