

Stretch & Bobbito '98

Big L

I got some new shit for y'all to play to, ya know?
Okay good Big L!
Tell me if this was suffice, or if it's somethin mayo .. outta here
This is the frosted flakes right here
This is the Lord Finesse beat
Yeah yeah
Aight, i guess... it will work, it will work
You can get jiggy with that?
Yeah, yeah let me see, check it out
You can ball with this
One-two, one-two
Kinda tired..
Big L, 'bout ta.. get into some shit
Aight check it out

Yo, fuck all the glamours and glitz, I plan to get rich
I'm from New York and never was a fan of the Knicks
And I'm all about expandin my chips
You mad cause I was in the van with your bitch
with both hands on her tits
Corleone hold the throne, that you know in your heart
I got style, plus the way that I be flowin is sharp
A while back I used to hustle, sellin blow in the park
Countin G stacks and rockin ice that glow in the dark
Forever - hottie huntin, trigger temper I'm quick to body somethin
You lookin at me like I'm probably frontin
I fuck around and throw, three in your chest and flee to my rest
I'm, older and smarter this is me at my best
I stopped hangin around y'all, cause niggaz like you
be prayin on my downfall, hopin I flop
Hopin I stop, you probably even hope I get locked
or be on the street corner with a pipe, smokin the rock
I got more riches than you, fuck more bitches than you
Only thing I haven't got is more, stitches than you
Fuckin punk, you ain't a +Leader+ what? Nobody +Follow-ed+ you
You was never shit, your mother shoulda swallowed you
(Mmmmm.. WHOO!) You on some tagalong flunkie yes man shit
Do me a favor, please get off the next man dick
And if you think I can't fuck with whoever, put your money up
Put your jewels up, no fuck it put your honey up
Put your raggedy house up nigga, or shut your mouth up
before I buck lead, and make a lot of blood shed
Turn your tux red, I'm far from broke, got enough bread
And mad hoes, ask Beavis I get nuttin Butt-head
[laughter] My game is, vicious and cool
Fuckin chicks is a rule
If my girl think I'm loyal then that bitch is a fool
How come, you can listen to my first album
and tell where a lot of niggaz got they whole style from?
(YEAH!) So what you actin for?
You ain't half as raw, you need to practice more
Somebody tell this nigga sum'un, 'fore I crack his jaw
You runnin with boys, I'm runnin with men
I'ma be rippin the mics until I'm a hundred and ten
Have y'all niggaz like, "Damnit this nigga done done it again"
I throw slugs at idi-ots, no love for city cops
I sport a pretty watch, eight-hundred and fifty rocks

I'm makin wonderful figures
I don't fuck with none of you niggaz
I might pull out this gun on your niggaz
and rob every last one of you niggaz

YEAHHH! (What?)

I'm TIRED

For somebody tired, that wasn't, that wasn't too bad!

You wrote... yeah... you where.. you where thinkin' bout somebody when you wrote that right?

Nah, all my shit like that, 'cause latley niggaz been battlin' on the block latley

I could tell you wrote that ready for somebody

Yeah, yeah niggaz been up on some..

You sharpened the pencils for that one

Aight let me kick some more shit

Aight, let me kick some more shit, one more time

Yeah-yeah... Spit, some more

Aight, check it out, yeah, check it out

Aight, we gone hit it like this, check it out

Yo check it, yo my shit is hot like jerk chicken, I should rob you

But with that cheap shit, you ain't worth stickin'

I've got a left hook, that be leavin' guys knocked out

Keep frontin', and I'm a choke you till your eyes pop out

I was taught that if a nigga swing, swing right back

Battle Corleone, why do a stupid that like that?

Yo, I'm not in the mood, son, so don't push me tonight

Plus I fucked your little sister and that pussy was right

That pussy was tight, grippin' my dick like a pair of pliers

You fuckin' snitch, right now you prolly wearin' wires

It's not a joke, so as soon as he laugh

I'm a strip him naked and stick a long broom in his ass [Bobbito:] Ouch

[Stretch:] Oh, word

Leave him heart-broken, make him quit rap and start smokin'

My album is done, so no it ain't no parts open

I'm not a sweet stud, I'm a street thug

That's quick to beat a nigga like a cheap rug, till he leak blood

You sure soft, watched you fall off, might slide your whore off

Then call all off, and tear your jaw off

My life is far out, I got star clout

Every week bring a different car out, go to clubs and buy the bar out

You ain't a player, put that cigar out

Take that suit off, before I shoot off, and tear your roof off

Leave your clothes bloody-red like the nose of Rudolph

I rocked many stages and never got booed off

I might let this gat burst, put you in a big black hearse

For that wack verse, should have tried these other cats first

Cause none of y'all niggas can fuck with me

And if your man wanna join, I got McGruff with me

We puff much izzy

I do shit that only tough men do

And them cats you with fuck them too, I'll buck them too

Be careful what you rush into, you lame-ass nigga

No dough, always on the train-ass nigga

Canal street, 10-karat-chain-ass nigga

You got fucked upstate, you cupcake

How many dicks can your butt take?

I ran through every bitch in my path

I was fuckin' chicks in the ass when I was six-and-a-half [laughing]

Yo, I'm a take you out your misery [Stretch:] Yeah right!

And after this, nigga, put you in the social study book 'cause you're history

Yeah

Yo, I'm gonna give you my math

Aight

I'm gonna give you my math [laughing]

Aight

Aight

Yo, I'm gonna give you my history

That's one I'm not gonna play for my mom

Yeah

'Anthony, I haven't heard the show in so long.

Give me tape Not this one.