

## Tru Master

## Big L

Yo while we hold gats, you hold knives  
And when you sold eighth's, we sold pies  
And when you rode bikes, we drove 5's  
There's no comparison son, s'just embarrassing  
I'm runnin' wit some of da baddest men in the whole New York  
We hold the fort while you crab cats is holdin tips  
Playa hatin, pushin stolen whips  
We at da dice game rollin trips, out of town throwin bricks  
Taking over, cooking up coke with baking soda  
I buy hot jewels and ice it down, while you go to the jewellery store wit sh  
ort doe tryna bring the prices down  
You betta spread wit them 30 dollar kicks on  
Or get whipped on, knocked out cold, and pissed on  
L is a heavyweight wit steady paper  
You da type to go to jail for a petty caper  
Then come home on good behavior  
Talkin' bout you no longer hard now cause you a man of god now  
Yo its amazing, L is blazing, always been  
Before I put da braids in, I use to let the waves spin  
What you be saying don't impress me at all  
And them chicks u be jayin don't be sexy at all  
Word life, everything that I recite stand out  
Go head and front, so I can try this right hand out  
Across yo jaw, L neva lost a war  
No respect for them cowards who enforce tha law  
You got sumthin to say, then cough it out  
Cuz cowards be wantin beef, but when u pull out the heat  
They ready to talk it out  
What is there to talk about, u was just frontin  
Now it ain't nuttin, ain't that suttin  
I should start bussing anyway  
And put one of u punks in da ground  
Ya'll cowards be killin me wit ya'll faces frown, jumpin around  
Like u scaring L, not even, cause I'mma be a thug until I stop breathin  
Plus I'm runnin with a smooth ass crew, that'd shoot at u  
You wanna knuckle up, whateva we can do that too

Ya'll fellas like to stress them chicks, impress them chicks  
Spend money to dress them chicks, I sex them chicks  
Then send them home, Corleone is known to be stoned  
When I bone, I rubber duck in case that chick full blown  
The other night around 8pm, pockets crazy slim  
Jumped out the grey BM, went to the ATM  
Took a thou' out, later on I had to wild out  
In da club, knock some coward and his pal out  
Then afterwards, went to the restroom, pissed Cristal out  
Now I'm thinkin what chick number I can dial out  
Cuz its L, the harlem pimp baby, for real  
I got more dimes then that sprint lady, and thats ill  
Playa haters be givin me harsh looks, but I'm tryna sell records like Garth  
Brooks  
So f em all, when its 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 its Pérignon  
If the na-na's too tight, I throw some jelly on  
Yo try to tax and watch the 9 mil burst  
I've been off the scene over 3 years and cats is still thirst

They hear Big L drop a ill verse, so all you unsigned cats that wanna battle  
get a deal first  
I sport da bulletproof, fitted-hat, that attitude you betta get rid of that  
Whereava u floss is where u gon get it at  
What  
I stay strapped, I go to sleep wit my steel  
Makin figures while u broke cats keepin it real  
L is rap's most livest cat, I'm gettin stacks while u askin people "do u want  
fries with that"  
I rob fags in da staircase, no mask, bare face  
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