

Big L, Stretch & Bobbito '95 Pt. II

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Big L]

My crew be deliverin hot lead when gats are clenched
Rappers I jack and lynch
Nobody can fuck with the way I be killing the shit in rap events
Big L is the nigga you expect
To catch wreck in any cassette deck
I'm so ahead of my time, my parents haven't met yet
I'm feeling like Billy Bathgate
My rap style is past great
I love to fuck a bitch from the back and watch her ass shake
I probably got your mommy strung
Niggaz hear me and take more notes than Connie Chung
My clan plans to get Guillianni hung
Never had a gassed head
Got loot cause I stash bread
Try to tax and I'ma beat your fagot ass half-dead
I stomp white cops till the life stops
For a low price hops
Cause my blood is colder than an ice box
On 1-3-9 you don't want a block war
Cause my crew will kill a nigga from the lobby to the top floor
And every time a mack eleven bucks
I'm killing at least seven ducks
I never was a follower of Reverend Butts
The bitch type I dislike, I'm rougher than a fist fight
All chicks ain't shit, ain't no such thing as Miss Right
So we can never be a couple hun
Fuck love, all I got for ho's is hard dick and bubble gum
And clown emcee's I be attacking quick
I'm on some rappin shit and some car jackin shit
I ran up on this nigga name Mac in a black ac
And put the gat to his cap, click-clack
Sorry jack but get up out of that
My 38 works great, so make a mistake and hesitate
I can't wait to demonstrate this nickel plat
He didn't listen to what I was speakin
He started reaching
So I left him sleepin with his temple leaking

Aight, back to my man Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

As soon as I grab it, I eat it up like a savage
And no I don't have it, I get it together like a marriage
I'm seeking all rappers, I'm on my p's and q's and carrots
Y'all don't understand, well, god-damn, don't you know my status
I'm flowing the fattest, mmmm that is, mmmm, I'm the baddest
No need to explain my name, the only thing that matters
For suckers who bite me, they find I'm a bit much to swallow
Your thinking that's hollow, the rhythm is too rugged to follow
I hit you like bam, biggity bam, bam, biggity bam
Let me take a little breath god damn
The kid is a wizard
I'm definitely destined to make eight digits
Met up with L on the road to riches
As soon as I step up, nah, whenever I'm in the, uh
Whatever I touch, whatever I clutch
You know I'm gonna end ya, uh
The nigga don't play, hey, the nigga don't play, hey
Hahahhhh, here I come a-g-g-gain, run, up up up in
Niggaz are do ducking I'm boo buckin, fuck it I'm whyle
But a boo boo boo bam, what you niggaz gonna do to the man?

I see you brought your little crew and?
I'm still comin with velocity, check it out
Jid-a, id-a, wid-l, zid-e, uh huh
Ain't none of the clowns fuckin around
Ain't none of clowns standing their ground
with the crowned prince of the underground
Sounds like I'm ready to catch wreck now
The heats on sweat now
Jay-Z's on, be gone to the next town
Punk, jump up and get beat down
Check it out, check it out, check it out
Ladies be comin out of their seats now
Shit I got crazy skills
It's a pity the way I'm ripping rugged rhythm through the city
Like dunnanna dunnanna di-di-dun dun ditty
I got rhythm, I, hit em with rhythm, I
Hit em and split em, I did em, I get rid of them guys
J-A, baby, baby please, gimme g's
Baby, baby, wit crazy ease
Watch Jay-Z get crazy G's