

Big L, 7 Minute Freestyle

(Big L)

Yo, check it

Yo, I got slugs for snitches

No love for bitches

Puttin thugs in ditches

When my trigger finger itches

I got a rep that make police jet

Known to get a priest wet

I never beg for pussy like Keith Sweat

Is Big L slow? Hell no

Bitches get f**ked on the roof when I ain't got no hotel dough

I'm known for yoking jacks

And beatin them with smoking gats

Leavin token blacks with broken backs and open caps

So with that bullshit, step to the rear son

The last thing you want with Big L is a fair one

Cause in a street brawl, I strike men like lightning

You see what happened in my last fight friend?

Aight then

I beat kids with lead pipes

I leave a trail of dead mic's

Where I'm from, niggaz jewels get ran like red lights

Old folks get mugged and raided

Crimes are drug related

And we live by the street rules that thugs created

Clowns get smoked about a thousand volts

For selling pounds of coke

Front in this town and get a tech stuck down your throat

I'm tellin you shit is about to get drastic soon

I'm quick to blast a goon

And break a motherf**ker like a plastic spoon

I got the looks that make your hotty stare

I keep a shotty near

It's the nigga with notty hair who Gotti fear

Tracks I'm know to roast

Until the microphone is ghost

Props I own the most

I'm leaving niggaz comatose

Front and get your brain pinched

Big L will have your whole gang lynched

I started smoking dust and been insane since

This rap shit was a great gift

The other night some snake rified

And got a hot lead face lift

All through high school I had braids

I kept mad blades

Stabbing teachers to death that gave me bad grades

I cook the mic like a beef steak

Cause my techniques great

And I'm the nigga police hate in each state

Cause I'm the neighborhood lamper

Punk brother vampper

F**k around you'll find my silk boxers in your mother's hamper

Cops drop when my glock makes a pow sound

I'm from a whyle town

You know my style clown, so bow down

(Jay-Z)

Brothers can beg and borrow

Still feel sorrow

When Jay-Z, like Zorro, get in that ass

Better luck tomorrow

I'm too much, nigga, so never should you rush

You need slow down, or get your ass tore down

Check it out, I'm too cocky
To stop me, you gotta kill me
And when I'm gone, you can still feel me
On the real, B
The shit is eternal, I rock the Heavens well
Even if they won't let me in Heaven
I raise hell, till its Heaven
Recognize, the black cat with the nine lives
Get up off me, nigga, its bad luck to cross me
I'm poppin Crystal, shooting game like missiles
As projected, all ho's affected by this style
I mack like Goldie, go back like the oldies
But the goody, pullin R&B bitches wearin hoodies
They don't be knowin the way I be flowin
When I be goin, I be running the track like Jesse Owens
I disrupt the natural scheme
The way that you do things wit a swing and have em rockin like
You say never you run, if ever you come
It's never you run so fast in your life to never have won
Come on and ride the rhythm
I be producing like jizm
Just like the gods I start with knowledge and follow with wisdom
For greater understanding
I'm landing blows and
Knocking sense into those that oppose me, ha
Enticin when slicing through tracks
Your screaming, "Jesus Christ," he's back
And God knows he can rap
Me and L put rhythm on the map
So give him his dap
And me, I just take mine
Gimme those, gimme this, gimme that, f**k that
You never see me stressed, in a GS
On the prize, my greedy eyes can't see no less
Jigga incredible
Even my thoughts is federal
Like kidnapping, extortion and corruption
So you know, beatin me will never come
Like a nun or tomorrow, I'm too thorough, nigga
I make moves, cause bowels to move
When I'm creeping through your hood with a thousand little dudes
Um. We're the peace like Islam
I make your eyes rise like yeast
Surprise, I feel no fear when facing y'all
Betcha lyrics jump off the track like racing cars
Emcee's trying to be the best
And even in dying, couldn't be this def (death)
I see no reason to stop cheesin
Ever since L said "Throw three g's in"
And we can get down and split the wealth
That's when I found I could do it myself
I get up

(Big L)

My crew be deliverin hot lead when gats are clenched
Rappers I jack and lynch
Nobody can f**k with the way I be killing the shit in rap events
Big L is the nigga you expect
To catch wreck in any cassette deck
I'm so ahead of my time, my parents haven't met yet
I'm feeling like Billy Bathgate
My rap style is past great
I love to f**k a bitch from the back and watch her ass shake
I probably got your mommy strung
Niggaz hear me and take more notes than Connie Chung

My clan plans to get Guillianni hung
Never had a gassed head
Got loot cause I stash bread
Try to tax and I'ma beat your fagot ass half-dead
I stomp white cops till the life stops
For a low price hops
Cause my blood is colder than an ice box
On 1-3-9 you don't want a block war
Cause my crew will kill a nigga from the lobby to the top floor
And every time a mack eleven bucks
I'm killing at least seven ducks
I never was a follower of Reverend Butts
The bitch type I dislike, I'm rougher than a fist fight
All chicks ain't shit, ain't no such thing as Miss Right
So we can never be a couple hun
F**k love, all I got for ho's is hard dick and bubble gum
And clown emcee's I be attacking quick
I'm on some rappin shit and some car jackin shit
I ran up on this nigga name Mac in a black ac
And put the gat to his cap, click-clack
Sorry jack but get up out of that
My 38 works great, so make a mistake and hesitate
I can't wait to demonstrate this nickel plate
He didn't listen to what I was speakin
He started reaching
So I left him sleepin with his temple leaking

Aight, back to my man Jay-Z

(Jay-Z)

As soon as I grab it, I eat it up like a savage
And no I don't have it, I get it together like a marriage
I'm seeking all rappers, I'm on my p's and q's and carrots
Y'all don't understand, well, god-damn, don't you know my status
I'm flowing the fattest, mmmm that is, mmmm, I'm the baddest
No need to explain my name, the only thing that matters
For suckers who bite me, they find I'm a bit much to swallow
Your thinking that's hollow, the rhythm is too rugged to follow
I hit you like bam, biggity bam, bam, biggity bam
Let me take a little breathgod damn
The kid is a wizard
I'm definitely destined to make eight digits
Met up with L on the road to riches
As soon as I step up, nah, whenever I'm in the, uh
Whatever I touch, whatever I clutch
You know I'm gonna end ya, uh
The nigga don't play, hey, the nigga don't play, hey
Hahahhhh, here I come a-g-g-gain, run, up up up in
Niggaz are do ducking I'm boo buckin, f**k it I'm whyle
But a boo boo boo bam, what you niggaz gonna do to the man?
I see you brought your little crew and?
I'm still comin with velocity, check it out
Jid-a, id-a, wid-I, zid-e, uh huh
Ain't none of the clowns f**kin around
Ain't none of clowns standing their ground
with the crowned prince of the underground
Sounds like I'm ready to catch wreck now
The heats on sweat now
Jay-Z's on, be gone to the next town
Punk, jump up and get beat down
Check it out, check it out, check it out
Ladies be comin out of their seats now
Shit I got crazy skills
It's a pity the way I'm ripping rugged rhythm through the city
Like dunnanna dunnanna di-di-dun dun ditty

I got rhythm, I, hit em with rhythm, I
Hit em and split em, I did em, I get rid of them guys
J-A, baby, baby please, gimme g's
Baby, baby, wit crazy ease
Watch Jay-Z get crazy G's