

# Lifestylez ov da Poor & Dangerous

## Big L

Everybody everywhere is scratching for what they can get  
Did you think anybody in this town is any different?  
They don't give a damn who gets killed  
Just as long as the dice keep rollin' the hoes keep hoein'  
And the money keeps flowin' My name is L, and I'm from a part of town where clowns  
Get beat down and all you hear is gunshot sounds  
On 139 and Lennox Ave. there's a big park  
And if you're soft, don't go through it when it gets dark  
'Cause at nighttime niggas try to tax they're sneakier than alley cats  
That's why I carry gats yo, I'm a motherfuckin' fugitive  
Buck wild and foul is the lifestyle that I choose to live  
Because to me it's all about a buck I used to have a partner in crime by the name of Chuck  
We stormed the city, shootin' shit up like Frank Nitty  
We robbed kids and split the dough 50-50  
One day we stuck a dice game on the Ave. and split the cash  
Then I murdered his ass and took his half  
Because I'm all about ends and skins  
When you got dough, you don't need no motherfuckin' friends  
If I catch you on a late night, black, you're gettin' stuck, Jack My moms told me to get a job, fuck that aiyo,  
picture me gettin' a job  
Takin' orders from Bob, sellin' corn on the cob  
Yo, how the hell I'ma make ends meet makin' about 120 dollars a week?  
Man, I rather do another hit I want clean clothes, mean hoes  
And all that other shit yo, I admit, I'm a sucker a low down  
Dirty, sneaky, double-crossin' canivin' motherfucka  
Breakin' in cribs with a chrome bar  
I wasn't 'Poor', I was po', I couldn't afford the 'O-R' I used to wait until it gets dark and tell a nigga to strip  
I wanna see some birthmarks like a ninja, dressed in black  
With a ski mask I take all the funds, then I run down the street fast  
I vicked this nigga named Eugene took his brand new ring  
'Cause stickin' ups a everyday routine  
Once I was crusin' in a beat-up ride saw this nigga named Clyde  
And snuck up on him from the blind side, I told him  
"Give up the dough, before you get smoked  
Oh you're broke? Now you're dead broke" the Big L was cold crazy A top-notch crook snatchin' pocket books  
from old ladies  
I don't care, I'll do anything to get a buck  
Even rob a Miller truck, 'cause I don't give a fuck  
Some say I'm ruthless, some say I'm grim

Once a brother done broke into my house and I robbed him  
Plenty and many brains I bust  
'Cause I was livin' the lifestyle of the poor and dangerousWord all of us from Harlem 139  
That's livin' the lifestyle of the poor and dangerous  
You know what I'm sayin'? This goes out to my brothers  
Big Lee and Don Ice, Reggie Reg, T.C., Todd, Lou, Black Tone  
Whitey, Ty Speeder, Ru Dog, Herb McGruff  
E-Jet, G Love, Doc Ring, Slice and Rich Dice  
I can't forget the 1-4-0 Lennox Ave, troop  
And I gotta say rest in peace to mate the skate dog  
And my man Kerry, peaceNow what kinda life is that for a child?  
Now what kinda life is that for a child?  
Now what kinda life is that for a fuckin' child?  
Word to mother, fuck all that stupid shit  
Controversial, not commercial, nigga

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>