

7 Minute Freestyle

Big L

(Big L)
Yo, check it
Yo, I got slugs for snitches
No love for bitches
Puttin thugs in ditches
When my trigger finger itches
I got a rep that make police jet
Known to get a priest wet
I never beg for pussy like Keith Sweat
Is Big L slow? Hell no
Bitches get fucked on the roof when I ain't got no hotel dough
I'm known for yoking jacks
And beatin them with smoking gats
Leavin token blacks with broken backs and open caps
So with that bullshit, step to the rear son
The last thing you want with Big L is a fair one
Cause in a street brawl, I strike men like lightning
You see what happened in my last fight friend?
Aight then
I beat kids with lead pipes
I leave a trail of dead mic's
Where I'm from, niggaz jewels get ran like red lights
Old folks get mugged and raided
Crimes are drug related
And we live by the street rules that thugs created
Clowns get smoked about a thousand volts
For selling pounds of coke
Front in this town and get a tech stuck down your throat
I'm tellin you shit is about to get drastic soon
I'm quick to blast a goon
And break a motherfucker like a plastic spoon
I got the looks that make your hotty stare
I keep a shotty near
It's the nigga with notty hair who Gotti fear
Tracks I'm know to roast
Until the microphone is ghost
Props I own the most
I'm leaving niggaz comatose
Front and get your brain pinched
Big L will have your whole gang lynched
I started smoking dust and been insane since
This rap shit was a great gift
The other night some snake rified
And got a hot lead face lift
All through high school I had braids
I kept mad blades
Stabbing teachers to death that gave me bad grades
I cook the mic like a beef steak
Cause my techniques great
And I'm the nigga police hate in each state
Cause I'm the neighborhood lamper
Punk brother vumper
Fuck around you'll find my silk boxers in your mother's hamper
Cops drop when my glock makes a pow sound
I'm from a whyle town
You know my style clown, so bow down

(Jay-Z)
Brothers can beg and borrow
Still feel sorrow
When Jay-Z, like Zorro, get in that ass
Better luck tomorrow
I'm too much, nigga, so never should you rush
You need slow down, or get your ass tore down
Check it out, I'm too cocky
To stop me, you gotta kill me
And when I'm gone, you can still feel me
On the real, B
The shit is eternal, I rock the Heavens well
Even if they won't let me in Heaven
I raise hell, till its Heaven
Recognize, the black cat with the nine lives
Get up off me, nigga, its bad luck to cross me
I'm poppin Crystal, shooting game like missiles
As projected, all ho's affected by this style
I mack like Goldie, go back like the oldies
But the goody, pullin R&B bitches wearin hoodies
They don't be knowin the way I be flowin
When I be goin, I be running the track like Jesse Owens
I disrupt the natural scheme
The way that you do things wit a swing and have em rockin like