

# Big L

## "139 - Tony Touch"

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"Big L" --> Lord Finesse

\*scratched during the intro\*

"1-3-9" --> Notorious B.I.G. - Ten Crack  
Commandments

[Intro: Big L]

Where I'm from

Yeah, Tony Touch in the house, yeah

Big L Harlem on the rise, 1 3 9

You ain't know!?

One love to my nigga McGruff, Mase Murda, Killa Kam

Rest in peace to my man Bloodshed

Live on baby, the spirit live on

Yeah BBO in the house

Yeah my men stand I'ma rock this shit

Check it out!

[Big L]

Yo, I be that smooth cat you never seen rollin' with  
clowns

One of the few from Uptown that's holdin it down

Bitches be on me like I'm welfare, even rich ones

that live in Bel Air, is this Big L yeah, hell yeah

Word up, I use a chrome gat to push domes back

Watch how you talk when you call me, Feds got my  
phone tapped

This rap game, I put my life in it, chain got

mega ice in it, push an Infinite, chrome rims, light  
tinted

You can see pal, it's all about me now

Twenty G's a show bitch three thou just to freestyle

I made this cheese it didn't grow on trees

Can you hold somethin? Sure, you can hold on these

Yo I'm fat like the old Cray-on, smooth as Rayon

L is who the ladies stay on, baby play on

I stay jeweled up, pockets swelled up from banks I held  
up

Plenty bitch-ass niggaz Big L stuck

I never catch cold feet when I hold heat

We roll deep, with the Triple Black dogs in their old  
jeep

I catch a fag three o'clock in the morn  
On the block all alone and put the glock to his dome  
Tell him "Give it up quick, you nitwit, don't try to get  
slick  
Or I'm a let this four-fifth spit and leave your shit split"  
Prick, it ain't nothing decent about me  
A true thug for real, you can ask the precinct about me  
A rap junkie, don't try to play me like some flunky  
Jewels be chunky, pockets lumpy, attitude grumpy  
And mad niggaz be fronting the life  
Popping mad shit, trying to be something they not  
Your faggot ass better stay to dancing, don't even look  
at me  
I might break your jaw just for glancing  
I'm sick like Manson  
In '97 Harlem kids is blowing  
And we don't trip, we'll let a bitch starve til her ribs are  
showing

Artist: Big L

Album: Harlem's Finest - A Freestyle History

Song: Stretch Debut

[Big L]

Word, check it out check it out check it out

Bust it

MC's get taught a lesson

when the mic is in my possession

Rap's my profession L is nice, no question

It's a fact I stay geared you shouldn't beware

That I'm feared cause my raps are rougher

than a nappy (?)

I cook rappers like a chef

I'm def like Jeff right to left

My raps are better than Morgan (?)

With niggaz deaths I'm the number one suspect

Cause I catch much wreck specially when I'm upset

Suckers I'm a stiggedy star breakin' them mother and

takin' they heart

You better believe Big L is a matter be rippin' the

microphones apart

I hold the forty right because I'm the naughty type

When I strike the mic niggaz be like shorty hype

I'm smoother than Velvet my lyrics is well writ'

You sayin' L's this and L's that kid or L did

Rhymes I create and I couch ya whole crew

Battlin' me is like fightin' on the river in a phonebooth

I wreck mics and rock the cool speech

cause nowadays rappers think they motherfuckin'

schoolteachers

One two, one two, rappers I run through

Fuck Corati I crack his gun fool  
The Big L is an assassinator  
I grab the mack and leave a fag leakin' like activator  
I'm the nigga that you never even thought of beatin'  
black white or puerto rican  
I'm gonna slaughter each an'  
every crap MC that warms up  
when a battle comes up  
give me two thumbs up  
Peace

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