

Get Twisted Sundays  
We at it again  
R.I.P. B.I.G

Look, it was all reality  
My man really had no salary, clothes raggedy  
Chili bowl on my head was a tragedy  
No one laughed at me 'cause whether they were student or faculty  
When they came to cabernet, referred to me as your mastery  
Lowkey, a coping mechanism, I sold dope 'cause I was broke  
And hopin' to divert some attention from the fact that we was five kids  
Livin' in one room, ain't hit me 'til we played hide and seek  
Nowhere to run to but the closet, deserve applauses for makin' it out of the  
slum  
Gotta be flawless or ill and cautious to make it without a gun  
Hear ye, hear me, loud and clearly  
Ain't no Bambis on my block, they get turned to deer meat  
Ugh, rap cats fear me, Yahweh steer me  
Biggie must be near me, how these beats be dearly  
The party, don't start it if you can't finish hard  
My partners retarded, was jackin' foreign cars  
But we was just in high school though  
Would marv safely on the daily was advice to those  
Guys who told me they can't live life too slow  
And then I teach them how you came, how you flow  
Had-dad-dad-dookie  
I'ma grind 'til my momma out here droptop coupe'in  
Thot thots choosin', block hot, crock pot brewin'  
Touch Fat, I cock back and have your top su-woopin'  
Blood, it's all peace, little buddy  
Murder tracks and interludes, word to Rique and McCuddy  
Used to wanna make the trunk stutter like Bubba Ray Dudley  
Get my highly effective habits straight from [?]  
They got me readin' on the low, disagree with me and bro  
Ultralight beamn', lowkey feel like a beacon when I flow  
I remember bein' po', we were sleepin' head to toe  
Jackin' oatmeal cookies and Star Crunches from Stop & Go  
Kenneth Cole, guest jeans, penny loafers  
Every day I was digestin' plenty those  
It was cold, who'd ever thought that I'd heat up  
Put instrumentals on my plate, then break 'em down, then eat 'em up?  
Not me, before this I played ball, you can Google me  
If I met you in the hall, it was a eulogy  
Swear to God it amuses me how I went from broads chewin' me  
To tryin' to groove with me because I musically  
Transition, now I am at a higher level  
Call me in the rainin' season, it's some dry weather  
Chose Fat 'cause I knew I couldn't acquire better  
Me and Fat Notebook status, we tryna die together  
Don't smoke, but if I did, we'd get high together  
Or do like the OJs, probably cry together  
I ain't gon' lie, though we abstinent to the highest level  
But soon as the ceremony over, I'm eatin' pie for dinner  
I'm gone