

## 7 Minute Freestyle

Big L

Yo, check it  
Yo, I got slugs for snitches  
No love for bitches  
Puttin thugs in ditches  
When my trigger finger itches  
I got a rep that make police jet  
Known to get a priest wet  
I never beg for pussy like Keith Sweat  
Is Big L slow? Hell no  
Bitches get fucked on the roof when I ain't got no hotel dough  
I'm known for yoking jacks  
And beatin them with smoking gats  
Leavin token blacks with broken backs and open caps  
So with that bullshit, step to the rear son  
The last thing you want with Big L is a fair one  
Cause in a street brawl, I strike men like lightning  
You see what happened in my last fight friend?  
Aight then  
I beat kids with lead pipes  
I leave a trail of dead mic's  
Where I'm from, niggaz jewels get ran like red lights  
Old folks get mugged and raided  
Crimes are drug related  
And we live by the street rules that thugs created  
Clowns get smoked about a thousand volts  
For selling pounds of coke  
Front in this town and get a tech stuck down your throat  
I'm tellin you shit is about to get drastic soon  
I'm quick to blast a goon  
And break a motherfucker like a plastic spoon  
I got the looks that make your hotty stare  
I keep a shotty near  
It's the nigga with notty hair who Gotti fear  
Tracks I'm know to roast  
Until the microphone is ghost  
Props I own the most  
I'm leaving niggaz comatose  
Front and get your brain pinched  
Big L will have your whole gang lynched  
I started smoking dust and been insane since  
This rap shit was a great gift  
The other night some snake rified  
And got a hot lead face lift  
All through high school I had braids  
I kept mad blades  
Stabbing teachers to death that gave me bad grades  
I cook the mic like a beef steak  
Cause my techniques great  
And I'm the nigga police hate in each state  
Cause I'm the neighborhood lamper  
Punk brother vumper  
Fuck around you'll find my silk boxers in your mother's hamper  
Cops drop when my glock makes a pow sound  
I'm from a whyle town  
You know my style clown, so bow down  
  
Brothers can beg and borrow

Still feel sorrow  
When Jay-Z, like Zorro, get in that ass  
Better luck tomorrow  
I'm too much, nigga, so never should you rush  
You need slow down, or get your ass tore down  
Check it out, I'm too cocky  
To stop me, you gotta kill me  
And when I'm gone, you can still feel me  
On the real, B  
The shit is eternal, I rock the Heavens well  
Even if they won't let me in Heaven  
I raise hell, till its Heaven  
Recognize, the black cat with the nine lives  
Get up off me, nigga, its bad luck to cross me  
I'm poppin Crystal, shooting game like missiles  
As projected, all ho's affected by this style  
I mack like Goldie, go back like the oldies  
But the goody, pullin R&B bitches wearin hoodies  
They don't be knowin the way I be flowin  
When I be goin, I be running the track like Jesse Owens  
I disrupt the natural scheme  
The way that you do things wit a swing and have em rockin like