

# Big L, 139 - Tony Touch

[&quot;Big L&quot; Lord Finesse]

[scratched during the intro]

[&quot;1-3-9&quot; Notorious B.I.G. - Ten Crack Commandments]

[Intro: Big L]

Where I'm from

Yeah, Tony Touch in the house, yeah

Big L Harlem on the rise, 1 3 9

You ain't know!?

One love to my nigga McGruff, Mase Murda, Killa Kam

Rest in peace to my man Bloodshed

Live on baby, the spirit live on

Yeah BBO in the house

Yeah my men stand I'ma rock this shit

Check it out!

[Big L]

Yo, I be that smooth cat you never seen rollin' with clowns

One of the few from Uptown that's holdin it down

Bitches be on me like I'm welfare, even rich ones

that live in Bel Air, is this Big L yeah, hell yeah

Word up, I use a chrome gat to push domes back

Watch how you talk when you call me, Feds got my phone tapped

This rap game, I put my life in it, chain got

mega ice in it, push an Infinite, chrome rims, light tinted

You can see pal, it's all about me now

Twenty G's a show bitch three thou just to freestyle

I made this cheese it didn't grow on trees

Can you hold somethin? Sure, you can hold on these

Yo I'm fat like the old Cray-on, smooth as Rayon

L is who the ladies stay on, baby play on

I stay jeweled up, pockets swelled up from banks I held up

Plenty bitch-ass niggaz Big L stuck

I never catch cold feet when I hold heat

We roll deep, with the Triple Black dogs in their old jeep

I catch a fag three o'clock in the morn

On the block all alone and put the glock to his dome

Tell him &quot;Give it up quick, you nitwit, don't try to get slick

Or I'm a let this four-fifth spit and leave your shit split&quot;

Prick, it ain't nothing decent about me

A true thug for real, you can ask the precinct about me

A rap junkie, don't try to play me like some flunky

Jewels be chunky, pockets lumpy, attitude grumpy

And mad niggaz be fronting the life

Popping mad shit, trying to be something they not

Your faggot ass better stay to dancing, don't even look at me

I might break your jaw just for glancing

I'm sick like Manson

In '97 Harlem kids is blowing

And we don't trip, we'll let a bitch starve til her ribs are showing