

# Big L "8 Iz Enuff"

Visit "[8 Iz Enuff](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo

My crew is in the house

Terra, herb mcgruff, buddah bless

Big twan, killa kam, trooper j, and mike boogie

And i'ma set it like this

[ verse 1: big l ]

Aiyo, folks who quote what I wrote get choked

You better surrender before you get smoked

You niggas be thinkin this kid is a joke?

I put chumps to rest fast, when my smith-wes' blast

So just dash or trespass and get your chest smashed

Rap new york rules, I sport jewels and extort crews

Don't get me pissed, I got a short fuse

I go bezerk when I put in work or do dirt, jerk

So stay alert, no smoke, cause these knuckles hurt

I'm from the alley, not the valley

I'm hotter than cali, wicked like harry

And fuck sally, I rather marry halle

I revive crowds with live styles

Don't hang with jive pals

Adios, ghost, I'm 5 thous'

[ verse 2: terra ]

Well, I'm flav, and I was down with the crime wave

Now it's time saved, yo, cause now I'm a rhyme slave

In '87 I sold cracks, collected some dough stacks

Hold gats, a joker got his soul taxed

N.o. rated, rappers you no-made it

Tell the terra to rotate it, his raps are gold-plated

This nigga terra is past butter, sharp like a glass cutter

Ass brother, I leave your rhyme trash gutter

I'm more rare, the mc in this warfare

Put you in a morgue where it's too late for that lord  
prayer

Power struck, terra drops the follow-up

Sour luck, niggas got and popped and swallow nuts

[ verse 3: herb mcgruff ]

For those that don't know, yo, I'm herb mcgruff

I'm on some murder stuff

And when I talk every word is ruff

Front on this and get beat bad  
With big bats that bruise, break bones  
Then wind up bloody in a bodybag  
Mc's are live, but I'm mad liver  
Aiyo, my rhymes are more funky than a afghan cab  
driver  
Step to this and get sliced with ease  
Ate up like rice and peas  
(herb, can you fight? ) yo, I'm nice with these  
Ask the nigga in my last bout  
He thought I just was on some gun shit, I had to knock  
his ass out  
Microphones I gotta tear  
Peace to big I, straight from hell  
I'm the fuck up outta here

[ verse 4: buddah bless ]

Aiyo, it's time to get drastic, but God bless the fantastic  
Herb passed it, now I melt the mic like it's plastic  
I rag crews cause I'm bad news  
In a mad move I'm servin brothers quicker than fast  
food  
Step to this and get your body blown  
Cause I'm a ? nomaticom? for poems I slide the hotties  
home  
Here's some advice, I'm mad nice  
Aiyo, I'm quick to lick the mag twice  
And cold take a fag's life  
My swellin melon got niggas jealin  
Aiyo, fuck bribes, I'm takin niggas lives like a felon

[ verse 5: big twan ]

Yo, I bust chumps like a glock 10, when I drops in  
The top ten is rocked when it's locked in  
I just abuse the flow, don't need a fuse to blow  
Bruise the groove slow, when I rhyme I just kill the show  
I got lines that's deeper than a jail  
Been no frail, kids get nailed and read braille when  
they fail  
Yeah, ain't I nasty, too nasty to trash me  
Bash me, aiyo, that's dead, so don't ask me  
You'd get bumped off if beef ever jumped off  
I never come soft, I gotta pump that sawed-off  
And when I let slugs out, you will get rugged out  
For dissin, you come up missin like a cup scout

[ verse 6: killa kam ]

Rappers be funny like flesh, cause they section's 80  
slaughter, son  
Talk about nines and tecs, and never shot a watergun  
But killa kam, I get erratic when it comes to static

There you have it, a trigger fanatic with a automatic  
Increase the peace that cease cause once I release  
My crew from the east, we leavin at least  
20 police deceased, it's the beast on attack  
So make tracks, I break backs  
I jack with def gats and black macs  
On lennox ave. ain't no light looks, you fight crooks  
Left and right hooks, if you front, get your life took

[ verse 7: trooper j ]

I'm havin nail-sharp pains in my brain like a hellraiser  
I'm blazin trails from jail cells, so a trailblazer  
Who find crime and fill the nine with nothin but lead  
Boom-bye-bye, dem find another batty bwoy dead  
In backyard alleys, but I call em crackyard valleys  
And I pack more rallys than riots back in cali  
And people wanna know the reason why I blow my fuse  
I'm in a daze and I'm so confused  
>from seein heads shake so many times the lead  
make  
And mike boogie's next up, and keep my head straight

[ verse 8: mike boogie ]

I should never rhyme cause every time I step into a  
contest  
Kids evacuate the premises like it's a bomb threat  
Cause they know when I start droppin poems  
That I be knockin domes, poppin bones and sendin  
niggas hoppin home  
Word to god, it's kinda hard for a fag to touch this  
So if you're comin to see me, nigga, bring a cask' and  
crutches  
And niggas, I don't' need a gun for you, none of you  
Cause I can kill you dead with the lead from my no. 2  
And it's death in every paragraph  
And niggas learn when I burn they muthafuckin ass to  
ash  
No need to question am I nice, cause it's a fact, friend  
I shoot the gift like santa clause with a mac-10  
And niggas ain't half as nice, so they get sacrificed  
And sent to the afterlife, they ain't no match for mike  
Now I'm bout to skate in a rush, just finished makin it  
tough  
Peace to big I, aiyo, 8 is enough

True, true

And before I get up outta here  
I gotta say peace to d-whiz and short man  
Brothers that was there since the beginning  
What's up to rockin' wheel from the hard pack crew  
Peace to mase murder and the b.b.o. crew

The best out crew, the m&m crew  
And all the other crews that's representin in harlem  
You know what I'm sayin?  
And last but not least  
I gotta say peace to the 139th street nfl crew  
My crew  
Word up

Visit [Big L](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.