

## Size 'Em Up

Big L

Hey yo, the streets love me, man  
And I love the streets  
So I know ya ain't think I was comin' with some fruitcake shit  
Ya know me better than that

Ayo, I shoulda been out  
I'm deadly when I pull the pin out  
Keep frontin', I'ma try yo' chin out  
I knocked a lot of men out  
I left 'em on the floor spittin' phlegm out  
It's either that or I'ma squeeze the gat and pop ten out  
You see ?codione?, ice spinnin', jiggged out, white linen  
And if a bitch don't like me she must like women  
Every time I come around you see your wife grinnin'  
Don't be mad 'cuz yo' career's in the ninth innin'  
It's over now, nigga, leave the game  
I'm from the danger zone where emcees get slain  
We're thugs that never hesitate to squeeze the flame  
We're niggaz be takin' drugs just to ease the pain  
Hustlers flip cokey, 48 Hours like Nick Nolte  
When I was OT your bitch rode me  
First day home I dived in it  
Left her thighs dented  
Now that bitch be pagin' me every five minutes  
Emcees I squash and disgrace, it's all about the Benjis  
So why your bills got Washington's face?  
A lot of cats be frontin'  
Made singles wit' a fifty on top  
L tryin' to have the city on lock  
Peace to Biggie and Pac 'cuz they really were hot  
Rap game, heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer wit' us  
Niggaz wanna be L, ladies wanna see L  
If I go to jail you'll wear a shirt sayin' "Free L!"  
What

Word up man, them niggaz is hungry  
They ready to bite a nigga arm off

All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?  
See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us  
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit' us?  
And the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up

Ayo, I hear a lot of bitch in your talk  
See a lot of switch in your walk  
Only thugs get rich in New York  
Time is runnin' out  
Niggaz like, "L, when you comin' out?"  
Because they sick of all this drag queen shit  
Your wife's missin', I'm the nigga she was last seen wit'  
Me and Ron hit it up on some tag team shit  
A buncha niggaz got smoked for the cash  
Used to ride Greyhounds wit' dime holes and stuff the coke in they ass  
Crazy beef's got provoked in the past, lot of wigs got split  
A lot of innocent kids got hit  
Harlem World be the place of my borough, believe me son  
We breed the smoothest niggaz on the face of the earth

Mics I steadily smoke, rhymes cleverly wrote  
As long as I can rock a crowd I'ma never be broke  
Some hoes treated me like a bum nerve when I was unheard  
Now I'm icey, I ain't gotta say one word, you dumb bird  
I push whips while you walk all day  
And I hate when strange niggaz wanna talk all day  
Clown ass shit, hate to be around that shit  
You don't know me, just say whatsup, gimme a pound, that's it  
When I was at the steak house, pullin' cake out  
You was at some cheap Chinese shit gettin' take out  
How you make out, you took the fake route, you oughta break out  
You couldn't get a bitch before you put your tape out  
What

Fuckin' punks  
Niggaz like you will get robbed everyday

Yeah  
Flamboyant Entertainment  
Big L, Rondell  
You know how we do  
One time  
Can't forget my partner  
Big brother, Big Lee, holdin' it down  
The overseer  
Flamboyant