

once again (prod. by j-love)

Big L

(hook)

Once again, the Man's back

(Verse 1)

Hey yo, I should've been out
I'm deadly when I pull the pin out

Keep frontin
Ima try yo shit out

I knocked a lot of men out
I left em on the floor spittin flint out

It's either that or I'ma squeeze the gat and pop 10 out

You see Corleone Iceman (sp.) jenked out, white linen

If a bitch don't like me, she must like women

Everyone time I come around, ya see ya wife grinnin.

Don't be mad cuz yo career's in the 9th inning.

It's over now {n}, leave the game

I'm from the danger zone where emcees get slain

Where thugs would never hesitate to squeeze the flame

Where {n} be taking drugs just to ease the pain

Hustlers flip coke in 48 hours like Nick nolte

When I was OT ya bitch wrote me

1st day home I dived in it
Repped fofized in it (sp?)

Now that bitch be paging me every 5 minutes

Emcees are squashing..(sp.)

All about the benjies
So, why ya bills got Washington's face

Alot of cats be fronting mad singles, with a viddy on top

L trying to have the city on lock

Peace to Biggie and Pac cuz they really were hot

Rap game heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer wit us

{N} wanna be L

Ladies wanna see L

If I go to jail, you wearing shirts saying, "Free L".

(hook)

Once again, the man's back.

(Verse 2)

Hey yo

I hear a lot of bitch in ya talk

See lot of switch in ya walk

Only thugs get rich in New York

Time is running out

{N} like L when you coming out

Because, they sick of all this drag queen shit

If ya wife's missing I'm the {n} she was last seen wit

Me and Ron hit it up on some tag team shit

A bunch of {n} got smoked for the cash

Used to ride greyhounds with down hoes who stuff the coke in they ass

Crazy beefs got provoked in the past

A lot of wigs got split

A lot of innocent kids got hit

Harlem World be the place of my birth

Believe me son
We breed the smoothest {n} on the face of the earth

Mics I steadily smoke
Rhymes cleverly wrote

As long as can I rock a crowd, I'ma never be broke
Some hoes treated me like the wrong nerve, when I was unheard

Now, I'm icy I ain't gotta say one word, you dumb bird

I push pips while ya walk all day

And I hate when Strange {n} wanna talk all day.
Clown-ass shit

Hate to be around that shit

You don't know me, just say what's up, give me a pound, that's it.

When I was at the steakhouse, pulling cake out

You was at some cheap Chinese shit, getting takeout

Why you make out you took the fake route

You oughta break out
You couldn't get a bitch, before ya put ya tape out.

(hook)

Once again, the Man's back.

Peace to all the DJs who gave me love on they mixtapes.

Lyrics Submitted by BettyheWhite

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