

Big L, Nigga Please

(feat. McGruff, Stan Spit)

[Stan Spit:]

(Hey yo, hey yo)

You would scream too if you know what I did last summer
Came through frontin' in the glass hummer
No shirt mad ice screaming fuck is this nice
Shit spit got a six and I'm fucking ya wife
Yo this time around its just me 'Gruff and L
So get you some henny and blaze a fuckin L
This time its platinum and it ain't hard to tell
Yo a lotta niggaz got on fuckin wit L
Those niggaz slippin 'Gruff tell me if I'm slippin
Cause I'm quick to load the clip and let the slugs start rippin
Your flesh and your soul gettin torn apart
Shit my ice so bright that it glow in the dark
And to the cat who killed L, up north he won't live
I want his ass cut from his ears to his ribs
Cut his fingers off and send the pieces to his kids
Harlem World Danger Zone thats just the way shit is
.22's .45's and .357's, two .38's and four Mac .11s
138 and yo 'Gruff I'm dumb crazy
Rather pull the trigger than fight I'm dumb lazy
Talkin out your mouth'll get you buried down south
Me 'n L got the range so you know what we about
Hey yo, watch what you say for I watch where you lay
Cause sooner or later my glock got to spray
And guns, are meant to bust
Thats what I truly resent and us inventors, shit not us
We put 'em in the ghetto and we put 'em to the test
Matter fact nigga we put 'em through your vest
Send a message to the president tell 'em we shady still
Still cop guns despite the Brady bill
And as far as guns go imma let my guns blow
Should they ban guns the answers hell no.

[McGruff:]

Nigga Please, fuck talk let the trigger squeeze
Nigga Please, fuck a nigga go to Beleize
Nigga Please, my desert E's kill like disease
?Dont let a nigga breathe...?
Harlem backbone pack crome
139 Lennox ave. thats home
Crack domes, well to all my niggaz thats gone
Kerry, Nate the Skate, Reggy White, L Corleone
We still the dangerzone
Where no man can withstand to hold his own
Nigga Please, know when you home alone
shoot through your peephole blow out your chromosones
Nigga Please, 'Gruff kill niggaz for real
And I kill you right know, but these niggaz gon' squeal
Nigga Please, squirts slugs that hurt thugs
Rap's secondary, murder's my first love
Nigga Please, always get the last laugh
Stash math anything in my path smash
'Bout fast cash niggaz be splittin shit half-half
Staff laugh puttin up them gats and masks (nigga please)

[Big L:]

Y'all fellas like to stress them chicks
Impress them chicks
Spend money to dress them chicks
I sex them chicks and send 'em home
Corleone is know to be stoned

When I bone I'm doubled up in case that chick full blown
The other night around 8pm, pockets crazy slim
Jumped out the gray BM, went to the ATM
Took a thou out, then later on I had to wil' out
In the club, knocked this coward and his pal out
Then afterwards went to the restroom pissed cristal out
Then I'm thinkin' what chick number I can dial out
Cause its L, the harlem pimp baby
for real, I got more dimes than that sprint lady
and thats ill, player haters be givin me harsh looks
But I'm tryin to sell records like garth brooks
so F' 'em all, when its cold I keep 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 perignon
If the na-nas too tight, I put some jelly on
Yo try to tax and watch the nine mil burst
I've been off the scene for over three years
and cats is still thirst
They hear Big L droped a ill verse
So all you unsigned cats who wanna battle get a deal first
I sport the bulletproof fitted hat
That attitude you better get rid of that
Wherever you floss is where you gon' get it at
I stay strapped I go to sleep with my steel
I'm makin figgas while you broke cats is keepin it real...

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