

Big L, M.V.P.

[Big L]

A yo spark up the phillies and pass the stout
Making quick money grip before your ass is out
In a street brawl I strike men quicker than lightning
You seen what happened in my last fight friend? right then
L's a clever threat, elerisis who never sweat,
Comparing yourself to me is like a Benz to a chevelette
And clown rappers I'm bound to slay
I'm saying hi to all the cuties from around the way
Yeah, cause I got all of them sprung Jack
My girls are like boomer-rings
No matter how far I throw them, they come back
I'm coming straight out the N.Y.C., I'm down with diggin in the crates
And I'm M.V.P. yeah!

[Miss Jones]

It's Big L,
[x4]

[Big L]

Yo it's a must that I get papes
Peace to all the DJ's who gave me love on their mix tapes
And once again the man's back with a dended track
So here's your chance jack to get loose and let your hand clap.
I got juice like voco, mad crues I broke thru,
niggas be getting mad cause I hit more chicks than they spoke to.
And everytime I'm in a jam I always find a loophole,
I got a crime record longer than Manute Bol.
And my raps is unbelievable like aliens and flying sorcers
No more iron horses cause I'm buying porches.
I'm coming straight out the NYC peace to the Kid Carpi, I'm M.V.P.

[Miss Jones:]

If rap was a game i'll be M.V.P., the most valuable poet on the M.I.C.
If rap was a game i'll be M.V.P., the most valuable poet on the M.I.C.
It's Big L (x4)

[Big L:]

Battles I loose none I make crues run
I get fools done, got ten fingers but only use one.
My run is like Machine Gun Kelly, with a black skully,
Put one in your belly, leave you smelly, and take your Pelle Pelle.
I'm the neighborhood lampor, punani vampor, mess around you'll find My silk
boxers in your mommy's hamper.
And nowadays girls want you for your money,
I'm like Hev, I got nothing but love for you honey.
And yes I'm living slick and my pockets are thick,
I need surgery to get chicks removed from my (chill)
I'm coming straight out the N.Y.C., raps my job, and I'm M.V.P.