

Big L, Rock N. Wills Audition

Yo. 1,2,1,2. G'ahead, drop it
Yeah 1,2,1,2. I go by the name of the Big L. Know what I'm saying?
Rock this for Rock N. Wills. Hardpack tape
A'ight. Goes like this

Ay yo. I've got the gift of gab
To lift and grab
The mic and recite hype rhymes
That'll rip and rag
And drag a fag MC
Who likes to nag a lot
And brag a lot
Talking about the lyrics that he has are hot
Step to this and get lit like a candle, troop
Rhymes I hook up
MCs I cook up
Like Campbell's soup
I throw rhymes like a quarterback
Front and you'll ???
And ???
And crushed
Bum rushed
And all of that
Rhymes never sound wack
'Cause I've got them down packed
For you the time is over
So give me your crown Jack
I get hype fast
And MCs might last
A minute with me
Because their rhymes are light as
A feather and mine are heavy like a big brick
Rappers catch a fit quick
When I start to kick shit
And I record my battles on a camcorder
So I can sit back and watch me manslaughter
MCs that tried to get with me, hops
That's why they all got taken out like a pizza box
The crown is still mine
'Cause I kick ill rhymes
A lot of rappers talk that murder shit and couldn't kill time
Or beat eggs or whip cream
I'm smoother than Vaseline
And I'm a stone cold rapping fiend
A lot of new jacks are coming out, but that's cool
'Cause I'm the principal of the new school
A'ight. Check this out another joint like this
A'ight. Check it out
I control the microphone like a robot
My lyrics are so hot
Props: I've got a whole lot
'Cause with a pen and some paper this man made
Rhymes: they're so damn great
With flavour like pancakes
I'm kicking rhymes like a game of kickball
I'm rough like a brick wall
MCs take a big fall
For trying to get with this
I'm too swift for this
A microphone murderer form of magnificence
A def rapper and also a swell one
In a battle I cook MCs well done
My hits are consecutive
I'm a lyrical executive

Bite my rhymes and I won't let you live
So to be safe on the microphone homes
Recite your own po'ems
Or get your dome blown
Or put in a boot camp
L's the new champ
I'm not the kind to go out like a ???
I'm throwing rhymes like a pitcher throws a curveball
And I'm a serve all
Punks that try to brawl
So stop sleeping on me
Don't even dose hops
Or I'm a heat you up
And eat you up
Like Stove Top
Stuffing
I'm bum rushing
Shorts: I'm taking none
My rhymes weigh a ton
I'm not faking son
You're the one whose faking, trying to be a duplicate
Can't kick stupid shit
Tell you the truth: you should quit
Rapping
Start ???
'Cause all you is a joke
Battle L and get smoked
Yo. I over throw ya
And have you screaming like a rollercoaster
Guzzle you down like a small cup of Coca Cola
I'm going though MCs like a ransack
Stand back
As I cruise
Smooth
Like an Amtrack
Your rhymes are rusty G
You can't fuck with me
That's why you're hiding in protective custody
L's not the one an'
I keep MCs runnin'
I hurt them like bunions
Make them cry like onions
I'm a lyrical fighter
And I'm brighter
Than Einstein
Try to bite my lines
And get a size nine
Foot
Put
In your ass for being a crook
Hit with a vital hook
And get your title took
Pass it to my man
(Someone else)
Ha ha. ??? got flavour
Keep that flowing
(Big L)
I'm the microphone murderer
And I'm known for busting mad caps
I rip and rag tracks
With rhymes that back slap
Causing a nightmare
I dont fight fair
Niggas playing hard rocks hoping they might scare
The B-I-G L, but im not to be fucked with

You're trying to take your idol's
Title
You're on some buck shit
I keep the women fiending for my smooth shit
My rhymes are mad thick
And yours are dead as a ??? stick
Fuck it
Bus it
I like it rough and rugged
Your style is wick wack
And played out like ???
Bracelets
Face this
You can't erase this
Escape this
Break this
Take this
???

I get so loose
On beats that I produce
Niggas be fronting crazy hard and got no juice
They're softer than paper plates
The lyrics I make is great
A few sheets of loose leaf
And an eraser mate
Is all I need to write rhymes that are extra fly
Mics I wreck and fry
Rappers I petrify
Pack a four fifth with eight shots
With one you get popped
And now your locked in a box
??? with no props
I'm not joking. There's no time for snapping
Niggas that be yapping
I'm putting caps in
So ??? up
From the waist up
You'll be found face up
Cops can't trace up
Fingerprints. Why? Because I leave no evidence
Big L's the name, 139 is the residence

Peace