

7 Minute Freestyle

Big L

(Big L)
Yo, check it
Yo, I got slugs for snitches
No love for bitches
Puttin thugs in ditches
When my trigger finger itches
I got a rep that make police jet
Known to get a priest wet
I never beg for pussy like Keith Sweat
Is Big L slow? Hell no
Bitches get fucked on the roof when I ain't got no hotel dough
I'm known for yoking jacks
And beatin them with smoking gats
Leavin token blacks with broken backs and open caps
So with that bullshit, step to the rear son
The last thing you want with Big L is a fair one
Cause in a street brawl, I strike men like lightning
You see what happened in my last fight friend?
Aight then
I beat kids with lead pipes
I leave a trail of dead mic's
Where I'm from, niggaz jewels get ran like red lights
Old folks get mugged and raided
Crimes are drug related
And we live by the street rules that thugs created
Clowns get smoked about a thousand volts
For selling pounds of coke
Front in this town and get a tech stuck down your throat
I'm tellin you shit is about to get drastic soon
I'm quick to blast a goon
And break a motherfucker like a plastic spoon
I got the looks that make your hotty stare
I keep a shotty near
It's the nigga with notty hair who Gotti fear
Tracks I'm know to roast
Until the microphone is ghost
Props I own the most
I'm leaving niggaz comatose
Front and get your brain pinched

Big L will have your whole gang lynched
I started smoking dust and been insane since
This rap shit was a great gift
The other night some snake rified
And got a hot lead face lift
All through high school I had braids
I kept mad blades
Stabbing teachers to death that gave me bad grades
I cook the mic like a beef steak
Cause my techniques great
And I'm the nigga police hate in each state
Cause I'm the neighborhood lamper
Punk brother vamp
Fuck around you'll find my silk boxers in your mother's hamper
Cops drop when my glock makes a pow sound
I'm from a whyle town
You know my style clown, so bow down(Jay-Z)
Brothers can beg and borrow
Still feel sorrow
When Jay-Z, like Zorro, get in that ass
Better luck tomorrow
I'm too much, nigga, so never should you rush
You need slow down, or get your ass tore down
Check it out, I'm too cocky
To stop me, you gotta kill me
And when I'm gone, you can still feel me
On the real, B
The shit is eternal, I rock the Heavens well
Even if they won't let me in Heaven
I raise hell, till its Heaven
Recognize, the black cat with the nine lives
Get up off me, nigga, its bad luck to cross me
I'm poppin Crystal, shooting game like missiles
As projected, all ho's affected by this style
I mack like Goldie, go back like the oldies
But the goody, pullin R&B bitches wearin hoodies
They don't be knowin the way I be flowin
When I be goin, I be running the track like Jesse Owens
I disrupt the natural scheme
The way that you do things wit a swing and have em rockin like...
You say never you run, if ever you come
It's never you run so fast in your life to never have won
Come on and ride the rhythm
I be producing like jizm
Just like the gods I start with knowledge and follow with wisdom

For greater understanding
I'm landing blows and
Knocking sense into those that oppose me, ha
Enticin when slicing through tracks
Your screaming, "Jesus Christ," he's back
And God knows he can rap
Me and L put rhythm on the map
So give him his dap
And me, I just take mine
Gimme those, gimme this, gimme that, fuck that
You never see me stressed, in a GS
On the prize, my greedy eyes can't see no less
Jigga incredible
Even my thoughts is federal
Like kidnapping, extortion and corruption
So you know, beatin me will never come
Like a nun or tomorrow, I'm too thorough, nigga
I make moves, cause bowels to move
When I'm creeping through your hood with a thousand little dudes
Um. We're the peace like Islam
I make your eyes rise like yeast
Surprise, I feel no fear when facing y'all
Betcha lyrics jump off the track like racing cars
Emcee's trying to be the best
And even in dying, couldn't be this def (death)
I see no reason to stop cheesin
Ever since L said "Throw three g's in"
And we can get down and split the wealth
That's when I found I could do it myself
I get up(Big L)
My crew be deliverin hot lead when gats are clenched
Rappers I jack and lynch
Nobody can fuck with the way I be killing the shit in rap events
Big L is the nigga you expect
To catch wreck in any cassette deck
I'm so ahead of my time, my parents haven't met yet
I'm feeling like Billy Bathgate
My rap style is past great
I love to fuck a bitch from the back and watch her ass shake
I probably got your mommy strung
Niggaz hear me and take more notes than Connie Chung
My clan plans to get Guilliani hung
Never had a gassed head
Got loot cause I stash bread
Try to tax and I'ma beat your fagot ass half-dead

I stomp white cops till the life stops
For a low price hops
Cause my blood is colder than an ice box
On 1-3-9 you don't want a block war
Cause my crew will kill a nigga from the lobby to the top floor
And every time a mack eleven bucks
I'm killing at least seven ducks
I never was a follower of Reverend Butts
The bitch type I dislike, I'm rougher than a fist fight
All chicks ain't shit, ain't no such thing as Miss Right
So we can never be a couple hun
Fuck love, all I got for ho's is hard dick and bubble gum
And clown emcee's I be attacking quick
I'm on some rappin shit and some car jackin shit
I ran up on this nigga name Mac in a black ac
And put the gat to his cap, click-clack
Sorry jack but get up out of that
My 38 works great, so make a mistake and hesitate
I can't wait to demonstrate this nickel plate
He didn't listen to what I was speakin
He started reaching
So I left him sleepin with his temple leaking Aight, back to my man Jay-Z

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