

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 heavyweighter 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 that's 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 wan
t 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