

D.I.T.C. "Day One"

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[Diamond D]

Now its the mad magician with the ill deposition

No repetition holdin down Bronx tradition

My composition simply squash the competition

Step up and get beat into submission

Cause this musician with the street intuition

7-35 fuel-injected transmission

My opposition will have to recognize my steez

Exotic trees leave a trail of scuffed up knees

So please you couldn't touch this cat with a stick

Quick to inflict tricks blaze up in the flick

Son I'm sick and you could put that on my mama

Exclamation point, quotation, comma

Lay up on the beaches when I'm down in the Bahamas

The skills go back to the days of wonderama

So pass the scama, son its time to get this money

So we can relax and recline where its sunny

[Big L]

I went from standin on the corner sellin cocaine

To rippin show I was sane hoes yellin my name

To be precise rippin mics is the light of my life

You frontin like you trife but never pulled a heist in your
life

The price of my ice is sky high, I'm a fly guy

Its every thugs dream I really love cream, its in my
blood stream

You mad cause I got more chicks than you, more bricks
than you

More nines and extra clips than you

Where I live it ain't a nice town

You can't walk around with ice down

Some clown probably gettin stuck right now

Peace to D-I-T-C, Show and AG, Fat J-O-E

Diamond D, Lord Finesse, and me

I'm from the East Coast, this is how we roll in New York

A bunch of rowdy niggas holdin the fort

Jackin creeps, packin heat,

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