

Big L, '98 Freestyle Part 2

[Text in brackets is side-conversation made by Stretch or Bobbito]

Aight, let me kick some more shit, one more time
(Yeah-yeah... Spit, some more)
Aight, check it out, yeah, check it out (Big L)
Yeah, check it out, yeah, check it out (Yeah)
Uhh, check it out, aight, check it out (Woo-- Woooo!)

Aight, we gone hit it like this, check it out

Yo check it, yo my shit is hot like jerk chicken, I should rob you
But with that cheap shit, you ain't worth stickin'
I've got a left hook, that be leavin' guys knocked out
Keep frontin', and I'm a choke you till your eyes pop out
I was taught that if a nigga swing, swing right back
Battle Corleone, why do a stupid that like that?
Yo, I'm not in the mood, son, so don't push me tonight
Plus I fucked your little sister and that pussy was right
That pussy was tight, grippin' my dick like a pair of pliers
You fuckin' snitch, right now you prolly wearin' wires
It's not a joke, so as soon as he laugh
I'm a strip him naked and stick a long broom in his ass (Ouch)
(Oh, word)
Leave him heart-broken, make him quit rap and start smokin'
My album is done, so no it ain't no parts open
I'm not a sweet stud, I'm a street thug
That's quick to beat a nigga like a cheap rug, till he leak blood
You sure soft, watched you fall off, might slide your whore off
Then call all off, and tear your jaw off
My life is far out, I got star clout
Every week bring a different car out, go to clubs and buy the bar out
You ain't a player, put that cigar out
Take that suit off, before I shoot off, and tear your roof off
Leave your clothes bloody-red like the nose of Rudolph
I rocked many stages and never got booed off
I might let this gat burst, put you in a big black hearse
For that wack verse, should have tried these other cats first
Cause none of y'all niggas can fuck with me
And if your man wanna join, I got McGruff with me
We puff much izzy
I do shit that only tough men do
And them cats you with fuck them too, I'll buck them too
Be careful what you rush into, you lame-ass nigga
No dough, always on the train-ass nigga
Canal street, 10-karat-chain-ass nigga
You got fucked upstate, you cupcake
How many dicks can your butt take?
I ran through every bitch in my path
I was fuckin' chicks in the ass when I was six-and-a-half [laughing]
Yo, I'm a take you out your misery [Stretch:] Yeah right!
And after this, nigga, put you in the social study book 'cause you're history

Yeah

[Laughing]

[Bobbito:] Yo, I'm gonna give you my math

Aight

[Bobbito: I'm gonna give you my math] [laughing]

Aight

[Stretch:] Aight

[Bobbito:] Yo, I'm gonna give you my history

[Stretch:] That's one I'm not gonna play for my mom

[Bobbito:] Yeah

[Stretch:] 'Anthony, I haven't heard the show in so long.

Give me tape...' Not this one.