

# 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 arnage  
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...