

BEATS, RHYME AND CULTURE
DROPPIN THE NEEDLE
SEPTEMBER 20, 2004

I'm sittin in the crib dreamin about Lear jets and coupes
The way Salt shoops and how they sell records like Snoop
Oops!
I'm interrupted by a doorbell
3:52, who the hell
Is this?
I gets up quick
Cocks my shit
Stop the dogs from barkin
Then proceed to walkin
Its a face that I seen before
My nigga Sing, we used to sling on the 16th floor
Check it
I look deeper
I see blood up on his sneakers
And his fist gripped a chrome four-fifth
So I dip
Nigga, is you creepin or speakin?
He tells me C-Rock just got hit up at the Beacon
I opens up the door, pitiful
Is he in critical?
Retaliation for this one won't be minimal
Cuz I'm a criminal
Way before the rap shit
Bust the gat shit
Puff won't even know what happened,
If it's done smoothly
Silencers on the Uzi
Stash in the hooptie
My alibi, any cutie
With a booty that done fuck Big Pop
Head spinnin, reminiscin bout my man C-Rock

"Somebody's Gotta Die", Notorious BIG, *Life After Death* (Disc 1)