

Big L, Lifestylz Ov Da Poor Dangerous

(everybody everywhere is scratching for what they can get
Did you think anybody in this town is any different?
They don't give a damn who gets killed
Just as long as "the dice keep rollin
The hoes keep hoein
And the money keeps flowin"")

My name is I, and I'm from a part of town where clowns
Get beat down and all you hear is gunshot sounds
On 139 and lennox ave. there's a big park
And if you're soft, don't go through it when it gets dark
Cause at nighttime niggas try to tax
They're sneakier than alley cats
That's why I carry gats
Yo, I'm a muthaf**kin fugitive
Buckwild and foul is the lifestyle that I choose to live
Because to me it's all about a buck
I used to have a partner in crime by the name of chuck
We stormed the city, shootin shit up like frank nitty
We robbed kids and split the dough 50/50
One day we stuck a dice game on the ave. and split the cash
Then I murdered his ass and took his half
Because I'm all about ends and skins
When you got dough, you don't need no muthaf**kin friends
If I catch you on a late night, black, you're gettin stuck, jack
My moms told me to get a job, f**k that
Aiyo, picture me gettin a job
Takin orders from bob, sellin corn on the cob
Yo, how the hell i'ma make ends meet
Makin about 120 dollars a week?
Man, I rather do another hit
I want clean clothes, mean hoes, and all that other shit
Yo, I admit, I'm a sucker
A low down, dirty, sneaky, double-crossin canivin muthaf**ka
Breakin in cribs with a chrome bar
I wasn't 'poor', I was po', I couldn't afford the 'o-r'
I used to wait until it gets dark
And tell a nigga to strip, I wanna see some birthmarks
Like a ninja, dressed in black with a ski mask
I take all the funds, then I run down the street fast

I vicked this nigga named eugene
Took his brand new ring
Cause stickin up's a everyday routine
Once I was crusin in a beat-up ride
Saw this nigga named clyde
And snuck up on him from the blind side
I told him, "give up the dough, before you get smoked
Oh you're broke? (*shots*) now you're dead broke"
The big I was cold crazy
A top-notch crook snatchin pocket books from old ladies
I don't care, I'll do anything to get a buck
Even rob a miller truck, cause I don't give a f**k
Some say I'm ruthless, some say I'm grim
Once a brother done broke into my house and I robbed him
Plenty and many brains I bust
Cause I was livin the lifestyle of the poor and dangerous

Word

All of us from harlem

139

That's livin the lifestyle of the poor & dangerous
Uknowmsayin?

This goes out
To my brothers
Big lee and don ice
Reggie reg, t.c., todd, lou, black tone
Whitey, ty speeder, ru dog, herb mcgruff
E-jet, g love, doc ring, slice and rich dice
I can't forget the 1-4-0
Lennox ave., troop
And I gotta say rest in peace to mate the skate, dog
And my man kerry
Peace

(now what kinda life is that for a child?
Now what kinda life is that for a child?
Now what kinda life is that for a f**kin child?
Word to mother
F**k all that stupid shit
Controversial, not commercial, nigga)