

Lifestylez Ov Da Poor & Dangerous

Big L

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 dangerous
Word 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, peace
Now 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

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