

Big L "Still Here"

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[C-Town]

(verse 1)

I be at Harlem world party pleaser,
you might find me on 139 sippin a bacardi breezer,
That's where I rest at,
killin tracks is what i'm best at, jealousy I expect that, I
don't stress that,
I want a cutie with some tight jeans on,
that i can scheme on,
treat her nice, take her out,
and spend some cream on,
tv screens all over you best to see one,
It ain't all about me I'm tryna put my team on,
Cause its good to have a crew to lean on, mics I fiend
on,
you think that you could do it like this? Dream on,
I'ma chrome my rims and ice my chain,
fly clothes and free hoes is the price of fame.

[Big L]

(verse 2)

Yo, you know the game plan,
C-town thats my main man,
we never bring luggage we go shoppin when the plane
lands,
still run with the same clan,
used to be a caine fan,
everything I rock is name brand,
L will make your dame swallow,
your ice don't shine and your chain hallow,
Why you front in clubs for hours with the same bottle,
takin midget sips, I run with the richest clicks,
tap the thickest chics,
plus drop the slickest hits,
you know nothin about L,
so dont doubt L,
whats this motha fuckin rap game without L?
Yo thats like jewels without ice,
thats like china without rice,

or the holy bible without christ,
or the bulls without mike,
or crackheads without pipes,
the village without dykes,
and hockey games without fights,
don't touch the mic if you unable to spit,
flamboyant is the label I'm with

(chorus)

(dj mixing lyrics)

Big L!
Ya'll know the name,
hes still here,
haha yous a funny nigga,
blazin, yea ya'll, blazin, ya ya'll,

Big L!
Ya'll know the name, hes still here,
my nigga Big L,
Yea Ya'll

[Big L]

(verse 3)

I'm stright loco,
to hell with you and your broke hoe,
you aint a big dog you more like todo, you got no
dough,
I smoke dro mixed with coco,
strongest bolo,
I pack a 4-4, platinum row yo,
anti hoe low,
thats a no no so fuck po po,
I push the 7-00, and not the volvo,
C-town push the 6-00,
I'm wit a bitch or im dolo,
chips from here to acapoco,
while ya'll buck for lead,
I buck for heads,
I'll even buck celebs,
nigga fuck the feds

[C-Town]

(verse 4)

I stay sweatin out a bitch perm,
i love it when a girl ass is fat and her tits firm,

I take all the chips my chicks earn,
i watched corleone do it now its chris turn, a hoodlum
like fishburne,
act illy get smacked silly with the mac milly,
you see me on MTV and rapcity,
keep frontin, Ima step out,
mask on with the tech out,
squeeze shots and make you check out

(chorus x1)

[Big L]

(verse 5)

My underground niggas yall can shine with me,
got my own label now so yall can sign with me,
Yall can take it from the bottom and climb with me,
thats fine with me,
thats how it was designed to be

[C-Town]

(verse 6)

I be that young teen with dumb cream,
I refuse to be unheard or unseen I shine like the sun
beam,
all yall niggas better come clean,
before my gun scream, raps a fun thing, only roll with
one team,
Flamboyant entertainment,
thats who I came with,
I pack a nine and once I aim it,
I gotta flame it,
push a blue 8,
got props from here to kuwait,
the one yo crew hate,
here me on Big L new tape,
they call me c-town,
i snatch mics like a rebound,
pack a 3 pound,
thats my parogue like D Brown,
I rip shows in large arenas,
like the garden in mellow lands,
got nothin but love for all my ghetto fans,
on 139 and lennox eyes get shut,
the dangerzone is where the pies get cut,
where all the guys get stuck,
try to front we gon size you up,
like corleone'll grab the chrome and throw five in yo

gut

[Big L & C-Town]

Aiyyo gats we bust,
backs we crush,
only hot tracks we lust,
crazy stacks we clutch,
and we need plaques to touch,
that say platinum plus,
cause half of you niggas thats rappin now is whack to
us

(chorus)

You thought this was over with?
this aint over with.

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