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The Notorious B.I.G.

Ready To Die

Bad Boy/Arista

Production: Easy Mo Bee, Lord Finesse, Trackmasters, Blues Brothers, Darnell Scott & Sean "Puffy" Combs



While an America that I don't understand worries about the immortality of Elvis, the evils of the fur industry and Oprah's love handles—the "everyday struggle" leaves the rest of us stuck in a world where life's a bitch, cash rules everything around us and then we die (though not always in that order). *Ready To Die*, the debut from Brooklyn's own Biggie Smalls (a.k.a. The Notorious B.I.G.), echoes this attitude in full Ghettovision color, showing us that the true "American way" is to hustle for yours. He shows us both sides of the coin. Whether underground in the crack game, or legit in the rap game—it's all the same shit. Lots of tricks, egos, beef, gas, jelly, \$, sex, etc.

After being on THE SOURCE's Unsigned Hype and hittin' with "Party and Bullshit" off the *Who's the Man* soundtrack, Biggie's underground reputation is about to blow up nationwide with this summer's illiotic bomb. Like a lyrical version of the movie *The Killer*, Big weaves tales like a cinematographer. Each song is like another scene in his *Lifestyles of the Black and Shameless, the Tec and stainless*. If you're looking for abstract poetry and deep scientifics, Big is not the one. But he's got style out the ass. The pitch, the timing, the role playing, the details are automatic and perfect. I can't do his flow justice on paper. Hear it for yourself on "Gimme the Loot": "Goodness gracious, the papers!/Where the cash at?/Where the stash at?/Nigga, pass that." You'll know what I mean.

If you're looking for political correctness, Big is not the one. He shocks with lines like: "Then I'm dippin' up the block/And I'm robbin' bitches too/Up the herringbones and bamboos!/I wouldn't give a fuck if ya pregnant/Gimme the baby rings/And the #1 Mom pendant!" While definitely

offensive, Biggie's extremes are still only as messed up as reality. And peep Big and Method Man's bionic duet, "The What," for the ill slogan of the summer: "Fuck the world, don't ask me for *shit* /And everything ya get, ya gotta work *hard* for it (Honey, shake ya hips)/Ya don't *stop* (and niggas pack the clips)/Keep on." I can see the t-shirts on 125th St. already.

Overall, this package is complete: ridiculous beats, harmonizing honeys, ill sound effects, criminal scenarios, and familiar hooks (see Mtume's beat on "Juicy" and the "I Get Lifted" beat on Big's "Respect"). But some of the beats get a little repetitive (see "Me and My Bitch" and "What Chu Want") and the two sex skits are annoying. A graphic depiction of Biggie gettin' a blowjob? He can keep that gem to himself.

Whether the street essence is your reality or whether you just like feeling hard through someone else's stories, Biggie will captivate you with his "machine gun funk."

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