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Check it out now
Big L, Corleone
Flamboyant Entertainment
One love to my big brother Big Lee, holdin it down from the ins
ide right now
When you come home it's on
Herb McGruff, Universal, Harlem World shit
139 & Lennox shit, "Danger Zone" shit
Check it out
I be twistin' bitches alot, have 'em sit on this cock
I wasn't prepared for this I wrote my shit on the spot
I be droppin' like early August late July
With tracks that will make you cry, hate you die
Stop frontin' you got no dough
Mighta had but not no mo', you mad 'cause I knocked yo' hoe
While cops watch me, I got cats that watch po po
My block loco, don't need a crew I rock solo
On wit my nigga Gruff, these faggot niggaz ain't as rich as us
I need chicks to lust, smoke my weed mixed with dust
Go ahead and let your crew soup you up
And the ambulance gon' have to come and scoop you up
Fuck what my last sold, my new shit is goin' past gold
And if you don't agree you's a asshole
Mark my word, you gon' make pump the berg
And spark this herb, 'till homicide chalk the curb, you heard
I never hesitate to buck my gun
Harlem World, y'all know where the fuck I'm from
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