

# Big L, Da Graveyard

[Intro:]

It's the number one crew in the area.

[Big L:]

Big L be lightin' niggas like incense  
Gettin' men lynched to win tits  
I'm killin' infants for ten cents  
Cause I'm a street genius with a unique penis  
Got fly chicks on my dick that don't even speak English  
I'm makin' ducks shed much tears  
I buck queers  
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?  
I'm grabbin' brews takin' fast swiggas  
I get cash and stash figures and harass them bitch ass niggas  
After you you're gonna get scared next  
And if ya squad flex  
I'm lettin' off like Bernard Getts  
A tech nine is my utensil  
Fillin' niggas with so much led they can use they dick for a pencil  
I'm known for snatchin' purses and bombin' churches  
I get more pussy on accident then most niggas get on purpose  
I got drug spots from New York to Canada  
Cause Big L be fuckin' with more keys than a janitor

[Lord Finesse:]

Now it's the dictator who's style is greater  
It's the man with more wild flavors than motherfuckin' Now & Later  
And rappers I hit 'em well  
They automatically go to heaven fuckin' with me cause I give 'em hell  
So don't try to front troop  
When your style is played out just like an Oshkosh jumpsuit  
I'm out to collect figures  
I'm on some Wu-Tang shit so Protect Ya fuckin' Neck nigga  
Not a role model I'm a bad figure  
When it comes to rap I got skills out the ass nigga  
I got it locked like a warden  
Rap without Finesse is like the NBA without Jordan  
So all ya new jacks kickin' wack raps  
It's a fact that  
I'll be on your fuckin' back like a napsack  
It ain't shit you can tell me  
Cause bitches still jock me without a motherfuckin' LP

[Hook:]

It's the number one crew in the area  
"Known for sendin' garbage MCs to the graveyard" [x2]

[Microphone Nut:]

Yo I got a death wish  
That's why I talk so much motherfuckin' shit  
I want these bitch motherfuckers to try to flip  
So I can fill up this clip and stick the gun between they lips like a  
cigarette  
And let 'em smoke the four fifth  
? no need to lie or cry it's time motherfucker to die  
Because to me death is like sex  
And if my brain was a deck of cards I'd be missing a whole deck  
Strap up a Mac clack clack motherfuckers are runnin' like rats  
The blind bats are fuckin' crazed cats  
Cause the Microphone let's loose  
And you're wonderin' how the fuck did this madman get cut loose  
>From 25 consecutive 25 the life is  
For murderin' up some fuckin' white kids  
These were the kids of the prison guards

Then I startin' killin' squads of prison guards in the prison yard  
One two everybody's through  
The Microphone Nut flew over the prison walls without a clue  
And now I'm decked to hawk shit and talk shit  
Whoever flaunts shit I leave 'em unconscious  
I run through ya with a maneuver and German luger  
Wreck like Das EFX straight out the fuckin' sewer  
Please show me where the crack is at  
While they quarter crack the sack I crack they backs like Cracker Jacks  
So I'm the one you should run from  
Because the Microphone Nut is like a motherfuckin' stun gun

[Jay-Z:]

The way I rock  
No way you could stop  
I shock pop and drop when Jay gets hot  
When I'm in the zone better hold ya own  
Cause I like to break when I finish a poem  
Pound for p-p-pound the best around  
No way you can get up when I get down  
I shake rattle and roll and wreck shit like none  
And beat a niggas ass half silly on da one  
Fuckin' A fuckin' Jay ill with skill  
So ladies step up I get around like a wheel  
I'm never chokin' off chronic skills are bonic  
Bitches will treat me like Onyx  
Respect that I'll peel a punks cap back and sign it  
Creep through your block fuck a glock I step  
Through your neighborhood armed with nothing but a rep  
I'm giving these ladies something they can feel cause I'm real  
Ya man get outta line and it's kill kill kill

[Hook x2]

[Party Arty of Ghetto Dwellaz:]

Yo ya step up and you'll get played like the small fry  
I'm throwin' niggas off the roof said you wanna be the four guy  
So mess around you'll be a dead man  
I get hype Tonite's The Night like Redman  
Nuff respect to Big L who get wreck  
Chiggidy check yourself cause I ain't workin' with a full deck  
I'm lethal, eatin' people  
Not Jeffery Dahmer I'm the sequel  
Head Or Gut like Illegal  
So what cha want?  
Yo I'm strapped with the gats step up plap plap  
I'm leavin' caps in your back fool  
I rip tracks wanna say peace to hip hop  
A nigga disagree bring it on and get dropped  
I get wreck I'm Party Arty so hit the deck  
The kid with the tech smokin' niggas like cigarettes  
Now some ask me how I'm gettin' jewels  
I say big up big up it's a stick up stick up  
I stick and move

[Big L:]

And that's how we do. So Y.U. grab the gat and let loose

[Y.U.:]

Yo rat tat tat I got the gat cocked  
Nigga we ghost man a punk?  
I let it roast and leave your pussy ass comatose  
I'm shootin' up like the west is  
Fuck suggestions  
I'll blow out a niggas intestines

Better dip fast quick fast or you won't last  
One blast will put your ass in a body cast  
And I be killin' for rep get ill in a sec  
Nine mil on your neck blood spill is still in effect  
Constantly comittin' grand larceny  
Arsony niggas don't want no parts of me  
Never past up a fast buck ask the last duck  
His jewels were truck he got his ass stuck  
So what the fuck is you sayin' hop?  
I'm wanted for slayin' cops  
Who's ever around when I be sprayin' drops  
But I ain't givin' a fuck who gets hit  
Niggas coppin' pleas but I ain't tryin' to hear shit  
I'll burn you faggot niggas like toast  
If you die and come back I shoot your spirit  
now your ass is just a holy ghost  
You tried to play me to the left  
You better put a target on your head  
cause you're marked for death [echo]