

## 139 - Tony Touch

Big L

Where I'm from  
Yeah, Tony Touch in the house, yeah  
Big L Harlem on the rise, 1 3 9  
You ain't know!?  
One love to my nigga McGruff, Mase Murda, Killa Kam  
Rest in peace to my man Bloodshed  
Live on baby, the spirit live on  
Yeah BBO in the house  
Yeah my men stand I'ma rock this shit  
Check it out!

Yo, I be that smooth cat you never seen rollin' with clowns  
One of the few from Uptown that's holdin it down  
Bitches be on me like I'm welfare, even rich ones  
that live in Bel Air, is this Big L yeah, hell yeah  
Word up, I use a chrome gat to push domes back  
Watch how you talk when you call me, Feds got my phone tapped  
This rap game, I put my life in it, chain got  
mega ice in it, push an Infinite, chrome rims, light tinted  
You can see pal, it's all about me now  
Twenty G's a show bitch three thou just to freestyle  
I made this cheese it didn't grow on trees  
Can you hold somethin? Sure, you can hold on these  
Yo I'm fat like the old Cray-on, smooth as Rayon  
L is who the ladies stay on, baby play on  
I stay jeweled up, pockets swelled up from banks I held up  
Plenty bitch-ass niggaz Big L stuck  
I never catch cold feet when I hold heat  
We roll deep, with the Triple Black dogs in their old jeep  
I catch a fag three o'clock in the morn  
On the block all alone and put the glock to his dome  
Tell him "Give it up quick, you nitwit, don't try to get slick  
Or I'm a let this four-fifth spit and leave your shit split"  
Prick, it ain't nothing decent about me  
A true thug for real, you can ask the precinct about me  
A rap junkie, don't try to play me like some flunky  
Jewels be chunky, pockets lumpy, attitude grumpy  
And mad niggaz be fronting the life  
Popping mad shit, trying to be something they not  
Your faggot ass better stay to dancing, don't even look at me  
I might break your jaw just for glancing  
I'm sick like Manson  
In '97 Harlem kids is blowing  
And we don't trip, we'll let a bitch starve til her ribs are showing

Word, check it out check it out check it out  
Bust it  
MC's get taught a lesson  
when the mic is in my possession  
Rap's my profession L is nice, no question  
It's a fact I stay geared you shouldn't beweaed  
That I'm feared cause my raps are rougher  
than a nappy (?)  
I cook rappers like a chef  
I'm def like Jeff right to left  
My raps are better than Morgan (?)  
With niggaz deaths I'm the number one suspect

Cause I catch much wreck specially when I'm upset  
Suckers I'm a stiggedy star breakin' them mother and takin' they heart  
You better believe Big L is a matter be rippin' the microphones apart  
I hold the forty right because I'm the naughty type  
When I strike the mic niggaz be like shorty hype  
I'm smoother than Velvet my lyrics is well writ'  
You sayin' L's this and L's that kid or L did  
Rhymes I create and I couch ya whole crew  
Battlin' me is like fightin' on the river in a phonebooth  
I wreck mics and rock the cool speech  
cause nowadays rappers think they motherfuckin' schoolteachers  
One two, one two, rappers I run through  
Fuck Corati I crack his gun fool  
The Big L is an assasinator  
I grab the mack and leave a fag leakin' like activator  
I'm the nigga that you never even thought of beatin'  
black white or puerto rican  
I'm gonna slaughter each an'  
every crap MC that warms up  
when a battle comes up  
give me two thumbs up  
Peace