

8 Iz Enuff

Big L

Yo, my crew is in the house
Terra, Herb Mcgruff, Buddah bless
Big twan, Killa Kam, Trooper J, and Mike Boogie
And I'ma set it like this

Aiyo, folks who quote what I wrote get choked
You better surrender before you get smoked
You niggas be thinkin' this kid is a joke?
I put chumps to rest fast, when my Smith Wes' blast
So just dash or trespass and get your chest smashed

Rap New York rules, I sport jewels and extort crews
Don't get me pissed, I got a short fuse
I go bezerk when I put in work or do dirt, jerk
So stay alert, no smoke, 'cause these knuckles hurt
I'm from the alley, not the valley

I'm hotter than Cali, wicked like Harry
And fuck Sally, I rather marry Halle
I revive crowds with live styles, don't hang with jive pals
Adios, ghost, I'm 5 thous'
Well, I'm flav, and I was down with the crime wave

Now it's time saved, yo, 'cause now I'm a rhyme slave
In '87 I sold cracks, collected some dough stacks
Hold gats, a joker got his soul taxed
N O rated, rappers you no made it
Tell the terra to rotate it, his raps are gold plated

This nigga Terra is past butter, sharp like a glass cutter
Ass brother, I leave your rhyme trash gutter
I'm more rare, the MC in this warfare
Put you in a morgue where it's too late for that Lord prayer
Power struck, Terra drops the follow up
Sour luck, niggas got and popped and swallow nuts

For those that don't know, yo, I'm Herb Mcgruff
I'm on some murder stuff
And when I talk every word is ruff
Front on this and get beat bad
With big bats that bruise, break bones
Then wind up bloody in a bodybag

MC's are live, but I'm mad liver
Aiyo, my rhymes are more funky than a Afghan cab driver
Step to this and get sliced with ease
Ate up like rice and peas
(Herb, can you fight?)
Yo, I'm nice with these

Ask the nigga in my last 'bout
He thought I just was on some gun shit, I had to knock his ass out
Microphones I gotta tear
Peace to big l, straight from Hell
I'm the fuck up outta here

Aiyo, it's time to get drastic, but God bless the fantastic

Herb passed it, now I melt the mic like it's plastic
I rag crews 'cause I'm bad news
In a mad move I'm servin' brothers quicker than fast food
Step to this and get your body blown

'Cause I'm a nomaticom for poems I slide the hotties home
Here's some advice, I'm mad nice
Aiyo, I'm quick to lick the mag twice and cold take a fag's life
My swellin' melon got niggas jealin'
Aiyo, fuck bribes, I'm takin' niggas lives like a felon

Yo, I bust chumps like a glock 10, when I drops in
The top ten is rocked when it's locked in
I just abuse the flow, don't need a fuse to blow
Bruise the groove slow, when I rhyme I just kill the show
I got lines that's deeper than a jail
Been no frail, kids get nailed and read Braille when they fail

Yeah, ain't I nasty, too nasty to trash me
Bash me, aiyo, that's dead, so don't ask me
You'd get bumped off if beef ever jumped off
I never come soft, I gotta pump that sawed off
And when I let slugs out, you will get rugged out
For dissin', you come up missin' like a cup scout

Rappers be funny like flesh, 'cause they section's 80 slaughter, son
Talk about nines and tecs, and never shot a watergun
But Killa Kam, I get erratic when it comes to static
There you have it, a trigger fanatic with a automatic
Increase the peace that cease 'cause once I release

My crew from the east, we leavin' at least
20 police deceased, it's the beast on attack
So make tracks, I break backs
I jack with def gats and black macs
On lennox ave ain't no light looks, you fight crooks
Left and right hooks, if you front, get your life took

I'm havin' nail sharp pains in my brain like a hellraiser
I'm blazin' trails from jail cells, so a trailblazer
Who find crime and fill the nine with nothin' but lead
Boom, bye, bye, dem find another batty boy dead
In backyard alleys, but I call 'em crackyard valleys

And I pack more rallys than riots back in cali
And people wanna know the reason why I blow my fuse
I'm in a daze and I'm so confused
From seein' heads shake so many times the lead make
And Mike Boogie's next up, and keep my head straight

I should never rhyme 'cause every time I step into a contest
Kids evacuate the premises like it's a bomb threat
'Cause they know when I start droppin' poems
That I be knockin' domes, poppin' bones and
Sendin' niggas, hoppin' home
Word to god, it's kinda hard for a fag to touch this

So if you're comin' to see me, nigga, bring a cask' and crutches
And niggas, I dont' need a gun for you, none of you
'Cause I can kill you dead with the lead from my no 2
And it's death in every paragraph
And niggas learn when I burn they muthafuckin' ass to ash
No need to question am I nice, 'cause it's a fact, friend

I shoot the gift like santa clause with a mac 10
And niggas ain't half as nice, so they get sacrificed
And sent to the afterlife, they ain't no match for Mike
Now I'm bout to skate in a rush, just finished makin' it tough
Peace to big l, aiyo, 8 is enough
True, true

And before I get up outta here
I gotta say peace to D whiz and short man
Brothers that was there since the beginning
What's up to rockin' wheel from the hard pack crew
Peace to mase murder and the B B O crew

The best out crew, the M and M crew
And all the other crews that's representin' in Harlem
You know what I'm sayin'? And last but not least
I gotta say peace to the 139th street N F L crew
My crew, word up