

## '98 Freestyle

Big L

One-two, one-two  
Kinda tired..  
Big L, 'bout ta.. get into some shit  
Aight check it out

Yo, fuck all the glammers and glitz, I plan to get rich  
I'm from New York and never was a fan of the Knicks  
And I'm all about expandin my chips  
You mad cause I was in the van with your bitch  
with both hands on her tits  
Corleone hold the throne, that you know in your heart  
I got style, plus the way that I be flowin is sharp  
A while back I used to hustle, sellin blow in the park  
Countin G stacks and rockin ice that glow in the dark  
Forever - hottie huntin, trigger temper I'm quick to body somethin  
You lookin at me like I'm probably frontin  
I fuck around and throw, three in your chest and flee to my rest  
I'm, older and smarter this is me at my best  
I stopped hangin around y'all, cause niggaz like you  
be prayin on my downfall, hopin I flop  
Hopin I stop, you probably even hope I get locked  
or be on the street corner with a pipe, smokin the rock  
I got more riches than you, fuck more bitches than you  
Only thing I haven't got is more, stitches than you  
Fuckin punk, you ain't a +Leader+ what? Nobody +Follow-ed+ you  
You was never shit, your mother shoulda swallowed you  
(Mmmm.. WHOO!) You on some tagalong flunkie yes man shit  
Do me a favor, please get off the next man dick  
And if you think I can't fuck with whoever, put your money up  
Put your jewels up, no fuck it put your honey up  
Put your raggedy house up nigga, or shut your mouth up  
before I buck lead, and make a lot of blood shed  
Turn your tux red, I'm far from broke, got enough bread  
And mad hoes, ask Beavis I get nuttin Butt-head  
{\*laughter\*} My game is, vicious and cool  
Fuckin chicks is a rule  
If my girl think I'm loyal then that bitch is a fool  
How come, you can listen to my first album  
and tell where a lot of niggaz got they whole style from?  
(YEAH!) So what you actin for?  
You ain't half as raw, you need to practice more  
Somebody tell this nigga sum'un, 'fore I crack his jaw  
You runnin with boys, I'm runnin with men  
I'ma be rippin the mics until I'm a hundred and ten  
Have y'all niggaz like, "Damn it this nigga done done it again"  
I throw slugs at idi-ots, no love for city cops  
I sport a pretty watch, eight-hundred and fifty rocks  
I'm makin wonderful figures  
I don't fuck with none of you niggaz  
I might pull out this gun on your niggaz  
and rob every last one of you niggaz

YEAHHH!

I'm TIRED

For somebody tired, that wasn't, that wasn't too bad!