

# Let 'Em Have It "L"

## Big L

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hook:

Settin' it off lettin' it off (whatever) (x4)

(let 'em have it l) what?

(give it to 'em l) yeah (x3)

(let 'em have it)

Verse 1:

A-yo I'm serious I'm not the type to joke a lot

Dressed in all black never seen in polka dots

No other writes rhymes like these

I'm cool as a light breeze

I'm playin' rappers out like striped lees

Smoother than velvet

My lyrics are well writ

You sayin' l's this and l's that

Get off l dick

I don't roll with punks I only roll with live guys

And we do drivebys in 325 i's

I had beef with this thief named randolph

Now he's in a casket dressed up with his hands crossed

So you better leave l alone

Before I reach out and touch you but not with a telephone

Yo I'm the brother that you never even thought of beatin'

Black white or puerto rican

I'm gonna slaughter each and

Every crab mc that runs up

When a battle comes up

Give me two thumbs up

Hook

Verse 2:

I damage all opponents as soon as the bell rings

Yo it's all about me it's a b. i. g. l thing

The crown is still mine cause I drop ill rhymes

A lot of rappers talk that murder shit and couldn't kill time

One two one two crews I run through

Fuck karate big l practice gun fu

Cause I'm a mc assassinator  
I grab a mag and leave a nag leakin' like activator  
Step to this and get shanked up  
I knocked out so many teeth the tooth fairy went bankrupt  
And I entertain well because of my brain cells  
I'm naughty and stop callin' me shorty my name's I  
Where raps are hotter than the bahamas  
Mcs be talkin' about breakin' jaws when they couldn't break a promise  
With big I you can't swing long  
So get behind me and sing cause every hero got a theme songHookVerse 3:  
The big I's back to attack with a phat rap  
Matter of fact black I'm puttin' harlem on the map  
What's up cause I'm a stiggy star  
Breakin' 'em up and then talkin' they heart  
You better believe that big I is the man that be rippin' microphones apart  
I'm undefeated that's the stone truth  
Cause battlin' me is like fightin' a gorilla in a phone booth  
I take lives with no pride  
I just committed a homicide  
A punk brother died cause he tried  
To take my cash but he didn't last  
I pulled out fast  
I tried to bash then I blast on his monkey ass (boom)  
I make a lot of doe  
I'm quick to spot a foe  
Even if my grandma violate she gotta go  
When I was young I played with guns not a kiddy toy  
Cause I'm a ruff rugged gangsta not a pretty boy  
Facts on tracks I recite well  
Everybody be like mike but mike wanna be like IHookBig I outro:  
A-yo big shots to all them niggas on the corner  
Doin' something they ain't got no business doin'  
I gotta say what's up to s&s, doo wop, and the bounce squad  
Can't forget my peeps from brooklyn youknowhati'msayin'?  
Like box and herb and big sidA-yo I you must be buggin' b  
You didn't even let me say what's up to my hoes bBig I:  
Oh yeah we gotta say what's up to the hoes manWord up let's go see our p.o.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>