Big L, Day One '99 (Live From Amsterdam)

[A.G.] We here, I'm here. Big L here. I'm here. We representin DITC.
So you know we gotta come take it on some DITC shit.
[Big L] Hey hold up, hold up, hold up
[A.G.] The crew aint here but we always represent for the crew
[Big L] Hey hold up, before we get into this next shit.
Y'all know the chorus to this shit or what right
I know y'all know the chorus to this shit, right
[A.G.] Most these rap cats
[Big L] Don't know where it started, where it came from
We been reppin this shit
[both] since Day One
Diggin In The Crates originators
Why niggas playa hate us
knowin damn well they can't fade us
[Big L] Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
[both] Like that y'all
[Big L] I'ma change my verse up, fuck that.
I'ma kick the '99 version of this shit.
Check it out. Let y'all know I ain't to be fucked with.
Check it out.
[A.G.] My nigga Big L

[Big L]
My whole clique thievin
The wolves out because it's sic season
This ain't the time to have your wrists freezin
I might throw the big gat
To your six pack
Click clack
Let me git that
Make it quick black
Fuck the chit chat
Why y'all test
Knowin these hot slugs will fry y'all flesh
Taxin faggots like the I-R-S
I used to front
But never really rich
You silly bitch
Push willy whips
Like the white Volva
Front on Carleone, ya life's over
I bough my main girl an ice shoka
Catch her cheatin and I might smoke her
I make the right words blend
Pimp these hoes like I'm Iceberg Slim
And if I go to jail I might serve ten
Clowns I disrespect
Throw this gun in they face, make 'em kiss the tek
Then I snatch the ice off they wrists and neck
You better not budge when I point the semi at you
What's that? A karat in ya ear, then
Gimme that too
Shit, I'm takin it all
I'm not leavin a cent
When everything out yo pockets faggot
Even the lint
You know the game plan
AG, 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
Everytihng I rock is name brand
Element, 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's sips
I run with the richest cliques
Fuck the thickest chicks
Plus drop the sickest hits
You know nuthin about L
So don't doubt L
What this motherfucking rap game without L
Yeah, that's like Jews 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 game without fines

[AZ: Day One chorus, fade out]