

Holdin' It Down

Big L

Yea yeah, flamboyant entertainment, no doubt
Yo, y'all fellas like to stress them chicks
Impress them chicks, spend money to dress them chicks
I sex them chicks and send them home
Corleone is known to be stoned
When I bone, I'm rubbered up
In case that shit full blown
The other night around 8 p.m
Pockets crazy slim, jumped out the gray BM
Went to the ATM, took a thou' out
Then later on I had to wild out
In the club, knock some coward and his pal out
Then afterwards went to the restroom, pissed Cristal out
Now I'm thinkin', which chick number I could dial out
'Cause it's 1, the Harlem pimp baby, for real
I got more dimes than that Sprint lady
And that's ill, playa haters be givin' me harsh looks
But I'm tryin' to sell records like Garth Brooks
So eff 'em all, when it's cold I throw the Skelly on
Illegal chips keep my Celly on
Mega-ice is what I'm heavy on
If it ain't Cristal Boo, I guess it's perignon
If the na-na's too tight, I throw some jelly on
Yo try to tax and watch the nine mill burst
I've been off the scene over three years
And cats is still thirst, to hear big L drop an ill verse
So all you unsigned cats that want to battle
Get a deal first, I sport the bulletproof, fitted hat
That attitude, you better get rid of that
Wherever you floss is where you gon' get it at, what?
I stay strapped, I go to sleep with my steel
Makin' figures while you broke cats keepin' it real
L is rap's most livest cat
I'm gettin' stacks while you askin' people
"Do you want fries with that?"
I rob bags in the staircase, no mask, bare-faced
The one police wouldn't dare chase
Keep my gear laced do I walk around without papers? No way pal
Word up my money longer than the OJ trial

Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L
Nigga long overdue, niggaz wanna know
Do you still got it got it?
Yeah yeah yeah Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L
Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know, do you still got it got it?
Stan spit, yo, uh
Yo what the hell y'all can tell spit? not shit
I did a flick and bounced on L's shit
Well shit, expect me to go platinum
That's the only reason why I'm rappin'

And since L passed, niggaz expect me to make it happen
With no release date, I sell in each state
I'm the type to drive to Philly, for a Cheeses teak
So what I'm a Harlem king, doin' my thing
My name ring chains and dames what the fame bring
After platinum it's the same thing
And niggaz'll never learn
'Til I pull the steel and make they lover burn
You don't get another turn, game's over
Here's my flamethrower
Rearrange your rover, Harlem soldier
Wait 'til I get older and we won't stop
I thought Mase told ya
Nigga stan he do what he gotta
And these haters can't do me nada
Be in Nevada, with a lot of enchilada
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Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know
Do you still got it got it?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L
Nigga long overdue niggaz wanna know, do you still got it got it?
Yo, yo move the fuck, a bring the heat, when I touch tracks
These niggaz beef then wanna chill? Fuck that
These rap niggaz with the mills, we deduct that
I asked all my ghetto cats, where my love at
Now, where the brews, and the drugs at?
Corrupt cats kept slug hats
Asked the feds where the bugs at
Puff with the dread, 'cause I puff black
High, til' I die, and you can trust that
All I wanna know is the club packed?
I see the haters sweatin' shorty, but I dug that
She put my Nutsac, back where her lungs at little hoe
And them niggaz who owe, give up that

Huh, it's me and Corle', like Eddie and OT
Go 'head and provoke me
Heard you rap, wanna rhyme? Better be dope B
Still diggin', still livin', still givin'
Y'all the ill written, still fuckin' like Bill Clinton
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