Da Graveyard

Big L

It's the number one crew in the area
The Big L be lightin' niggas like incense
Gettin' men lynched to win tits
I'm killin' infants for ten cents
'Cause I'm a street genius with a unique penis
Got fly chicks on my dick that don't even speak english
I'm makin' ducks shed much tears
I buck queers
I don't have it all upstairs, but who the fuck cares?
I'm grabbin' brews takin' fast swiggas
I get cash and stash figures and harass them bitch ass niggas
After you you're gonna get scared next, and if ya squad flex
I'm lettin' off like Bernard Goetz
A tech nine is my utensil
Fillin' niggas with so much led they
Can use they dick for a pencil
I'm known for snatchin' purses and bombin' churches
I get more pussy by accident
Then most niggas get on purpose
I got drug spots from New York to Canada
'Cause Big L be fuckin' with more keys than a janitor
Now it's the dictator who's style is greater
It's the man with more wild flavors
Than motherfuckin' Now 'n Laters, and rappers I hit 'em well
They automatically go to heaven fuckin'
With me 'cause I give 'em hell
So don't try to front troop
When your style is played out just like a Oshkosh jumpsuit
I'm out to collect figures
I'm on some Wu Tang shit so protect ya fuckin' neck nigga
Not a role model I'm a bad figure
When it comes to rap I got skills out the ass nigga
I got it locked like a warden
Rap without finesse is like the N B A without Jordan
So all ya New Jacks kickin' wack raps
It's a fact that, I'll be on your fuckin' back like a napsack
It ain't shit you can tell me
'Cause bitches still jock me without a motherfuckin' L P
It's the number one crew in the area

Known for sendin' garbage M C's to the graveyard
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Yo, I got a death wish
That's why I talk so much fuckin' shit
I want these bitch motherfuckers to try to flip
So I can fill up this clip and stick the gun
Between they lips like a cigarette
And let 'em smoke the four fifth
I fool, I could buy
No need to lie or cry it's time motherfuckers to die
Because to me death is like sex
And if my brain was a deck of cards I'd be missing a whole deck
Strap up a mac, clack clack motherfuckers are runnin' like rats
The blind bats are fuckin' crazed cats
'Cause the microphone let's loose
And you're wonderin' how the fuck did this madman get cut loose?
From 25 consecutive 25 the life is
For murderin' up some fuckin' white kids
These were the kids of the prison guards
Then I startin' killin' squads of prison guards in the prison yard
One two everybody's through
The microphone nut flew over the prison walls without a clue
And now I'm decked to hawk shit and talk shit
Whoever flaunts shit, I leave 'em unconscious
I run through ya with a maneuver and german Luger
Wreck like Das EFX straight out the fuckin' sewer
Please show me where the crack is at
While they quarter crack the sack
I crack they backs like cracker jacks
So I'm the one you should run from
Because the microphone nut is like a motherfuckin' stun gun
The way I rock
No way you could stop
I shock pop and drop when Jay gets hot
When I'm in the zone better hold ya own
'Cause I like to break when I finish a poem
Pound for pound the best around
No way you can get up when I get down
I shake rattle and roll and wreck shit like none
And beat a nigga ass half silly on da one
Fuckin' a fuckin' Jay ill with skill
So ladies step up I get around like a wheel
I'm never chokin' off chronic skills are bionic
Bitches will treat me like Onyx

Respect that I'll peel a punks cap back and sign it
Creep through your block fuck a glock I step
Through your neighborhood armed with nothing but a rep
I'm giving these ladies something they can feel 'cause I'm real
Ya man get outta line and it's kill, kill, kill
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Known for sendin' garbage M C's to the graveyard
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Known for sendin' garbage M C's to the graveyard
Yo, ya, step up and you'll get played like the small fry
I'm throwin' niggas off the roof said you wanna be the four guy
So mess around you'll be a dead man
I get hype tonite's the night like Redman
Nuff respect to Big L who get wreck
Chiggidy check yourself 'cause I ain't workin' with a full deck
I'm lethal, eatin' people
Not Jeffery Dahmer I'm the sequel
Head or gut like illegal
So what cha want?
Yo, I'm strapped with the gats step up plap, plap
I'm leavin' caps in your back fool
I rip tracks wanna say peace to hip hop
A nigga disagree bring it on and get dropped
I get wreck I'm party arty so hit the deck
The kid with the tech smokin' niggas like cigarettes
Now some ask me how I'm gettin' jewels
I say big up big up it's a stick up, stick up
I stick and move
And that's how we do
So you grab the gat and let loose
Yo, rat, tat, tat I got the gat cocked
Nigga we ghost man a punk
I let it roast and leave your pussy ass comatose
I'm shootin' up like the west is
Fuck suggestions
I'll blow out a niggas intestines
Better dip fast quick fast or you won't last
One blast will put your ass in a body cast
And I be killin' for rep get ill in a sec
Nine mil on your neck blood spill is still in effect
Constantly comittin' grand larceny
Arsony niggas don't want no parts of me
Never past up a fast buck ask the last duck
His jewels were truck, he got his ass stuck
So what the fuck is you sayin' hop?

I'm wanted for slayin' cops
Who's ever around when I be sprayin' drops
But I ain't givin' a fuck who gets hit
Niggas coppin' pleas but I ain't tryin' to hear shit
I'll burn you faggot niggas like toast
If you die and come back I shoot your spirit
Now your ass is just a Holy Ghost
You tried to play me to the left
You better put a target on your head
'Cause you're marked for death

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