

# All Black

Big L

Yo once again it's the Big L, that kid who got much props  
From killin corrupt cops, with motherfuckin buck shots  
So don't step to this, cause I got a live crew  
You might be kinda big but they make coffins yo' size too  
I was taught wise, I'm known to extort guys  
This ain't Cali, it's Harlem nigga we do walkbys  
No one can match me, tax me or wax me  
If you want me to write you some raps G just ask me  
Cause on the shelf is where your LP cold stood  
Because it was no good, that shit ain't even go wood  
I'm not the type to take sluts out, I just fuck they guts out  
Get my nuts out, then break the fuck out  
Me being a virgin, that's idiotic  
Cause if Big L got the AIDS every cutie in the city got it  
Once a nigga tried to stick me for six G's  
And I put more holes in his ass than swiss cheese

(Thugs better scat when the gat goes click-clack)  
Or I'm a have your family dressed in all black

I steal lives like a stone thief, so leave me alone chief  
Or catch a buck shot to your domepiece  
I must warn, I got it goin on, word is bond  
Ducks be gettin thrown off platforms like P.M. Dawn  
I'm catchin bodies like a villain's supposed to  
And I squeeze triggers, not just on niggaz but hoes too  
So don't try to test me, cause I can't stand test-es  
Fuck around, I'll introduce you to your ancestors  
Step to this and get left with a face full of tears, pal  
But man you've been rappin for years now  
And ain't made a hit yet, you flop in a split sec  
In the shower's the only time you get your dick wet  
I roll with scary crews, I come out of wars barely bruised  
I'm puttin motherfuckers on the Daily News  
I was a gangsta from the git-go  
Leavin fags in bodybags with tags on they big toe

Yo ever since I was young, I ripped mics and I killed beats  
And I'm known to milk freaks and hit em on silk sheets  
No dame can give me a bad name, I got mad fame  
I'm quick to put a slug in a fag brain  
I be placin snitches inside lakes and ditches  
And if I catch AIDS, then I'm a start rapin bitches  
I'm all about makin papes kid  
I killed my mother with a shovel just like Norman Bates did  
My old man in the past, stuck me up without a mask  
Then his ass cold dashed with my cash fast  
Fifty G's is what the creep stole; so the next day  
Knocked on his door and shot his granny through the peephole  
That's the type of shit I'm on, word is bond  
Got it goin on, from the break of dawns to the early morn'  
You know my style I'm wild, comin straight out of Harlem pal  
It's Big L, the motherfuckin Problem Child

This goes out to all y'all bitch-ass niggaz  
So if your mother ain't ready for a funeral, don't FUCK with me  
Cause I know a good way to get your family together

And I ain't talkin bout a reunion motherfucker  
Yo, I'm bout to sign out, but before I go  
I gotta say peace to the NFL crew, you know who you are  
And all y'all niggaz talkin that gun shit  
And won't bust a rhyme, stop fakin the funk!  
Word, I'm bout to get up out of here  
Yo I'm out B, yo peace man  
I gotta get this money  
So all y'all niggaz on my hitlist get your suits ready  
Hahahaha!