All Black

Hanni El Khatib

[big l]Yo once again it's the big l, that kid who got much props
From killin corrupt cops, with motherfuckin buck shots
So don't step to this, cause I got a live crew
You might be kinda big but they make coffins yo' size too
I was taught wise, I'm known to extort guys
This ain't cali, it's harlem nigga we do walkbys
No one can match me, tax me or wax me
If you want me to write you some raps g just ask me
Cause on the shelf is where your lp cold stood
Because it was no good, that shit ain't even go wood
I'm not the type to take sluts out, I just fuck they guts out
Get my nuts out, then break the fuck out
Me being a virgin, that's idiotic
Cause if big l got the aids every cutie in the city got it
Once a nigga tried to stick me for six g's
And I put more holes in his ass than swiss cheese
Chorus: big l (repeat 2x)
(ducks better scat when the gat goes click-clack)
Or i'ma have your family dressed in all black
[big l]I steal lives like a stone thief, so leave me alone chief
Or catch a buck shot to your domepiece
I must warn, I got it goin on, word is bond
Ducks be gettin thrown off platforms like p.m. dawn
I'm catchin bodies like a villain's supposed to
And I squeeze triggers, not just on niggaz but hoes too
So don't try to test me, cause I can't stand test-es
Fuck around, I'll introduce you to your ancestors
Step to this and get left with a face full of tears, pal
But man you've been rappin for years now
And ain't made a hit yet, you flop in a split sec
In the shower's the only time you get your dick wet
I roll with scary crews, I come out of wars barely bruised
I'm puttin motherfuckers on the daily news

I was a gangsta from the git-go
Leavin fags in bodybags with tags on they big toe
Chorus 2x
[big l]Yo ever since I was young, I ripped mics and I killed beats
And I'm known to milk freaks and hit em on silk sheets

No dame can give me a bad name, I got mad fame
I'm quick to put a slug in a fag brain
I be placin snitches inside lakes and ditches
And if I catch aids, then i'ma start rapin bitches
I'm all about makin papes kid
I killed my mother with a shovel just like norman bates did
My old man in the past, stuck me up without a mask
Then his ass cold dashed with my cash fast
Fifty g's is what the creep stole; so the next day
Knocked on his door and shot his granny through the peephole
That's the type of shit I'm on, word is bond
Got it goin on, from the break of dawns to the early morn'
You know my style I'm wild, comin straight out of harlem pal
It's big l, the motherfuckin problem child
Chorus 2x
[big l]This goes out to all y'all bitch-ass niggaz
So if your mother ain't ready for a funeral, don't fuck with me
Cause I know a good way to get your family together
And I ain't talkin bout a reunion motherfucker
Yo, I'm bout to sign out, but before I go
I gotta say peace to the nfl crew, you know who you are
And all y'all niggaz talkin that gun shit
And won't bust a rhyme, stop fakin the funk!
Word, I'm bout to get up out of here
Yo I'm out b, yo peace man
I gotta get this money
So all y'all niggaz on my hitlist get your suits ready
Hahahaha!

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