

Big L "Now Or Never"

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[Chorus:]

Its time to make power moves and get the chedda.
And buy the real nice things that makes life betta.
No foolish acts, moves must be clever.
Im down for whatever, I gotta blow son, is now or never.

[Verse 1:]

I walk through the ruggedest blocks with jewels
flooded wit rocks.
Hustlin on hot corners that be smuggled wit cops.
I was sworn for harlem, true roach don.
Word bond, we leave mics torn.
Yall brothers slept too long, now its on.
L Corleone will neva fly.
Records are forever hot.
Front on me you better not.
I keep the barreta cocked.
This goes out to my people's up town.
Downtown, mid town, across town, and outta town.
You see me flossin often, at all the club sites.
At the bars buyin crystals like they bud lights.
My style is hard like strong lumber.
Dime pieces get the digits chicken heads get the wrong
number.

[Chrous]

[Verse 2:]

Yo I announce spacks.
When I get busy over bounce tracks.
Droppin lethal raps so wack so I can count stacks.
I keep a heavy knot, got a spot on every block.
Hunnies thats very hot.
And sent to the mary yacht.
95 was a beautiful year for L.
Now I'm back and all the ladies still cheer for L.
Whatever I write is gonna be tight.
Cuz if makin hits is wrong I dont wanna be right.
Never the less, the east is were my crew rest.
We bust caps that go through vests.
We only do what we do best.
And thats triple than you riddle men.

Since you wanna play rough, then say hello to my little friend.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

I like drop tops when its hot.
I like lambs when its snowy.
Bank account is fat like Joey.
Im not very religious you wouldn't call me holy.
Sometimes my hairs grow long, sometimes its froly.
Spark up the you know what.
Pop the moey.
L stay flossin, presidential doughly.
Yall brothers know me, I step in parties with mints and fly links.
Shorties hittin me with eyewinks as I buy drinks.
And every girl I got looks like a model.
If you ever see me with a chicken then she must of a hit the lotto.
Uptown is my home, and where I roam.
I stand alone, Big L Cornleone got a song.
Sellin weight in and outta state to generate cake.
The one jakes hate.
Got homicide runnin out of yellow tape.
I pack toast with infra red scopes, I turn crews to dead folks.
If yall fellas is playas, Im the head coach.

[Chorus x2]

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