

## Big L "Size 'em Up"

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Hey, yo, the streets love me, man an' I love the streets  
So I know ya ain't think I was comin' with some fruitcake  
shit

Ya know me better than that

Ayo, I shoulda been out, I'm deadly when I pull the pin  
out

Keep frontin', I'ma try yo' chin out, I knocked a lot of  
men out

I left 'em on the floor spittin' phlegm out

It's either that or I'ma squeeze the gat an' pop ten out

You see codione, ice spinnin', jigged out, white linen

An' if a bitch don't like me, she must like women

Every time I come around, you see your wife grinnin'

Don't be mad 'coz yo' career's in the ninth innin'

It's over now, nigga, leave the game

I'm from the danger zone where emcees get slain

We're thugs that never hesitate to squeeze the flame

We're niggaz, be takin' drugs just to ease the pain

Hustlers flip Cokey, '48 Hours' like Nick Nolte

When I was O.T., your bitch rode me

First day home I dived in it, left her thighs dented

Now that bitch be pagin' me every five minutes

Emcees, I squash an' disgrace, it's all about the Benjis

So why your bills got Washington's face?

A lot of cats be frontin', made singles wit a fifty on top

L tryin' to have the city on lock

Peace to Biggie an' Pac 'coz they really were hot

Rap game, heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer  
wit us

Niggaz wanna be L, ladies wanna see L

If I go to jail, you'll wear a shirt sayin', "Free L"

What? Word up, man, them niggaz is hungry

They ready to bite a nigga arm off

All my wolves in the house, are you live or what?

See, Harlem 'bout to get it, all eyes on us  
Only ghetto niggaz shine, who gon' rise wit us?  
An' the first cat who act, we gon' size 'em up

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Ayo, I hear a lot of bitch in your talk  
See a lot of switch in your walk  
Only thugs get rich in New York, time is runnin' out  
Niggaz like, "L, when you comin' out?"  
Because they sick of all this drag queen shit

Your wife's missin', I'm the nigga she was last seen wit  
Me an' Ron hit it up on some tag team shit  
A buncha niggaz got smoked for the cash  
Used to ride Greyhounds wit dime holes  
An' stuff the Coke in they ass

Crazy beef's got provoked in the past, lot of wigs got  
split  
A lot of innocent kids got hit  
Harlem World be the place of my birth, believe me, son  
We breed the smoothest niggaz on the face of the  
Earth

Mics, I steadily smoke, rhymes, cleverly wrote  
As long as I can rock a crowd, I'ma never be broke  
Some hoes treated me like a bum nerve, when I was  
unheard  
Now I'm icey, I ain't gotta say one word, you dumb bird

I push whips while you walk all day  
An' I hate when strange niggaz wanna talk all day  
Clown ass, shit, hate to be around that shit  
You don't know me, just say  
?Wassup? Gimme a pound?, that's it

When I was at the steak house, pullin' cake out  
You was at some cheap Chinese shit  
Gettin' take out, how you make out?  
You took the fake route, you oughta break out  
You couldn't get a bitch before you put your tape out

What? Fuckin' punks  
Niggaz like you will get robbed everyday

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Yeah, Flamboyant Entertainment  
Big L, Rondell, C Town, NFL, you know how we do  
One time, can't forget my partner, Big brother, Big Lee  
Holdin' it down, The Overseer, Flamboyant

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