I'm comin through y'all, with the glock buckin
Ya whole block duckin
Every bitch that I'm fuckin with now is cock suckin
It's like I'm allergic to not fuckin
Ya niggaz is faggots like Rock Hudson and Boy George
I destroy broads with one verse
Nigga we could knuckle up or we could let the guns burst
L is the type, to murder your son first, to get my point across

Since y'all wanna chit or chat with the powers Y'all might as well join The Force Where I'm from believe me, snitches get killed Niggaz be hustlin daily tryna fuck more bitches than Wilt Takin pitchers in silk, gayed it up Passport: dated up, hair braided up I fucked ya bitch but I ain't rape the slut she gave it up I runnin with Wop, you runnin wit me, we runnin together We get drunk and blunted together But don't front, the guns is under the leather Ready to ill, ready to kill, ready to peel Steppin to Corle' you better be real Cuz none of my niggaz be lettin me chill My crew be deliverin hot lead When gats are clenched rappers I clap and lynch Nobody can fuck with the way I be killin up shit in rap events It's like, soon as I pick up a mic and start flowin the people yell I'm rugged as hell Brothers can tell, that none of y'all niggaz is fuckin with L When I'm that nigga ya expect, to catch wreck on any cassette deck I'm so ahead of my time my parents haven't met yet