

98 Freestyle

Big L

(Big L)

One-two, one-two

Kinda tired.

Big L, 'bout ta. get into some shit

Aight check it out Yo, fuck all the glammers 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

(Mmmm. 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, "Damn it 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
(Bobbito) YEAHHH! (What?)
(Big L) I'm TIRED
(Bobbito) For somebody tired, that wasn't, that wasn't too bad!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>