

The Notorious B.I.G., My Downfall

phone rings

phone rings

(B.I.G.) Yo

heavy breathing

(B.I.G.) Sup hello?

heavy breathing

(B.I.G.) Faith?

Motherfucker *click*

phone rings

(B.I.G.) Yo

Kill you motherfucker (voice speaking to Biggie whispers throughout)

(B.I.G.) Hello?

Kill you motherfucker

(B.I.G.) *sarcastically* WORD?

I'm gonna get you motherfucker you better watch your motherfuckin back

That's my word nigga

(B.I.G.) Get the fuck outta here

Better watch your motherfuckin abck

(B.I.G.) Watch my back? WORD?

I'm gonna get Biggie, I'm gonna kill Biggie

(B.I.G.) You soft dude, you soft

Fuck all you niggaz, you all ain't SHIT

Watch your motherfuckin back

(B.I.G.) Eat a dick

click

Jealousy's a motherfucker, you weak jealous motherfuckers!

If you a jealous motherfucker, you just a weak motherfucker!

See when you on top, motherfuckers just wanna bring you down!

Motherfuckers don't even know you, and they don't like you...

(Notorious B.I.G.)

Uhh, I dreams filthy

My moms and pops mixed me with Jamaican Rum and Whiskey

Huh, what a set up

Shoulda pushed em dead off, wipe the sweat off

Uhh, cause in this world I'm dead off, squeeze lead off

Benz sped off, ain't no shook hands in Brook-land

Army fatigue break up teams, the enemies

Look man, you wanna see me locked up, shot up

Moms crotched up over the casket, screamin BASTARD

Cryin, know my friends is lyin

Y'all know who killed 'em filled 'em with the lugars from they Rugers

or they Desert, dyin ain't the shit but it's pleasant

Kinda quiet, watch my niggaz bring the riot

Giving cats the opposite of diets

You gain thirty pounds when you die no lie, lazy eye

I was high when they hit me, took a few cats with me

Shit, I need the company (uh-huh)

Apoligies in order, to T'Yanna my daughter

If it was up to me you would be with me, sorta like

Daddy Dearest, my vision be the clearest

Silencers so you can't hear it

Competition still fear it, shit don't ask me

I went from ashy to nasty to classy, and still

(DMC)

That's not all, MC's have the gall

To pray and pray for my downfall

Pray and pray for my downfall

Pray and pray for my downfall

(Notorious B.I.G.)

This goes out to cats, fingers in they ass again

Fifty dollar half-a-men, daydreamin
Fuck around get wet like semen, your whole team-and
be Mor-gan than Freeman
I took the cream and, moved to new places new faces
Fuck the screwfaces, cause when I flip
I make the papers, dangerous, we Goodfellas
Niggaz can't bang with us, try to do me
My crew be unruly (what)
To old school cats that call gats toolies
Call blacks moolies, think it's cool to smoke woolies
And fuck without rubbers (what) specialize
in killin wives and grandmothers, who ya trustin, shit
When Frank start bustin, Frank start somethin
Killin ya gently, God meant me, to push a Bentley
Me and Sean Combs takin broads home
On the phone with the chip, these Cristal chicks
bout to make our own porno flicks, my life's the shit

(DMC) (background singers: "They pray.." 8X throughout)
That's not all, MC's have the gall
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(Notorious B.I.G.)
We used to hold the gold, now we floss with diamonds
Niggaz want my team to stop shinin
Pray my fame start declinin
Whinin like girlies
We been around the world twice, all we got is mo' ice
and mo' nice, sacrifice your heart
Lexus with the automatic start (what)
Fifty shots'll tear your club apart
Eatin shrimp A la Carte, with some bitches from Brussels
Eatin clams or mussels
Uhh, out the puss (what) pretty face no waist
I just want the bush, so I can mack you
Give her a package to push, cause I work dem hoes
Pendejo's, I show you how to play them hoes
□(background singers: "They pray.." 4X throughout)
Can you just visualize it
Before I go to sleep I check the beds and the closet
so I can sleep safe, not too many keep a mill' in the briefcase
Infrareds help me sleep safe, but wait

(DMC) (background singers: "They pray.." 4X throughout)
That's not all, MC's have the gall
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□Y'all motherfuckers live off of negativity
□What y'all niggaz need to get through your motherfuckin heads
□Is that, y'all fuckin with some niggaz that's on a higher
□motherfuckin level -- we don't give a fuck
□About what you think about less how you feel about us
□What you got to say about us
□We gon keep doin our motherfuckin thing
□From now till the year three thousand bitches!
□You can't breathe, you can't sleep, you can't eat

- without thinkin about us!
- And without thinkin about us on your mind
- we gon' haunt your asses motherfuckers!

(DMC) (background singers: "They pray.." 4X throughout)
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(background singers: "They pray.." to fade)