

Big L

"Bring 'em Back"

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Yeah
This is classic shit right here, vintage shit
Go get ya tape decks ready
You know I had to bring 'em back
Terror era's the squad man
Yeah uh yo uh yo

Aye yo, I'm old school like Rick Ruler, sick jewels to big buddah
Lift dudes wit the six shooter luger
That means bring it back, NY king of that
The best tried a dead mind but just can't see to that
The 4th comin', don't look now there's more comin'
And we all stunners with lil' money but still hungry
True story, once threw a nigga from a two storey
Asked for my paper, said, "There's nothin' he can do for me"
That's like takin' a steak out of a lion's mouth
Better yet that like takin' a plate outta Ryan's mouth

That'll never happen, over my dead body
Feds got me plastered on the wall like I'm the heir to Gotti
I swear to Mambo and Nore and all the left wreck
A nigga try front on his body he gettin' sent back
Don't resent crack, I'm just what you wanna be
Young, rich and famous bitches can't get enough of me
And they runnin' up on me usually in groups of them
But not just everyday but you could never be too used to them
I be abusin' them squeezin' fresh oranges
Breakfast in the mornin' get some strength and then it's on again

I just had to bring 'em back
Word you definitely know what I'm about
You know I had to bring 'em back yo
All my friends call me stout
I just had to bring 'em back
Flamboyant baby

You know I had to bring 'em back yo

When I cruise through the ghetto I drive slow
I'm quick to buck a duck and I don't give a fuck about
five O
A hard core life I toast to ex-flaw
Therefore I live raw and went to war with the law
My only pencil was a mug shot slugs were thugs got pot
Get swellin' hops from sellin' tops to da drugs spot
G's was clocked fat knots was in the socks
And cops who tried to stop shop, got knocked when I
popped the glock
Shit was ran right by me and my man Mike
'Cause I choose to use a gun don't mean that I can't
fight

'Cause we put the guns down and go one round
With the hands but man I ain't the one, you'll get done
clown
I can inverse my style, 'cause I'm versatile
Quick to burst a child I'm livin' worse than foul
I pack two techs in case ya crew flex
I wet up the set in a second yell who's next
To feel the wrath of a psychopath shoots it up like shaft
Turn ya staff into a blood bath to laugh
You'll get smashed like a deli snack, you softer than
jelly Jack
I attack in black with a gat and a skully hat

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I just had to bring 'em back
[Incomprehensible]You know I had to bring 'em back yo

No doubt I'm from the X and I seen it all
Shorties with dreams of playin' ball
For Seaton hall turnin' fiends a full
From me the word to Sacuon the same sad song
Is bein' sung, its like gimme a gun and I'm back on
Joey crack, Pun, TS, Bronx regulators
Stomp little niggaz to death for tryin' to imitate us
Y'all could never see us, be us, TS, kill the BS
'Cause Pun got more guns and funds than ideas
Un be us, I'm from the BX so I have to roll

Blastin' for crash ya door, smash ya hoe
Hack off ya skull, I'm stackin heads like totem poles
Blow a hole in ya colon throw you from here to Forden
Road

Blow for blow, I toe to toe with the toughest
Bring the ruckus to the roughest motherfucker
It's nothin' but illustrious
My crews are cussin' to bustin' ass crushin' glass
In niggaz faces leavin' traces of red out this bloody
bath
I want the cash off the jiddump, I cock and blast the
piddump
At any piddunk tryin' to laugh at the briddonx

You ain't no kiddon for the terror squadron
You feel the fear of God when I steal a car
And flatten ya Pierre Cardin
I peirce ya noggin' if you startin' trouble
Spark the dot above you
And watch it blossom like a flower throughout the
borough
No doubt I'm thorough with a parascope rifle extended
rycle
Cycle that'll tear the whole Bible out
I'm sweatin' no idols a title's all I request
Best rappers know that pun and Y the chaperones of
death

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