

98 Freestyle

Big L

[big l]

One-two, one-two

Kinda tired..

Big l, 'bout ta.. get into some shit

Aight check it outYo, fuck all the glammers and glitz, I plan to get rich

I'm from new york and never was a fan of the knicks

And I'm all about expandin my chips

You mad cause I was in the van with your bitch

With both hands on her tits

Corleone hold the throne, that you know in your heart

I got style, plus the way that I be flowin is sharp

A while back I used to hustle, sellin blow in the park

Countin g stacks and rockin ice that glow in the dark

Forever - hottie huntin, trigger temper I'm quick to body somethin

You lookin at me like I'm probably frontin

I fuck around and throw, three in your chest and flee to my rest

I'm, older and smarter this is me at my best

I stopped hangin around y'all, cause niggaz like you

Be prayin on my downfall, hopin I flop

Hopin I stop, you probably even hope I get locked

Or be on the street corner with a pipe, smokin the rock

I got more riches than you, fuck more bitches than you

Only thing I haven't got is more, stitches than you

Fuckin punk, you ain't a +leader+ what? nobody +follow-ed+ you

You was never shit, your mother shoulda swallowed you

(mmmm.. whoo!) you on some tagalong flunkie yes man shit

Do me a favor, please get off the next man dick

And if you think I can't fuck with whoever, put your money up

Put your jewels up, no fuck it put your honey up

Put your raggedy house up nigga, or shut your mouth up

Before I buck lead, and make a lot of blood shed

Turn your tux red, I'm far from broke, got enough bread

And mad hoes, ask beavis I get nuttin butt-head

{*laughter*} my game is, vicious and cool

Fuckin chicks is a rule

If my girl think I'm loyal then that bitch is a fool

How come, you can listen to my first album

And tell where a lot of niggaz got they whole style from?

(yeah!) so what you actin for?

You ain't half as raw, you need to practice more
Somebody tell this nigga sum'un, 'fore I crack his jaw
You runnin with boys, I'm runnin with men
I'ma be rippin the mics until I'm a hundred and ten
Have y'all niggaz like, 'damnit this nigga done done it again'
I throw slugs at idi-ots, no love for city cops
I sport a pretty watch, eight-hundred and fifty rocks
I'm makin wonderful figures
I don't fuck with none of you niggaz
I might pull out this gun on your niggaz
And rob every last one of you niggaz[bobbito] yeahhh! (what?)
[big l] I'm tired
[bobbito] for somebody tired, that wasn't, that wasn't too bad!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>