

The Enemy (f. Fat Joe)

Big L

I drive up and down Harlem blocks
Iced out watch Knots in my socks
Cops think I'm selling rocks
Pulling me over to see if I'm drunk But I'm sober
They wouldn't fuck with me if I drove a Nova
Listen Columbo you're mad because your money come slow
And what you make in a year I make in one show
Now you wanna frisk me and search my ride
Call me all kinda names try to hurt my pride
You're just mad cause I'm a young cat, pockets dumb fat
Talkin' bout: Where the gun at?
I been there and done that
I'm through with that illegal life, I'm stayin legit
I love to see cars come cruisin' bye and playin' my shit
I walk around with six thou' without a pist-ol, my whole cliques wild
I'm rich pal, no more sticks I'm makin hits now
I drink Cristal, I'm through breakin' laws
I don't sell coke anymore, I do tours
So get that flashlight out of my face
To bring me down them Jakes'll do whatever it takes
Word up them federals got my phone and my house tapped
Praying that I fall for the mouse trap, I doubt that Why do I end up in so much shit?
I done came way too far to be callin' it quits
Jake wanna lock me up, even though I'm legit
They can't stand to see a young brother pockets get thick Aiiyo enough's enough, federals try to set me up
Put me in cuffs and crush what I lust into dust
Plus, they want a nigga soul, but they know
Big Joey Crack'll never rat a cat that he know
Fo' sho', death before dishonor; I left the streets alone
Since Tone deceased it almost killed his mama
So I'mma keep doin what I'm doin
Pursuin' my dream 'til there's enough cream to start my own union
And show these kids how legit it is
Shit is real, I used to steal but now I own several businesses
So where's your witness that you claim to have, sayin' that I'm takin half
Extortin' New York and not payin' tax?
I'm laid back, playin the role, layin the low
But it's the same ol' Joe so don't get K.O.d
Hey yo I'm gonna fry for what I never did

Or catch a heavy bid, why don't they just let a nigga live? Why do I end up in so much shit?

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Why do I end up in so much shit?

I done came way too far to be callin' it quits

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They can't stand to see a young brother pockets get thick

Songwriters

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