

Big Tent Revival

"Who You Slidin' Wit'"

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[Big L]

Yo what's the deal miss?

I'm sayin tho', let me know somethin right now

Y'know we been dancin all night

I been buyin you drinks all night and shit

You goin home with a nigga or what?

Tell me somethin! Uhh

Chorus: Big L (repeat 2X)

Whattup miss, who you hidin wit?

Who you slidin wit? Who you ridin wit?

We can jump in the SL

Rent a room at the best 'tel

I make it last cause I sex well

[Big L]

Henn Rock and Alize I get drunk off

Whattup miss? Get wit a real man and cut that punk off

E'rythang gon' be alright

I been - watchin you watch me all night

I asked honey her name and she told me Celeste

She had big breasts, honey had me harder than a Spanish test

We on the dancefloor, gettin our boogie on

I see the haters watchin me with they hoodies on

Tryin to peep the ice under the sleeve

I'm like, "It's time to breeze,
" told honey, "Let's leave"

Took her to Ema G's(?), got some eggs and cheese

Grits fishcakes and orange juice, freshly squeezed

When she finished her meal, I said, "What's the deal
for real - you goin home or you tryin to chill?"

She got close, whispered somethin slow in my ear

and it ain't hard to tell where we goin from here

Yeah..

Chorus

[Stan Spit]

I ain't on that hatin stuff

I was feelin shorty then the bitch told me she was datin
Puff

I'm a average nigga, then she said she was in the 6

my relationship, with that nigga called Jigga

I'ma compete with that? I'm a corner nigga sellin crack

Guess I gotta be a ballplayin nigga to bone Da Brat

One bitch, I ain't even wanna fuck

She runnin around, all open off Kurupt

The hoe I thought, was gon' be real easy

told me she got a man and he's some beatmakin nigga
named Stevie

What's wrong with these hoes? I'ma fly nigga

I don't wanna go flip Mo' to Rah Digga

or Miss Lopez, bitch no feds

She used to be in the Bronx, rockin Pro Keds

with some Dominican 'dro heads, ridin on top this

on the back of mopeds, titties all out - what what?

Chorus

[Big L]

Is yo' game rusty? Around yo' dame, never trust me

Cause soon as you blink I'ma slide her off then bust
three

And I only lay pipe to dimes

A lot of niggaz I know are takin care of kids that might
be mines

I love to go low, I'm freaky like that

I never get caught creepin cause I'm sneaky like that,
uhh

It ain't my fault your girl be hoe-hoppin

And matter of fact, the last time you gave her loot to go
shoppin

honey picked me up some dope shirts

It's because of me why she's walkin crooked and her
throat hurts

I hate to wait, cause I'm not on the patient tip

Just hit me off, we don't need a relationship

And when you mention my name, it ring a bell

Ask any female, nobody do it like L

I met this chick Rhonda, who pushed the black Honda

Took her to the crib and bombed her with this big
brown anaconda

Chorus 2X

[Big L]

Uhh.. Flamboyant Entertainment

NFL.. one-three-nine, Lenox Ave

Harlem shit, uhh

That's how we do, yeah..

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