

# The Triboro

Big L

Phenomenon O.C.

Big L, one-three-nine, baby

Diggin' In The Crates

Yeah yeah, this is Joe the God, Terror Squad reppin

Yo, yo, yo

I'm from a place where them niggaz don't, talk no shit

Where them wigs get split, where the guns forever click

Where the track stars come to warm up for a race

Blue and whites ride by and niggaz yell, "Fuck them Jakes"

So much respect, I can lay dough on the floor

Walk away and come back without cats runnin' off

I'm a model hoe's wet dream, in her sleep

Performin' X-rated fuck scenes, me goin' deep

O.C. the Starchild, let your cameras record

I'm like a man bein' honored at the Grammy awards

I pitch lines like fastballs

Mush-out, rap my ass off

Knuckle gaze crumblin' your glass jaw

Supreme figure, drink liquor, what team thicker?

"The Big Picture" be the motherfuckin' theme nigga

Flamboyant forever, this is how it goes

Pray we don't clap your way when the gats explode

Where Brooklyn at?

Yo, B-K don't play

Harlem World

Where niggaz get the money all day

Boogie down Bronx, specialize in gunplay

Triboro, so thorough, always

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Where I'm from, dudes get sliced, 'cuz crews is trife

And you might lose your life for your jewels and ice

I'ma slide to the telly and abuse your wife

If I got one rubber, I'ma use it twice

I give young fools advice about the rules of heist

When I rock 'gators, hoes be like, "Them shoes is nice"

Dimes I'm willin' to hit, I stay drillin' a chick

They all know I ain't shit, but they still on my dick

And I never walk the streets without the vest and the chrome

'Cuz all my jewels be Rocky like Sylvester Stallone

I blast the tech at your dome to leave you restin' alone

Go home and puff a fat bag of sess 'til I'm gone

You got this nigga frontin' like he the main event

When his album ain't even last long, it came and went

I'm like Gotti to him, I throw the shotty to him

Niggaz don't want it with L, they like, "Anybody but him"

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Hoodied down with the mac, Boogie down where it's at  
Fuck around, hear the sound of the gats  
Wanna clown we react, fuck that  
Do you know what you do when you fool with Joey Crack?  
I'm coke on the streets, I'm open for beef  
I'm hopin' you reach so we can go with the heat  
I'm like a nigga that you just can't kill  
Niggaz spittin' that hot shit, but just ain't real  
It's like you muh'fuckers frontin' for me

Nuttin' to see, when I'm the one you wantin' to be  
Lovin' the stee', come through plush in the V  
Got niggaz mad 'cuz they pain while we fuckin' for free  
Make Trizz a household, live what I told  
I only speak that true shit that I know  
Besides y'all don't want it with us  
A hundred or plus, killers that be livin' to bust  
What the fuck?

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Yo, Remi so crazy, rhymes be blazin'  
Styles just switch like hips on gay men  
Trips to the Cayman, rich and famous  
Rhymes so hot my spit be flamin'  
Benz be rimmed up, doo be pinned up  
Bitch talk slick whole crew get hemmed up  
My shit drastic, all type of tactics  
Rip shit flip shit spit shit backwards

Screw you, don't let the pretty face fool you  
I kick shit like kung-fu and I, jam like guns do  
You got one, I want two like water, I run through  
Pyscho, make you wanna change your whole mic flow  
Floss it, givin' bitches lyrical abortions  
Stay cautioned, my first shit was just a lil' portion  
I come back with more shit, playback some raw shit

You can't rock, so I'ma take your spot make you forfeit

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