## Holdin' It Down (ft. Stan Spit, AG, Miss Jones)

## Big L

Yea yeah, flamboyant entertainment, no doubtYo, y'all fellas like to stress them chicks Impress them chicks, spend money to dress them chicks

I sex them chicks and send them home

Corleone is known to be stonedWhen I bone, I'm rubbered up

In case that shit full blown

The other night around 8 p.m

Pockets crazy slim, jumped out the gray BMWent to the ATM, took a thou' out

Then later on I had to wild out

In the club, knock some coward and his pal out

Then afterwards went to the restroom, pissed Cristal outNow I'm thinkin', which chick number I could dial out 'Cause it's l, the Harlem pimp baby, for real

I got more dimes than that Sprint ladyAnd that's ill, playa haters be givin' me harsh looks

But I'm tryin' to sell records like Garth Brooks

So eff 'em all, when it's cold I throw the Skelly on

Illegal chips keep my Celly on

Mega-ice is what I'm heavy on If it ain't Cristal Boo, I guess it's perignon

If the na-na's too tight, I throw some jelly on

Yo try to tax and watch the nine mill burst

I've been off the scene over three yearsAnd cats is still thirst, to hear big I drop an ill verse

So all you unsigned cats that want to battle

Get a deal first, I sport the bulletproof, fitted hat

That attitude, you better get rid of that

Wherever you floss is where you gon' get it at, what? I stay strapped, I go to sleep with my steel

Makin' figures while you broke cats keepin' it real

L is rap's most livest cat

I'm gettin' stacks while you askin' people

"Do you want fries with that? I rob bags in the staircase, no mask, bare-faced

The one police wouldn't dare chase

Keep my gear laced do I walk around without papers? No way pal

Word up my money longer than the OJ trialHarlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L

Nigga long overdue, niggaz wanna know

Do you still got it got it?

Yeah yeah Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L

Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know, do you still got it got it? Stan spit, yo, uh

Yo what the hell y'all can tell spit? not shit

I did a flick and bounced on L's shit

Well shit, expect me to go platinum

That's the only reason why I'm rappin'And since L passed, niggaz expect me to make it happen With no release date, I sell in each state

I'm the type to drive to Philly, for a Cheeses teak

So what I'm a Harlem king, doin' my thing

My name ring chains and dames what the fame bring

After platinum it's the same thingAnd niggaz'll never learn

'Til I pull the steel and make they lover burn

You don't get another turn, game's over

Here's my flamethrowerRearrange your rover, Harlem soldier

Wait 'til I get older and we won't stop

I thought Mase told ya

Nigga stan he do what he gotta

And these haters can't do me nada

Be in Nevada, with a lot of enchiladaHarlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L

Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know

Do you still got it got it?

Yeah, yeah, Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L

Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know, do you still got it got it?Yo, yo move the fuck, a bring the heat, when I

touch tracks

These niggaz beef then wanna chill? Fuck that

These rap niggaz with the mills, we deduct that

I asked all my ghetto cats, where my love atNow, where the brews, and the drugs at?

Corrupt cats kept slug hats

Asked the feds where the bugs at

Puff with the dread, 'cause I puff blackHigh, til' I die, and you can trust that

All I wanna know is the club packed?

I see the haters sweatin' shorty, but I dug that

She put my Nutsac, back where her lungs at little hoe

And them niggaz who owe, give up that Huh, it's me and Corle', like Eddie and OT

Go 'head and provoke me

Heard you rap, wanna rhyme? Better be dope B

Still diggin', still livin', still givin'

Y'all the ill written, still fuckin' like Bill ClintonHarlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L

Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know

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Yeah, yeah, Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L

Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know, do you still got it got it? Big L

## Songwriters

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