

## Big L "Lifestylez Ov Da Poor Dangerous"

Visit "[Lifestylez Ov Da Poor Dangerous](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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 I 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)

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