## **Ready to Die**

## The Notorious B.I.G.

Yeah... Yeah... (You ready motherfucker?) (We gon' kill your ass)

As I grab the glock, put it to your headpiece One in the chamber, the safety is off release Straight at your dome homes, I wanna see cabbage Biggie Smalls the savage, doin your brain cells much damage Teflon is the material for the imperial mic ripper girl stripper the Henny sipper I drop lyrics off and on like a lightswitch Quick to grab the right bitch and make her drive the Q-45, glocks and tecs are expected when I wreck shit Respect is collected, so check it I got techniques drippin out my buttcheeks Sleep on my stomach so I don't fuck up my sheets, huh My shit is deep, deeper than my grave G I'm ready to die and nobody can save me Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl My life is played out like a jheri curl, I'm ready to die

As I sit back and look when I used to be a crook Doin whatever it took from snatchin chains to pocketbooks A big BAD motherfucker on the wrong road I got some drugs tried to get the avenue sold I want it all from the Rolexes to the Lexus gettin paid, is all I expected My mother didn't give me what I want, what the fuck? Now I got a glock, makin motherfuckers duck Shit is real, and hungry's how I feel I rob and steal because that money got that whip appeal Kickin niggaz down the steps just for rep Any repercussion lead to niggaz gettin wet The infrared's at your head real steady You better grab your guns cause I'm ready, ready

I'm ready to die!
(Nah we ain't gon' kill your ass yet)
(We gonna make you suffer)

In a sec I throw the tec to your fuckin neck Everybody hit the deck, Biggie bout to get some wreck Quick to leave you in a coffin, for slick talkin You better act like CeCe, and keep on walkin When I hit ya, I split ya to the white meat You swung on like you slumber right you fell to the conrete Your face, my feet, they meet, we're stompin I'm rippin MC's from Tallahassee, to Compton Biggie Smalls on a higher plane Niggaz say I'm strange deranged because I put the 12 gauge to your brain Make your shit splatter Mix the blood like batter then my pocket gets fatter after the hit, leave you on the street with your neck split down your backbone to where your motherfuckin cheek drip The shit I kick, rip it through the vest Biggie Smalls passin any test, I'm ready to die!

I'm ready (Time to go, we gonna put you out your misery motherfucker) Niggaz definitely know what time it is The Notorious one in full effect for ninety-three! Suicidal, I'm ready!

(Now I lay me down to sleep)
Yeah
(Pray the Lord my soul to keep)
(If I should die before I wake)
(I pray the Lord my soul to take)
(Cause I'm ready to die)

(All y'all motherfuckers come with me if you want to)

(Biggie Smalls the biggest man)
(Rockin on and on in ninety-three, Easy Mo Bee)
(Third Eye, and the rest of the Bad Boy fam)
(I don't wanna see no cryin at my funeral)