

## Letter to B.I.G.

Jadakiss

Uh huh! I ain't even good with writing  
I don't even write shit  
I just felt, I had to write this letter to BIG  
Niggas is acting like, letter to BIG  
Uh, yo

Dear Christopher Frank White Wallace  
Yeah it's your boy Kiss I just wanna holla  
In your memory I keep the Coogi in my closet  
Kangol on the rack, a fresh pair of Wallies  
You know I'm still the liquor and the weed child  
And still got Branson on speed dial  
And everybody's the king now  
You ain't gotta be nice getting shot is the thing now  
Mafia was doing there best they separated  
Now Roc and Gutta doing a stretch, uh, yeah  
Kim is still in it to win it  
I seen Money L awhile ago but I ain't heard from Cease in a minute  
People in power is queer  
I could go on for a year 'bout how it would be if you were still here  
The game got cheaper, rappers is more commercially successful now  
But the heart's alot weaker  
You know me still got the flow that'll pop speakers  
First option on offense the top feature  
It's easy BIG all you need is a protool set  
And I ain't touch the paper that I was supposed to yet  
Everybody that's somebody show respect  
Only a matter of time before they notice that  
I'm an impecable lyricist  
And with the right mechanics, I could take over be clear of this  
They well aware of Kiss the light of the city  
And I ain't on the label no more but I'm tighter with Diddy  
I got my own plan handle mine like a grown man  
Long as I know I'm nice, fuck it I'm my own fan  
Remixed the joints you had  
But, they could never ever duplicate your swag (Never)  
Meanwhile I'm a keep it so on my lil' plans  
And you might bump into a few of my lil' mans  
Up there stepping with God  
Down here Mister Cee in BK still repping you hard  
Tianna so pretty, CJ turned into a Lil' Biggie  
Just a little lighter but so witty  
On your born day, we get the highest  
Groovy still the best with the garments, he keep me the flyest  
Tonight, Patron is dead  
Only right that I take a bottle of Bacardi Limo the head  
And before I end it, I gotta say thanks  
Cause not only was your time well-spent, it was splendid (thanks)  
Miss you, my nigga  
One Love (So we tried to hard to understand)

So we tried to hard to understand, why you had to go away  
(That was my letter to B.I.G., no mean?)  
You were everything, you were everything  
(I felt it was only right, I really smoked with them niggas)

So we'll just keep our heads to the sky (Drink wit 'em)

(Sat wit 'em, talked wit 'em)  
Cause we know we're gonna see you in the next lifetime (Real shit)  
But it's never easy saying good-bye  
(See you when I get there, Biggie)  
Saying, good-bye (Love you)

So we tried to hard to understand, why you had to go away  
You were everything (Why you had to go away?)  
So we tried to hard to understand, why you had to go away  
You were everything