

# American Dream

Big L

(check it, Yo!)

Crooked corrupted criminal crime boss with cream  
cocaine hustler, blowing out the brains of busters  
being my mansion, chilling inhalin the ganja smoke  
counting mad cream, weighin tons of coke  
guarded by thugs and rottweilers  
I flood the streets with drugs and clock dollars  
niggas get plugged when my glock collers  
skunk smokers, philly and aisle ripper  
cristal sipper, I've been a willy for awhile nigga  
'Gruff got hoes, the man with all the nachos  
expensive hot clothes, drop top Rolls  
east coast west coast fiends overdose  
'Gruff get the cream with my team and I'm ghost

This money be temptin me, to jump out the MPV, empty 3  
clips of hollow tips with no sympathy  
since 14 I sold morphine for more green  
kept open a nautica coat under the draw sting  
and watched out for cops, squad cars, and beamerz  
and laundry ninas  
flea the country to Argentina  
laid back in the beach (yeah)  
coastin with commuters  
smokin the buddahs, on the cruiseline boat to Aruba  
for awhile yo, pump the vowel so, I can pile dough  
then become a Harlem Kingpin just like Al Po'  
get paid so, I can lay low, in San Diego  
with yay-o so I can ship it out whenever I say so

Yo! Makin' this money is the American Dream  
East Coast to West Coast you know what I mean  
Whether its Uptown, Downtown you pick the scene  
you gots to get your own scheme  
We ain't splitin this cream

Yo! Imma run hestrically, till they bury me, count numerically  
hills of Beverly, more grands than cherokee  
president like Eric B., and Rakim  
Drug game I'm top ten, locked in , right now its not an option  
and those who creep, got the Mac in the heat  
they got the 5 inch screens in the back of the seat  
and now they got to steady braggin  
last year, had me saggin', wasn't ready when heavy  
was back tossed me in the paddywagon  
but ain't nobody out here stoppin love  
cause we was 12 years old in the Cotton Club, poppin Bub  
so Hall of Fame without the fortune, Goddamn you wrong  
Killa kid Kama'Ron surviving in the Amazon

Yo! I leave you dazed and froze  
with all kinds of amazing flows  
money surrounded I counted with bathing with Asian Hoes  
back home niggas is after me  
I'm back to sea sippin daquiri's  
coke factory, fiends baggin up crack for me  
from cutting up rocks to investing in stocks

nautica yachts, and knots busting outa my socks  
now thats bloods play the chub  
all the ladies love me, they hate who made me hubby  
behind my back they say my babys ugly  
each night I sleep, with freaks with Lamborghini, jeeps  
neighbors be sneaking peeks, how my semen leaks, between the sheets  
mess up my loot, I cut your collars, Juan  
cause these is modern times, and the only thing I see is dollar signs

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Check It!

To be sittin clean, in the mean beams is every teams dream  
Big L's a Cream Fiend, with more green than Springsteen  
yo know I'm crazy quick to smack a groupie  
I'm known to mack a hoochie, do I got stacks of lucci?  
Harlem Kids is known for felonies, and sellin keys, pushin 300z's  
Gee-Es- 3's, and puffin trees, these Gees breeze while Dee-Tees  
be yellin freeze, we stash cheese while keepin pockets full of centuries  
Aye-Yo I'm set for the rest of my life  
Some clown that laid the threat cause I had sex with his wife  
I stuck my tool to his brain, so that fool can get slain  
nigga, yo' bitch choose me, you know the rules to the game

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Yea What?

Harlem on the Rise  
Blood shed  
Killa Kam  
Six Figures  
Cee-O-Cee  
Chuck Blassie  
My Man man Mase, the Bad Boy  
uptown  
McGruff  
Big L  
139  
NFL  
14