

'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!