

Letter to B.I.G.

The Notorious B.I.G.

I ain't even good with writin, I ain't even write shit but I just felt I had to write this letter to Big.

Dear frank white christopher wallace yea it's ya boy kiss I just wanted to holla. in ya memory I keep a coogi in my closet, kangol on the rack and a fresh pair of wollies. you know I'm still a liquor and a weed child, I still got branson on speed dial. and everybody is the king now you ain't gotta be nice getting shot is the thing now. the mafia was doing they best they seperated now roc and gutta doin a stretch, kim is still in it to win it, seen money l a while ago but I ain't heard from cease in a minuate. people in power is queer I could go on for a year about how it would be if you were still here. the game has got cheap rappers is more commercialy successful now but they hearts alot weaker, you know me still got the flow thatl pop speakers, the first option on offence the top feature, it's easy big all you need is a pro tool set but I ain't touched the paper that I was supposed to yet and everybody thas somebody show respect only a matter of time before they notice that I'm an impeccable 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, remix the joint you had but they can never ever duplicate your swag, meanwhile I'm a keep pursuing my lil plans and you might bump into a few of my lil mans up there steppin with god down here mr C and BK still reppin you hard, Tianna so pretty CJ turned into lil biggie jus a lil lighter but so witty, on ya born day we get the highest, groovy still the best with the garments he keep me the flighest, tonight patron is dead only right that I take a bottle of Barcardi Lime 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 nigg, one love.

So we tried so hard to understand why you had to go away

That was my letter to B.I.G, na mean
You were everything- you were everything
I felt it was only right, I really smoked with them.