

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 bewearied
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