

Big L **"M. V. P."**

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A yo spark up the phillies and pass the stout
Makin' quick money grip before your ass is out
In a street brawl I strike men quicker than lightnin'
You seen what happened in my last fight friend? ight
then

L?s a clever threat, elerisis who never sweat
Comparin' yourself to me is like a Benz to a Chevrolet
And clown rappers I?m bound to slay
I?m sayin' hi to all the cuties from around the way

Yeah, 'cause I got all of them sprung jack
My girls are like boomer-rings
No matter how far I throw them, they come back
I?m comin' straight out the N.Y.C, I?m down with diggin'
in the crates
And I?m M.V.P, yeah

If rap was a game I?ll be M.V.P, the most valuable poet
on the M.I.C
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Yo it?s a must that I get papes
Peace to all the DJ?s who gave me love on their mix
tapes
And once again the man?s back with a dended track
So here?s your chance jack to get loose and let your
hand clap

I got juice like voco, mad crues I broke through
Niggas be gettin' mad 'cause I hit more chicks than
they spoke to
And everytime I?m in a jam I always find a loophole
I got a crime record longer than manute bol

And my raps is unbelievable like aliens and flyin'
sorcers

No more iron horses 'cause I?m buyin' porches
I?m comin' straight out the N.Y.C peace to the Kid
Carpi, I?m M.V.P

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Battles I loose none I make crues run
I get fools done, got ten fingers but only use one
My run is like Machine Gun Kelly, with a black skully
Put one in your belly, leave you smelly, and take your
pelle pelle

I?m the neighborhood lampor, punani vamper
Mess around you?ll find my silk
Boxers in your mommy?s hamper
And nowadays girls want you for your money
I?m like hev, I got nothin' but love for you honey

And yes I?m livin' slick and my pockets are thick
I need surgery to get chicks removed from my, chill
I?m comin' straight out the N.Y.C, raps my job, and I?m
M.V.P

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