

Holdin' It Down (Feat. Miss Jones & Stan Spit)

Big L

Yea yeah, flamboyant entertainment, no doubtYo, 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 stonedWhen 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 BMWent 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 outNow I'm thinkin', which chick number I could dial out
'Cause it's l, the Harlem pimp baby, for real
I got more dimes than that Sprint ladyAnd 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 onIf 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 yearsAnd 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 trialHarlem 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 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? 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 Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L
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 Yeah, yeah, yeah, Harlem world keep holdin' it down, for Big L
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Songwriters

Stan Draton; Lamont Coleman; Andre Barnes; Peter Phillips; Tarsha Jones Published by

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