

Now Or Never

Big L

It's time to make power moves and get the chedda.
And buy the real nice things that makes life betta.
No foolish acts, moves must be clever.
I'm down for whatever, I gotta blow son, is now or never.

I walk through the ruggedest blocks with jewels flooded with rocks.
Hustlin on hot corners that be smuggled with cops.
I was sworn for harlem, true roach don.
Word bond, we leave mics torn.
Ya'll brothers slept too long, now it's on.
L Corleone will neva flop.
Records are forever hot.
Front on me you better not.
I keep the barreta cocked.
This goes out to my people's up town.
Downtown, mid town, across town, and outta town.
You see me flossin often, at all the club sites.
At the bars buyin crystals like they bud lights.
My style is hard like strong lumber.
Dime pieces get the digits chicken heads get the wrong number.

Yo I announce spacks.
When I get busy over bounce tracks.
Droppin lethal raps so wack so I can count stacks.
I keep a heavy knot, got a spot on every block.
Hunnies that's very hot.
And sent to the mary yacht.
95 was a beautiful year for L.
Now I'm back and all the ladies still cheer for L.
Whatever I write is gonna be tight.
Cause if makin hits is wrong I don't wanna be right.
Never the less, the east is were my crew rest.
We bust caps that go through vests.
We only do what we do best.
And that's cripplin you brittle men.
Since you wanna play rough, then say hello to my little friend.

I like drop tops when it's hot.
I like lands when it's snowy.
Bank account is fat like Joey.
I'm not very religious you wouldn't call me holy.
Sometimes my hairs corn rowed, sometimes it's frowy.
Spark up the you know what.
Pop the moey.
L stay flossin, presidential roly.
Ya'll brothers know me, I step in parties with minks and fly links.
Shorties hittin me with eyewinks as I buy drinks.
And every girl I got looks like a model.
If you ever see me with a chicken then she must of a hit the lotto.
Uptown is my home, and where I roam.
I stand alone, Big L Cornleone got a song.
Sellin weight in and outta state to generate cake.
The one jakes hate.
Got homicide runnin out of yellow tape.
I pack toast with infra red scopes, I turn crews to dead folks.

If ya'll fellas is playas, I'm the head coach.