

Flamboyant (Ratatat Remix)

Big L

Yeah yeah, Big L, Corleone
My nigga see-Town, my big brother Big Lee holding it down
Flamboyant baby, for life
We taking over, coming to a theater near you
Check it out, come on check it Make sure my mic is loud and my production is tight
Better watch me round your girl if you ain't fucking her right
You damn playa haters never want to see me blow
Flamboyant Entertainment CEO
Yo the spotlight is mine, it ain't his no more
When Lee come home, niggas can't live no more
And ... I'm straight, keep a Harlem World mindstate
I never lounge where you find Jake
surprise niggas like a blind date, L rhyme great
And I'm a increase the crime rate for old time's sake
Run with me and I'm a make you a star
When me and my crew hit the clubs, we go straight to the bar
Leave 'em empty, I cruise through Harlem in an M3
Never pay for parties, say my name and I'm in free
I'm on some 100-G car shit, superstar shit
Selling niggas that wet shit right out the jar shit
I'm dumb hot, I'll wreck you and your young flock
Keep the gun cock, represent one block
139 nigga, the Danger Zone
We quick to put a bullet in a stranger's dome
I'm known to kick a rough rhyme and rock much shine
Yo I'm out, I done took up enough time We out, no doubt, you know how we do, Flamboyant for life "Big L"
"Corleone"
"A smooth kid that'll run up in your baby mother"
"Big L" "For real"
"Corleone is too advanced for y'all"
"Big L" "I'm a pimped-out nigga" "For real"
"Big L" "Corleone is too advanced for y'all" Yo it's Corleone and Queen's Most, we bust til your whole team
ghost
Everywhere we go, we must bring toast forever
Popping the chrome, always dropping a poem
I can write it or recite it off the top of the dome
However you want it is how I'm gonna give it to you, Big L style
They brought it back to the streets cause that shit sell now
So pal back up a bit, give me elbow space

I represent Harlem World, not Melrose Place
So I'm a lace the jewels up with nice bridgettes
Flamboyant is the label that writes the checks
y'all niggas better stop fronting cause I might get vexed
And I'm a run up on y'all and slice y'all necks
With the machette, pockets heavy, slang more cane than Eddie
I represent uno trece nueve
Time is money so I stay late, I'm quick to sign a playmate
Bust off like a tre-eight then vacate, uh "Big L" "Corleone"
"A smooth kid that'll run up in your baby mother"
"Big L" "For real"
"Corleone is too advanced for y'all"
"Big L" "I'm a pimped-out nigga" "For real"
"Big L" "Corleone is too advanced for y'all" "I leave mics torn" "Big L"

Songwriters

MIKE HERON, WES FARRELL, DEE ERVIN, LESTER COLEMAN
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