

# Platinum Plus (ft. Big Daddy Kane) (2000)

## Big L

Yo yo what the fuck man?  
Big L takin' over the streets  
Flamboyant Entertainment "What y'all bout to witness"  
"Big L, Big L, Big L"  
"My-my-my-my, my whole crew wild"  
"The game is called rap"  
"Other MC's ain't got a chance at all"  
"My-whole, my, my whole crew wild" "What y'all bout to witness"  
"Big L, Big L, Big L"  
"My-my-my-my, my whole crew wild"  
"The game is called rap"  
"Other MC's ain't got a chance at all"  
"My-whole, my, my whole crew wild" Yo, I'm straight loco, to hell with you and your broke hoe  
You ain't a big dog, you more like Toto, you got no dough  
I smoke 'dro mixed with cocoa, strong as bolo  
I pack a fo'-fo', platinum ro-ro  
Anti-homo, that's a no-no so fuck po'-po'  
I push the seven-fo'-oh and not the Volvo  
See-Town push the six-oh-oh, I'm with a bitch on dolo  
Chips from here to Acapulco  
While y'all buck for legs I, buck for heads  
I even buck celebs, nigga fuck the feds  
My underground niggas, y'all can shine with me  
Got my own label now, so y'all can sign with me  
Y'all can take me from the bottom and climb with me  
That's fine with me, that's how it was designed to be Ey yo, gats we bust (backs we crush)  
Only hot tracks we lust (crazy stacks we clutch)  
And we need plaques to touch (that say platinum plus)  
'Cause half of you niggas that's rappin' now (is wack to us) Ey yo, gats we bust (backs we crush)  
Only hot tracks we lust (crazy stacks we clutch)  
And we need plaques to touch (that say platinum plus)  
'Cause half of you niggas that's rappin' now (is wack to us) And cats still wonder can they get as hot as he been  
That probably depends, let me show you how to begin  
Bang chicks in Marriotts down to Quality Inns  
Hit the bar spend cash like Monopoly ends  
Pushed out, rock gators and exotical skins  
Come in the hood, flippin the chicken and broccoli Timbs  
Niggas come in the game, block they shot at the rim  
That ain't in you the fuck you gon' possibly win?

I do it, "Booty Calls" on the Blackstreet Teddy tip  
 Keep a steady grip, make cream just like Ready Whip  
 Heavy with, styles that's the deadliest  
 Cats on that petty shit watch how much lead he get  
 You tryin' to go places, chasin Oasis  
 About nothin' gettin' low wages  
 Drink Hennessey with no chasers  
 Right hook is like Joe Frasier's  
 I'm the bodacious  
 Body parts are big and like Schwarz-a-niggas  
 Smokin' Garcia Vega tryin' to get the larger paper  
 If you, block the cash, we lockin ass  
 I'ma put it in your chest like a Stockton pass  
 Only out to earn figures like we please  
 But I don't mind to burn niggas like CD's  
 Now exhibit, styles I kick with it  
 Pardon me, but I'm fuckin' sickwidditEy yo, gats we bust (backs we crush)  
 Only hot tracks we lust (crazy stacks we clutch)  
 And we need plaques to touch (that say platinum plus)  
 'Cause half of you niggas that's rappin' now (is wack to us)"Other MC's ain't got a chance at all"  
 "My-whole, my, my whole crew wild"  
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Songwriters

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