

# Big L, '98 Freestyle Part 2

[Text in brackets is side-conversation made by Stretch or Bobbito]

Aight, let me kick some more shit, one more time  
(Yeah-yeah... Spit, some more)  
Aight, check it out, yeah, check it out (Big L)  
Yeah, check it out, yeah, check it out (Yeah)  
Uhh, check it out, aight, check it out (Woo-- Wooooo!)

Aight, we gone hit it like this, check it out

Yo check it, yo my shit is hot like jerk chicken, I should rob you  
But with that cheap shit, you ain't worth stickin'  
I've got a left hook, that be leavin' guys knocked out  
Keep frontin', and I'm a choke you till your eyes pop out  
I was taught that if a nigga swing, swing right back  
Battle Corleone, why do a stupid that like that?  
Yo, I'm not in the mood, son, so don't push me tonight  
Plus I fucked your little sister and that pussy was right  
That pussy was tight, grippin' my dick like a pair of pliers  
You fuckin' snitch, right now you prolly wearin' wires  
It's not a joke, so as soon as he laugh  
I'm a strip him naked and stick a long broom in his ass (Ouch)  
(Oh, word)  
Leave him heart-broken, make him quit rap and start smokin'  
My album is done, so no it ain't no parts open  
I'm not a sweet stud, I'm a street thug  
That's quick to beat a nigga like a cheap rug, till he leak blood  
You sure soft, watched you fall off, might slide your whore off  
Then call all off, and tear your jaw off  
My life is far out, I got star clout  
Every week bring a different car out, go to clubs and buy the bar out  
You ain't a player, put that cigar out  
Take that suit off, before I shoot off, and tear your roof off  
Leave your clothes bloody-red like the nose of Rudolph  
I rocked many stages and never got booed off  
I might let this gat burst, put you in a big black hearse  
For that wack verse, should have tried these other cats first  
Cause none of y'all niggas can fuck with me  
And if your man wanna join, I got McGruff with me  
We puff much izzy  
I do shit that only tough men do  
And them cats you with fuck them too, I'll buck them too  
Be careful what you rush into, you lame-ass nigga  
No dough, always on the train-ass nigga  
Canal street, 10-karat-chain-ass nigga  
You got fucked upstate, you cupcake  
How many dicks can your butt take?  
I ran through every bitch in my path  
I was fuckin' chicks in the ass when I was six-and-a-half [laughing]  
Yo, I'm a take you out your misery [Stretch:] Yeah right!  
And after this, nigga, put you in the social study book 'cause you're history

Yeah

[Laughing]

[Bobbito:] Yo, I'm gonna give you my math

Aight

[Bobbito: I'm gonna give you my math] [laughing]

Aight

[Stretch:] Aight

[Bobbito:] Yo, I'm gonna give you my history

[Stretch:] That's one I'm not gonna play for my mom

[Bobbito:] Yeah

[Stretch:] 'Anthony, I haven't heard the show in so long.

Give me tape...' Not this one.