

# The Notorious B.I.G., Respect

Verse 1

22:05, 12 April 2006 (PDT)~~

Nineteen-seventy somethin', nigga I don't sweat the date  
My moms is late so I had to plan my escape  
out the skins, in this world of fly girls  
Tanqueray and Hennessy until I cold hurl  
Ten months in this gut, what the fuck  
I wish moms'd hurry up so I could get buck  
wild, juvenile rippin' mics and shit  
New York New York, ready for the likes of this, uh  
Then came the worst date, May 21st  
2:19, that's when my momma water burst  
No spouse in the house so she rode for self  
to the hospital, to see if she could get a little help  
Umbilical cord's wrapped around my neck  
I'm seein' my death and I ain't even took my first step  
I made it out, I'm bringin' mad joy  
The doctor looked and said, "He's gonna be a Bad Boy"

Verse 2

22:05, 12 April 2006 (PDT)~~

Now I'm thirteen, smokin' blunts, makin' cream  
On the drug scene, fuck a football team  
Riskin' ruptured spleens by the age of sixteen  
Hearin' the coach scream at my lifetime dream, I mean  
I wanna blow up, stack my dough up  
So school I didn't show up, it fucked my flow up  
Mom said that I should grow up and check myself  
before I wreck myself, disrespect myself  
Put the drugs on the shelf? Nah, couldn't see it  
Scarface, King of New York, I wanna be it  
Rap was secondary, money was necessary  
Until I got incarcerated--kinda scary  
C74-Mark 8 set me straight  
Not able to move behind the great steel gate  
Time to contemplate, damn, where did I fail?  
All the money I stacked was all the money for bail

Verse 3

22:05, 12 April 2006 (PDT)~~

Ninety-four, now I explore new horizons  
Mama smile when she see me, that's surprisin'  
Honeys is tantalizin', they freak all night  
Peep duckin' cops on the creep all night  
As I open my eyes and realizin' I changed  
Not the same deranged child stuck up in the game  
And to my niggas livin' street life  
Learn to treat life to the best, put stress to rest  
Still tote your vest man, niggas be trippin'  
In the streets without a gat? Nah, nigga you're slippin'  
If I'm pimpin on The F with weed on my breath  
Original hustler with the muffler on the Tec  
Respect to the Mac's and the Ac's  
To the freaks in the Jeeps, lick shots to my peeps