

Size 'Em Up

Big L

Hey yo, the streets love me, man
And I love the streets
So I know ya ain't think I was comin' with some fruitcake shit
Ya know me better than that

Ayo, I shoulda been out
I'm deadly when I pull the pin out
Keep frontin', I'ma try yo' chin out
I knocked a lot of men out
I left 'em on the floor spittin' phlegm out
It's either that or I'ma squeeze the gat and pop ten out
You see ?codione?, ice spinnin', jiggged out, white linen
And if a bitch don't like me she must like women
Every time I come around you see your wife grinnin'
Don't be mad 'cuz yo' career's in the ninth innin'
It's over now, nigga, leave the game
I'm from the danger zone where emcees get slain
We're thugs that never hesitate to squeeze the flame
We're niggaz be takin' drugs just to ease the pain
Hustlers flip cokey, 48 Hours like Nick Nolte
When I was OT your bitch rode me
First day home I dived in it
Left her thighs dented
Now that bitch be pagin' me every five minutes
Emcees I squash and disgrace, it's all about the Benjis
So why your bills got Washington's face?
A lot of cats be frontin'
Made singles wit' a fifty on top
L tryin' to have the city on lock
Peace to Biggie and Pac 'cuz they really were hot
Rap game, heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer wit' us
Niggaz wanna be L, ladies wanna see L
If I go to jail you'll wear a shirt sayin' "Free L!"
What

Word up man, them niggaz is hungry
They ready to bite a nigga arm off

All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?
See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit' us?
And the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up

Ayo, I hear a lot of bitch in your talk
See a lot of switch in your walk
Only thugs get rich in New York
Time is runnin' out
Niggaz like, "L, when you comin' out?"
Because they sick of all this drag queen shit
Your wife's missin', I'm the nigga she was last seen wit'
Me and Ron hit it up on some tag team shit
A buncha niggaz got smoked for the cash
Used to ride Greyhounds wit' dime holes and stuff the coke in they ass
Crazy beef's got provoked in the past, lot of wigs got split
A lot of innocent kids got hit
Harlem World be the place of my borough, believe me son
We breed the smoothest niggaz on the face of the earth

Mics I steadily smoke, rhymes cleverly wrote
As long as I can rock a crowd I'ma never be broke
Some hoes treated me like a bum nerve when I was unheard
Now I'm icy, I ain't gotta say one word, you dumb bird
I push whips while you walk all day
And I hate when strange niggaz wanna talk all day
Clown ass shit, hate to be around that shit
You don't know me, just say whatsup, gimme a pound, that's it
When I was at the steak house, pullin' cake out
You was at some cheap Chinese shit gettin' take out
How you make out, you took the fake route, you oughta break out
You couldn't get a bitch before you put your tape out
What

Fuckin' punks
Niggaz like you will get robbed everyday

Yeah
Flamboyant Entertainment
Big L, Rondell
You know how we do
One time
Can't forget my partner
Big brother, Big Lee, holdin' it down
The overseer
Flamboyant