

Big L, American Dream

(feat. Killa Kam (Cam'Ron), Mase Murda (Ma\$E), MCG)

[McGruff]

(check it, Yo!)

Crooked corrupted criminal crime boss with cream
cocaine hustler, blowing out the brains of busters
being my mansion, chilling inhalin the ganja smoke
counting mad cream, weighin tons of coke
guarded by thugs and rottweilers
I flood the streets with drugs and clock dollars
niggas get plugged when my glock collers
skunk smokers, philly and aisle ripper
cristal sipper, I've been a willy for awhile nigga
'Gruff got hoes, the man with all the nachos
expensive hot clothes, drop top Rolls
east coast west coast fiends overdose
'Gruff get the cream with my team and I'm ghost

[Murda Mase]

This money be temptin me, to jump out the MPV, empty 3
clips of hollow tips with no sympathy
since 14 I sold morphine for more green
kept open a nautica coat under the draw sting
and watched out for cops, squad cars, and beamerz
and laundry ninas
flea the country to Argentina
laid back in the beach (yeah)
coastin with commuters
smokin the buddahs, on the cruiseline boat to Aruba
for awhile yo, pump the vowel so, I can pile dough
then become a Harlem Kingpin just like Al Po'
get paid so, I can lay low, in San Diego
with yay-o so I can ship it out whenever I say so

[Chorus]

Yo! Makin' this money is the American Dream
East Coast to West Coast you know what I mean
Whether its Uptown, Downtown you pick the scene
you gots to get your own scheme
We ain't splitin this cream

[Killa Kam]

Yo! Imma run hestrically, till they bury me, count numerically
hills of Beverly, more grands than cherokee
president like Eric B., and Rakim
Drug game I'm top ten, locked in , right now its not an option
and those who creep, got the Mac in the heat
they got the 5 inch screens in the back of the seat
and now they got to steady braggin
last year, had me saggin', wasn't ready when heavy
was back tossed me in the paddywagon
but ain't nobody out here stoppin love
cause we was 12 years old in the Cotton Club, poppin Bub
so Hall of Fame without the fortune, Goddamn you wrong
Killa kid Kama'Ron surviving in the Amazon

[BloodShed]

Yo! I leave you dazed and froze
with all kinds of amazing flows
money surrounded I counted with bathing with Asian Hoes
back home niggas is after me
I'm back to sea sippin daquiri's
coke factory, fiends baggin up crack for me
from cutting up rocks to investing in stocks

nautica yachts, and knots busting outa my socks
now thats bloods play the chub
all the ladies love me, they hate who made me hubby
behind my back they say my babys ugly
each night I sleep, with freaks with Lamborghini, jeeps
neighbors be sneaking peeks, how my semen leaks, between the sheets
mess up my loot, I cut your collars, Juan
cause these is modern times, and the only thing I see is dollar signs

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[Big L]
Check It!
To be sittin clean, in the mean beams is every teams dream
Big L's a Cream Fiend, with more green than Springsteen
yo know I'm crazy quick to smack a groupie
I'm known to mack a hoochie, do I got stacks of lucci? (absolutely)
Harlem Kids is known for felonies, and sellin keys, pushin 300z's
Gee-Es- 3's, and puffin trees, these Gees breeze while Dee-Tees
be yellin freeze, we stash cheese while keepin pockets full of centuries
Aye-Yo I'm set for the rest of my life
Some clown that laid the threat cause I had sex with his wife
I stuck my tool to his brain, so that fool can get slain
nigga, yo' bitch choose me, you know the rules to the game

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Yea What?
Harlem on the Rise
Blood shed
Killa Kam
Six Figures
Cee-O-Cee
Chuck Blassie
My Man man Mase, the Bad Boy
uptown
McGruff
Big L
139
NFL
14