

## Big L "Stretch & Bobbito '92"

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Word, check it out, check it out  
Check it out, bust it

M.C.'s get taught a lesson when the mic is in my possession  
Rap's my pro-fession, L is nice. No question  
It's a fact I stay geared it shouldn't be weird  
that I'm feared, cuz my raps are roughed than a nappy beard  
I cook rappers like a chef  
I'm +Def+ like +Jeff+, right to left  
My raps are badder than mornin breath  
For niggaz deaths I'm the number one suspect  
cuz I catch much wreck, 'specially when I'm upset  
Suckers I'm a stick of they start  
Breakin 'em up and then takin they heart  
You better believe that Big L is the man that be rippin  
the microphones  
apart  
I hold a 40 right because I'm the naughty type  
When I strike the mic, niggaz be like, "Shorty hype!"  
I'm smoother than velvet, my lyrics is well writ'  
You sayin L's dis and L's dat, get off L dick  
Rhymes I create and knock out ya gold tooth  
Battlin me's like fightin a gorilla in a phone booth  
I wreck mics and drop the cool speeches  
Nowadays rappers think they motherfuckin school  
teachers  
1-2, 1-2, Rappers I run through  
Fuck Karate, I practice Gun-Fu  
The Big L is an assassinator  
I grab the mag and leave a fag leakin like Activator  
I'm the nigga that you never even thought of beatin  
Black, white, or Puerto Rican  
I'm could slaughter each an'  
every crab M.C. that runs up when the battle comes up  
Gimme two thumbs up  
Peace

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