

The Notorious B.I.G., Living The Life

(feat. Bobby Valentino, Cheri Dennis, Faith Evans, Ludacris, Snoop Dogg)

(Notorious B.I.G) + (Faith Evans)

To my motherfuckin' man, fifty grand, the alcoholic man
Inject a tall can to his blood stream if he can
Biggie Smalls, the pussy stroker
MC provoker, the chocolate tah smoker (huh?)
I like to mack in Maximas and Acuras
But cheeks, I'm smackin' em' (huh?)
The raw rapper, spot smacker
Wit the lil hooker on my lap-ah, you know your favorite macker
A shy nigga, but I ain't ya fuckin' comforter
And If I ever fall in love, I better fuck it up
Ask the hooker, If I didn't jug her
She try to front, then I put the Chucky Booker on her
(Why you wanna...play games on me?)
Bitch, you crazy? Commitments, I'm Swayze
No time for the ill shit
Mess with the niggaz on that real blood spill shit
My rappin' tactics, are drastic
Stretchin' motherfuckers like Mr. Fantastic
So if you wanna see my Pedigree, you better be
filled with energy, niggaz never gettin' me

(Chorus 2X: Bobby Valentino and Cheri Dennis) + (Ludacris ab-libbing)

Big cities and bright lights
Short days and long nights
No stress and no strife
I'm high off living the life

(Ludacris)

It's clear to see that I'm the motherfuckin' man, I done learned from the
best of em; Took the first slot, niggaz still second guessin' em
Hoes, I'm undressin' em', foes, I'm not stresin' em'
Outlastin' a bunch of 'em , outflowed the rest of em'
Cuz everyday, I stay preachin' on the pulpit
So tell them haters they could miss me with that bullshit
But I won't miss, I'm Luda, the heat holder
I'm rich, bitch! I've done more shows than Hova
And I'm a soldier, ready for whatever
Roll with a bunch of niggaz that don't know no better
King like Coreddar, countin' mo' cheddar
Just hired two dykes to be my ho getters
When it comes to these women, dog, ain't no one fuckin' wit me
They runnin' back, you think I had TJ Duckett wit me
That's cause I throw it like Vick, from the yard line
Menage a trois, it's safe to say I'm havin' hard times

(Chorus) + (Ludacris ab-libbing)

(Snoop Dogg)

To my nigga Chopper dot, with the whoopy-whop on the block
Got the heaters cocked, cause I know the suckers on the block
Hennesey and Belve-D, brings a lot of jealousy
Nigga stop snitchin', nephew, why you tellin' me?
They say the game ain't what it use to be on (?)
Used to be a G, but now he just a ho
Runnin' 'round poitin' fingers, tellin' names
You fuckin' up the rules to this dirty game, and it's a diry shame
I ain't flippin' out, that's probably why I'm dippin' out
Ya'll fools trippin' out, that why I'm on a different route
Now, makin' money, havin' clout, what's what it's all about
Twenty seven cars and a tweleve bedroom house
Now they call me Snoopy Trump

I keep my heater close, cause I love to bust
Now hat's a stain on a nigga, I bang on a nigga
Kick rocks and watch how I do my thang, young nigga; I'm livin' the life!

(Chorus) + (Snoop Dogg ab-libbing)

(Chorus) - w/o ab-libs