

Big L

"Lifestylez Ov Da Poor & Dangerous"

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(Everybody everywhere is scratching for what they can get
Did you think anybody in this town is any different?
They don't give a damn who gets killed
Just as long as "the dice keep rollin
The hoes keep hoein
And the money keeps flowin")

My name is L, and I'm from a part of town where clowns
Get beat down and all you hear is gunshot sounds
On 139 and Lennox Ave. there's a big park
And if you're soft, don't go through it when it gets dark
Cause at nighttime niggas try to tax
They're sneakier than alley cats
That's why I carry gats
Yo, I'm a muthafuckin fugitive
Buckwild and foul is the lifestyle that I choose to live
Because to me it's all about a buck
I used to have a partner in crime by the name of Chuck
We stormed the city, shootin shit up like Frank Nitty
We robbed kids and split the dough 50/50
One day we stuck a dice game on the ave. and split the cash
Then I murdered his ass and took his half
Because I'm all about ends and skins
When you got dough, you don't need no muthafuckin friends
If I catch you on a late night, black, you're gettin stuck, jack
My moms told me to get a job, fuck that
Aiyo, picture me gettin a job
Takin orders from Bob, sellin corn on the cob
Yo, how the hell I'ma make ends meet
Makin about 120 dollars a week?
Man, I rather do another hit
I want clean clothes, mean hoes, and all that other shit
Yo, I admit, I'm a sucker
A low down, dirty, sneaky, double-crossin canivin muthafucka
Breakin in cribs with a chrome bar
I wasn't 'poor', I was po', I couldn't afford the 'o-r'
I used to wait until it gets dark

And tell a nigga to strip, I wanna see some birthmarks
Like a ninja, dressed in black with a ski mask
I take all the funds, then I run down the street fast
I vicked this nigga named Eugene
Took his brand new ring
Cause stickin up's a everyday routine
Once I was crusin in a beat-up ride
Saw this nigga named Clyde
And snuck up on him from the blind side
I told him, "Give up the dough, before you get smoked
Oh you're broke? (*shots*) now you're dead broke"
The Big L was cold crazy
A top-notch crook snatchin pocket books from old
ladies
I don't care, I'll do anything to get a buck
Even rob a Miller truck, cause I don't give a fuck
Some say I'm ruthless, some say I'm grim
Once a brother done broke into my house and I robbed
him
Plenty and many brains I bust
Cause I was livin the lifestyle of the poor and
dangerous

Word
All of us from Harlem
139
That's livin the lifestyle of the poor & dangerous
Uknowmsayin?
This goes out
To my brothers
Big Lee and Don Ice
Reggie Reg, T.C., Todd, Lou, Black Tone
Whitey, Ty Speeder, Ru Dog, Herb McGruff
E-Jet, G Love, Doc Ring, Slice and Rich Dice
I can't forget the 1-4-0
Lennox Ave., troop
And I gotta say rest in peace to Mate the Skate, Dog
And my man Kerry
Peace

(Now what kinda life is that for a child?
Now what kinda life is that for a child?
Now what kinda life is that for a fuckin child?
Word to mother
Fuck all that stupid shit
Controversial, not commercial, nigga)

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