

Big L, Who You Slidin' Wit'

(feat. Stan Spit)

[Big L]

Yo what's the deal miss?
I'm sayin tho', let me know somethin right now
Y'know we been dancin all night
I been buyin you drinks all night and shit
You goin home with a nigga or what?
Tell me somethin! Uhh

[Chorus: Big L x2]

Whattup miss, who you hidin wit?
Who you slidin wit? Who you ridin wit?
We can jump in the SL
Rent a room at the best 'tel
I make it last cause I sex well

[Big L]

Henn Rock and Alize I get drunk off
Whattup miss? Get wit a real man and cut that punk off
E'rythang gon' be alright
I been - watchin you watch me all night
I asked honey her name and she told me Celeste
She had big breasts, honey had me harder than a Spanish test
We on the dancefloor, gettin our boogie on
I see the haters watchin me with they hoodies on
Tryin to peep the ice under the sleeve
I'm like, "It's time to breeze," told honey, "Let's leave"
Took her to Ema G's(?), got some eggs and cheese
Grits fishcakes and orange juice, freshly squeezed
When she finished her meal, I said, "What's the deal
for real - you goin home or you tryin to chill?"
She got close, whispered somethin slow in my ear
and it ain't hard to tell where we goin from here
Yeah..

[Chorus]

[Stan Spit]

I ain't on that hatin stuff
I was feelin shorty then the bitch told me she was datin Puff
I'm a average nigga, then she said she was in the 6
my relationship, with that nigga called Jigga
I'ma compete with that? I'm a corner nigga sellin crack
Guess I gotta be a ballplayin nigga to bone Da Brat
One bitch, I ain't even wanna fuck
She runnin around, all open off Kurupt
The hoe I thought, was gon' be real easy
told me she got a man and he's some beatmakin nigga named Stevie
What's wrong with these hoes? I'ma fly nigga
I don't wanna go flip Mo' to Rah Digga
or Miss Lopez, bitch no feds
She used to be in the Bronx, rockin Pro Keds
with some Dominican 'dro heads, ridin on top this
on the back of mopeds, titties all out - what what?

[Chorus]

[Big L]

Is yo' game rusty? Around yo' dame, never trust me
Cause soon as you blink I'ma slide her off then bust three
And I only lay pipe to dimes
A lot of niggaz I know are takin care of kids that might be mines

I love to go low, I'm freaky like that
I never get caught creepin cause I'm sneaky like that, uhh
It ain't my fault your girl be hoe-hoppin
And matter of fact, the last time you gave her loot to go shoppin
honey picked me up some dope shirts
It's because of me why she's walkin crooked and her throat hurts
I hate to wait, cause I'm not on the patient tip
Just hit me off, we don't need a relationship
And when you mention my name, it ring a bell
Ask any female, nobody do it like L
I met this chick Rhonda, who pushed the black Honda
Took her to the crib and bombed her with this big brown anaconda

[Chorus x2]

[Big L]
Uhh.. Flamboyant Entertainment
NFL.. one-three-nine, Lenox Ave
Harlem shit, uhh
That's how we do, yeah.