

Big L "Tru Master"

Visit "[Tru Master](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo while we hold gats, we hold knives
And when you sold 8's, we sold pies
You rode bikes, we drove 5's
There's no comparison son, just embarrassing
Im runnin wit some of da baddest men in the whole
New York
We hold the fort while you crap cats is holdin tips
playa hatin, pushin stolen whips
we at da dice game rollin trips, out of town throwin
bricks
Takin ova, cookin up coke wit baking soda
I buy hot jewels and ice it down, while u go to da
jewelry wit short doe tryina bring da prices down
You betta spead wit them 30 dollar kicks on
Or get whipped on, knocked out cold, and pissed on
L is a heavyweighter wit steady paper
You da type to go to jail for a petty caper
Then come home on good behavior
Talkin bout u no loner hard now cuz u a man of god
now
Yo its amazin, L is blazin always been
Before i put da braids in, i use to let the waves spin
What u be sayin dont impress me at all
and them chicks u be jayin dont be sexy at all
Word life, everything that i recite stand out
go head and front so i can try this right hand out
across yo jaw, L neva lost a war
no respect for them cowards who enforce tha law
you got sumthin to say, then cough it out
Cuz cowards be wantin beef, but when u pulled out the
heat
They ready to talk it out
what is there to talk about, u was just frontin,
Aint that sumthin, i should start bussin anaway
and put one of u punks in da ground
ya'll cowards be killin me wit ya'll faces frown, jumpin
around
Like u scared of L, not even, cuz im a thug until i stop
breathin
Plus im runnin with a smooth ass crew, that'll shoot at u
u wanna knuckle up, whateva we can do that too

Ya'll fellas like to stress them chicks, impress them chicks
spend money to dress them chicks, i sex them chicks
Then send them home, corleone is known to be stoned
when i bone, i rubber duck in case that chick full blown
the other night around 8pm, pockets crazy slim
Jumped out the gray bm, went to the atm
took a file out, later on i had to wild out
In da club knock some coward and his pal out,
then afterwards, went to the bathroom, pissed crystale
out
Now im thinkin what chick number i can dial out
Cuz its L, the harlem pimp baby, for real
i got more dimes then that sprint lady, and thats ill
Playa haters be givin me harsh looks, but im tryina sell
records like goff brooks
so f em all, when its cold i throw the skelly on
illegal chips, keep my celly on, mega ice is what im
heavy on
If it aint crystale boo, i guess its perryon
If the nana's too tight, i throw some jelly on
Yo try to tax and watch the 9 mil burst
I've been off the scene for 3 years, cats is still thirst
They hear Big L drop an ill verse, so all you unsigned
cats that wanna battle get a deal first
I sport da bulletproof, fitted-hat, that attitude you betta
get rid of that
whereava u floss is where u gon get it at
What, i stay strapped, i go to sleep wit my steel
makin figures while u broke cats keepin it real
L is raps most lifest cat, im gettin stacks while u askin
people "do u want fries with that"
I rob fags in da staircase, no mask, bare face
The one police wouldn't dare chase, keep my gear
laced
Do I walk around without papes? No way pal
Word up, my money loner than the OJ trial

Visit [Big L](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.