

Big L, On The Mic

[Big L]

Aiyyo I shoulda been out, I'm deadly when I pull the pin out
Keep frontin, I'ma try yo chin out
I knocked a lot of men out
I left em on the floor spittin phlegm out
It's either that or I'ma squeeze the gat and pop ten out
You see Corleone, ice spinnin, jigged out, white linen
And if a bitch don't like me, then she must like women
Everytime I come around you see your wife grinnin
Don't be mad cuz your career's in the ninth inning
It's over now, nigga leave the game
I'm from the Danger Zone where MC's get slain
We're thugs that never hesitate to squeeze the flame
We're niggas be takin drugs just to ease the pain
Hustlers flip cokey, 48 Hours like Nick Nolte
When I was OT your bitch wrote me
First day home, I dived in it, left her thighs dented
Now that bitch be pagin me every five minutes
MC's I squash and disgrace
It's all about the Benji's, so why your bills got Washington's face?
A lot of cats be frontin, made singles wit a fifty on top
L tryin to have the city on lock
Peace to Biggie and Pac cuz they really were hot
Rap game heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer wit us
Niggas wanna be L, ladies wanna see L
If I go to jail, you'll wear a shirt sayin "Free L!"
What

[Cuts by Roc Raida]

[Chorus]

[Big L] "On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"
[Big L] "I been rockin mics since niggas was rockin Pro Keds"
"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"
[Big L] "I'm floorin niggas and I only weigh a buck and change"
"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"
[Big L] "Fuckin wit me, a lot of niggas be small change"
"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"
"Big L" [DJ Premier] "Represent"

Aiyyo I hear a lot of bitch in your talk
See a lot of switch in your walk
Only thugs get rich in New York
Time is runnin out, niggas like "L when you commin out?"
Because they sick of all this drag queen shit
Your wife missin, I'm the nigga see was last seen wit
Me and Ron hit it up on some tag team shit
A bunch of niggas got smoked for the cash
Used to ride Greyhounds wit dimes hoes who stuffed the coke in they ass
Crazy beefs got provoked in the past, lot of wigs got split
A lot of innocent kids got hit
Harlem World be the place of my birth
Believe me son, we breed the smoothest niggas on the face of the earth
Mics I steadily smoke, rhymes cleverly wrote
As long as I can rock a crowd, I'ma never be broke
Some hoes treated me like a bumb nerd when I was unheard
Now I'm icey, I ain't gotta say one word you dumb bird
I push whips while you walk all day
And I hate when strange niggas wanna talk all day
Clown ass shit, hate to be around that shit
You don't know me, just say "What's up" give me a pound that's it
When I was at the steakhouse pullin cake out
You was at some cheap Chinese shit gettin take out
How you make out, you take the fake route

You oughta break out
You couldn't get a bitch before you put your tape out, what!

[Chorus]
[repeat last line x5]