

# Size 'Em Up

## Big L

Hey, yo, the streets love me, man an' I love the streets  
So I know ya ain't think I was comin' with some fruitcake shit  
Ya know me better than that Ayo, 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 an' pop ten out You see codione, ice spinnin', jigged out,  
white linen  
An' if a bitch don't like me, she must like women  
Every time I come around, you see your wife grinnin'  
Don't be mad 'coz yo' career's in the ninth innin' It's over now, nigga, leave the game  
I'm from the danger zone where emcees get slain  
We're thugs that never hesitate to squeeze the flame  
We're niggaz, be takin' drugs just to ease the pain  
Hustlers flip Cokey, '48 Hours' like Nick Nolte  
When I was O.T., your bitch rode me  
First day home I dived in it, left her thighs dented  
Now that bitch be pagin' me every five minutes Emcees, I squash an' disgrace, it's all about the  
Benjis  
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 an' Pac 'coz they really were hot  
Rap game, heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer wit us  
Niggaz wanna be L, ladies wanna see L  
If I go to jail, you'll wear a shirt sayin', "Free L" What? Word up, man, them niggaz is hungry  
They ready to bite a nigga arm off All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?  
See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us  
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit us?  
An' the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up  
All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?  
See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us  
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit us?  
An' the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up Ayo, 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  
Niggaz like, "L, when you comin' out?"  
Because they sick of all this drag queen shit Your wife's missin', I'm the nigga she was last seen  
wit  
Me an' Ron hit it up on some tag team shit  
A buncha niggaz got smoked for the cash  
Used to ride Greyhounds wit dime holes  
An' stuff the Coke in they ass Crazy beef's 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 niggaz 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 bum nerve, when I was unheard  
Now I'm icy, I ain't gotta say one word, you dumb bird  
I push whips while you walk all day  
An' I hate when strange niggaz wanna talk all day  
Clown ass, shit, hate to be around that shit  
You don't know me, just say  
"Wassup? Gimme a pound", that's it  
When I was at the steak house, pullin' cake out  
You was at some cheap Chinese shit  
Gettin' take out, how you make out?  
You took the fake route, you oughta break out  
You couldn't get a bitch before you put your tape out  
What? Fuckin' punks  
Niggaz like you will get robbed everyday  
All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?  
See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us  
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit us?  
An' the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up  
All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?  
See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us  
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit us?  
An' the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up  
Yeah, Flamboyant Entertainment  
Big L, Rondell, C Town, NFL, you know how we do  
One time, can't forget my partner, Big brother, Big Lee  
Holdin' it down, The Overseer, Flamboyant

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