

# Holdin' It Down

Big L

Yea yeah, Flamboyant Entertainment (no doubt)  
Yo, y'all fellas like to stress them chicks  
Impress them chicks, spend money to dress them chicks  
I sex them chicks and send them home  
Corleone is known to be stoned  
When I bone, I'm rubbered up in case that shit full blown  
The other night around 8 P.M.  
Pockets crazy slim, jumped out the gray BM  
Went to the ATM, took a thou' out  
then later on I had to wild out  
In the club, knock some coward and his pal out  
Then afterwards went to the restroom, pissed Cristal out  
Now I'm thinkin - which chick number I could dial out  
Cause it's L, the Harlem pimp baby, for real  
I got more dimes than that Sprint lady  
And that's ill, playa haters be givin me harsh looks  
but I'm tryin to sell records like Garth Brooks  
So eff 'em all, when it's cold I throw the skelly on  
Illegal chips keep my celly on  
Mega-ice is what I'm heavy on  
If it ain't Cristal boo, I guess it's Perignon  
If the na-na's too tight, I throw some jelly on  
Yo try to tax and watch the nine mill burst  
I've been off the scene over three years  
and cats is still thirst - to hear Big L drop an ill verse  
So all you unsigned cats that want to battle;  
get a deal first - I sport the bulletproof, fitted hat  
That attitude - you better get rid of that  
Wherever you floss is where you gon' get it at  
What? I stay strapped, I go to sleep with my steel  
Makin figures while you broke cats keepin it real  
L is rap's most livest cat  
I'm gettin stacks while you askin people,  
"Do you want fries with that?"  
I rob bags in the staircase, no mask, bare-faced  
The one police wouldn't dare chase  
Keep my gear laced - do I walk around without papes? No way pal  
Word up - my money longer than the OJ trial

Harlem world keep holdin it down, for Big L  
Nigga long overdue - niggaz wanna know,  
do you still got it got it? ("It's so amazin'!")  
Yeah yeah yeah.. Harlem world keep holdin it down, for Big L  
Nigga long overdue - niggaz wanna know,  
do you still got it got it? ("It's so amazin'!")

Stan Spit, yo, uh  
Yo what the hell y'all can tell Spit? Not shit  
I did a flick and bounced on L's shit  
Well shit, expect me to go platinum  
That's the only reason why I'm rappin  
And since L passed, niggaz expect me to make it happen  
with no release date, I sell in each state  
I'm the type to drive to Philly, for a cheesesteak  
So what I'm a Harlem king, doin my thing  
My name ring - chains and dames what the fame bring  
After platinum it's the same thing

And niggaz'll never learn  
til I pull the steel and make they lover burn  
You don't get another turn, game's over  
Here's my flamethrower  
Rearrange your Rover, Harlem soldier  
Wait til I get older - and we won't stop  
I thought Mase told ya  
Nigga Stan he do what he gotta  
And these haters can't do me nada  
Be in Nevada, with a lot of enchilada

Yo, yo move the fuck, A bring the heat, when I touch tracks  
These niggaz beef then wanna chill? Fuck that  
These rap niggaz with the mills, we deduct that  
I asked all my ghetto cats, where my love at  
Now where the brews, and the drugs at?  
Corrupt cats kept slug hats  
Asked the feds where the bugs at  
Puff with the dread, cause I puff black  
High, til I die, and you can trust that  
All I wanna know - is the club packed?  
I see the haters sweatin shorty, but I dug that  
She put my nutsac, back where her lungs at - little hoe  
And them niggaz who owe, give up that  
Huh, it's me and Corle', like Eddie and OT  
Go 'head and provoke me  
Heard you rap, wanna rhyme? Better be dope B  
Still "Diggin", still livin, still givin  
y'all the ill written, still fuckin like Bill Clinton