

## M.V.P.

Big L

Aiyyo spark up the phillies and pass the stout  
Making quick money grip before your ass is out  
In a street brawl, I strike men quicker than lightnin  
You seen what happened in my last fight friend? Aight  
then

L's a clever threat, a lyricist who never sweat  
Comparing yourself to me is like a Benz to a  
chevrolette

And clown rappers I'm bound to slay  
I'm saying hi to all the cuties from around the way  
Yeah, cause I got all of them sprung Jack  
My girls are like boomer-rangs  
No matter how far I throw them, they come back  
I'm coming straight out the N.Y.C.  
I'm down with diggin in the crates  
And I'm M.V.P.

If rap was a game I'll be M.V.P.  
The most valuable poet on the M.I.C.

Yo it's a must that I get papes  
Peace to all the DJ's who gave me love on they mix  
tapes  
And once again the man's back with a dance track  
So here's your chance jack to get loose and let your  
hands clap  
I got juice like boco, mad crews I broke through  
brotha's be mad cause I hit more chicks than they spoke  
to  
And everytime I'm in a jam I always find a loophole  
I got a crime record longer than Manute Bol  
And my raps is unbelievable like aliens and flying  
saucers  
No more iron horses cause I'm buying Porsches  
I'm coming straight out the NYC peace to the Kid Carpi,  
I'm M.V.P.

Battles I lose none I make crews run  
I get fools done, got ten fingers but only use one  
My run is like Machine Gun Kelly, with a black skully  
Put one in your belly, leave you smelly, then take your  
Pelle Pelle  
I'm the neighborhood lampor, punani vamper, mess around  
you'll find  
My silkboxers in your mommy's hamper  
And nowadays girls want you for your money  
I'm like Hev, I got nothing but love for you honey  
And yes I'm living slick and my pockets are thick  
I need surgery to get chicks removed from my (chill)  
I'm coming straight out the N.Y.C., raps my J.O.B., and  
I'm M.V.P.