

Still Here

Big L

I be a Harlem World party pleaser
You might find me on 1-3-9 sippin a Bacardi Breezer
That's where I rest at, killin tracks is what I'm best at
Jealousy, I expect that, I don't stress that
I want a cutie with some tight jeans on, that I can scheme on
Treat her nice, take her out and trick some cream on
TV screens all over the U.S. I'm seen on
It ain't all about me, I'm tryin to put my team on
Because it's good to have a crew to lean on, mics I fiend on
You think you can do it like this? Dream on
I'm a, chrome my rims and ice my chain
Fly clothes and pretty hoes is the price of fame

Yo; you know the game plan
C-Town, that's my main man
We never bring luggage, we go shoppin when the plane lands
Still run with the same clan, used to be a Kane fan
Everything I rock is name brand
L'll make ya dame swallow
Your ice don't shine and your chain hollow
While you front in clubs for hours with the same bottle
Takin midget sips, I run with the richest clicks
Tap the thickest chicks, plus drop the slickest hits
You know nuttin about L, so don't doubt L
What's this motherfuckin rap game without L?
Yo, that's like jewels without ice
That's like china without rice
Or the Holy Bible without Christ
Or the Bulls without Mike
Or crackheads without pipes
The Village without dykes
Or hockey games without fights
Don't touch the mic if you unable to spit
Flamboyant is the label I'm with

[Primo:] Big L!
[Monch:] Y'all know the name
[Primo:] He's still here
[Big L:] Ha ha, youse a funny nigga
[O.C.:] Play this {yeah y'all... }
[O.C.:] Play this {yeah y'all... }
[Primo:] Big L!
[Monch:] Y'all know the name
[Primo:] He's still here
[? :] My nigga Big L! {yeah y'all... }

I'm straight loco, to hell with you and your broke hoe
You ain't a big dog, you more like Toto, you got no dough
I smoke 'dro mixed with cocoa, strong as bolo
I pack a fo'-fo', platinum ro-ro
Anti-homo, that's a no-no so fuck po'-po'
I push the seven-fo'-oh and not the Volvo
C-Town push the six-oh-oh, I'm with a bitch on dolo
Chips from here to Acapulco

While y'all buck for legs I, buck for heads
I even buck celebs, nigga fuck the feds

I stay sweatin out a bitch perm
I love it when a girl ass is fat and they tits firm
I take all the dough my chicks earn
I watched Corleone do it, now it's Chris turn
{A "Hoodlum" like Fishburne}
Act illy, get smacked silly with the mac-milli
You see me on MTV and Rap City
Keep frontin, I'm a step out, mask on with the tec out
Squeeze shots and make you check out

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[Monch:] Y'all know the name
[Primo:] He's still here
... {yeah y'all... }
[Primo:] Big L!

My underground niggaz, y'all can shine with me
Got my own label now, so y'all can sign with me
Y'all can take me from the bottom and climb with me
That's fine with me, that's how it was designed to be

I be that young teen with DUMB cream
I refuse to be unheard or unseen, I shine like the sunbeam
All you niggaz better come clean, before my gun scream
Rap's a fun thing, only roll with one team
Flamboyant Entertainment, that's who I came with
I pack a nine and once I aim it, I got to flame it
Push a blue eight, got props from here to Kuwait
And while your crew hate, you hear me on Big L new tape
They call me C-Town, I snatch mics like a rebound
Pack a three-pound, that's my prerog' like B. Brown
I rip shows in large arenas, like the Garden or Meadowlands
Got nuttin but love for all my ghetto fans
On 1-3-9 and Lenox eyes get shut
The "Danger Zone" is where pies get cut, where all the guys get stuck
Try to front we gon' size you up
Like Corleone'll grab the chrome and throw five in your gut

Aiyyo, gats we bust (backs we crush)
Only hot tracks we lust (crazy stacks we clutch)
And we need plaques to touch (that say platinum plus)
Cause half of you niggaz that's rappin now (is wack to us)

[Primo:] Big L!
[Monch:] Y'all know the name
[Primo:] He's still here

Y'all thought this was over with?
This ain't over with...