

# If I Should Die Before I Wake

The Notorious B.I.G.

Uhh.. UHH  
Yeah..  
Uhh.. uhh..  
Uh! Yeah.. yeah..  
Uhh..  
I'm on..  
Fuck em.. yeah, uhh..  
With my hands gripped.. praise the Lord shit  
Fuck her, never knew her  
Screw her.. (dump her body, dump her body) sewer  
Our father.. uh-huh..

What you expected from his next of kin  
I'm loco bro, but ain't no Mexican  
I got nines in the bedroom, glocks in the kitchen  
A shotty by the shower if you wanna shoot me while I'm shittin  
Uhh, the lesson from the Smith and Wessun is depressin  
Niggaz keep stressin, the same motherfuckin question  
How many shots does it take, to make my heart stop  
and my body start to shake, if I should die before I wake

With my hands gripped.. praise the Lord shit  
Our father.. if I should die before I wake

Fluck that  
Snap a nigga shit, smash him with the fifth, watch his body lift  
Shut his hottie's lips, bitch screamin, hit her body quick  
Got me like the trifest not knowin how my life is  
My life is, rap sheet long as the Turnpike  
The sheistest, hey fella, who bidded with the lifers  
Did it with the glocks, spit it witcha pops, you was in diapers  
Loved me when you came to Rikers  
Hated me all in the free cypher; mad you can't be like us  
Some murderers who turn bikers -- see Biggie Smalls  
recruited these snipers -- alumni do it just like us  
Some pied pipers, squeezin life out y'all  
It's all out war, be all wild as all outdoor  
If a coward got beef, y'all be checkin his palm  
Paralyzin my niggaz thorough kid, how bout yours?  
Real quick to screw a nigga then, hop out four  
Clean the wipers, hit the party up and, hop out yours  
Bitch nigga.. whoah..

Yo when you fuckin wit Mac, you fuckin wit the best  
Still wall to wall with them dusty Tecs  
Man you know how I handle my shit, S.K. can on my shit  
Jump out of vans like Hannibal Smith  
Man I spit a thousand rounds, your squad don't need it  
Shredders in a riot pump leave you quadriplegic  
When I squeeze don't breathe keep it lined and even  
So when niggaz get hit, they be cryin screamin  
Lyin bleedin -- from that iron steamin  
And I ain't tryin to hear that bullshit, I ain't mean it  
Niggaz start bitchin, when that pistol in they face

or I sick two puts to come and get you in your place  
If I catch you in my shit, I'm wakin my bitch  
Hear take this shit, crackin the brick, facin that shit  
Takin two sniffs, grabbin my shit  
Best believe if I get hit, y'all niggaz takin some shit  
Picture niggaz takin my shit

Niggaz never thought they'd see Cube and Biggie  
in the year 2000, all drunk and pissy  
off whiskey, you can miss me, actin gay  
He's the King of New York, I'm the King of L.A.  
Doin it the O.G. way; it's sorta like  
the Brooklyn Way, it's just the crook in me  
So this is dedicated to the memory of  
the Notorious One, the glorious one  
And if you go for your gun, I got to go for mine  
Cock my nine, and seperate yo' head from yo' spine  
So, "Grab yo' dicks if you love hip-hop" and  
fuck you niggaz that shot Big Pop'  
The conspiracy, of this nation, for assassination  
of the young black male in this black hell  
And I can tell, no matter the weather  
that you and Tupac got yo' shit together  
California Love