

Stretch & Bobbito '92

Big L

Word, check it out, check it out
Check it out, bust it

M.C.'s get taught a lesson when the mic is in my po-session
Rap's my pro-fession, L is nice. No question
It's a fact I stay geared it shouldn't be weird
that I'm feared, cuz my raps are roughed than a nappy beard
I cook rappers like a chef
I'm +Def+ like +Jeff+, right to left
My raps are badder than mornin breath
For niggaz deaths I'm the number one suspect
cuz I catch much wreck, 'specially when I'm upset
Suckers I'm a stick of they start
Breakin 'em up and then takin they heart
You better believe that Big L is the man that be rippin the mic
rophones
apart
I hold a 40 right because I'm the naughty type
When I strike the mic, niggaz be like, "Shorty hype!"
I'm smoother than velvet, my lyrics is well writ'
You sayin L's dis and L's dat, get off L dick
Rhymes I create and knock out ya gold tooth
Battlin me's like fightin a gorilla in a phone booth
I wreck mics and drop the cool speeches
Nowadays rappers think they motherfuckin school teachers
1-2, 1-2, Rappers I run through
Fuck Karate, I practice Gun-Fu
The Big L is an assassinator
I grab the mag and leave a fag leakin like Activator
I'm the nigga that you never even thought of beatin
Black, white, or Puerto Rican
I'm could slaughter each an'
every crab M.C. that runs up when the battle comes up
Gimme two thumbs up
Peace