

Lord Belial

"You Know What I'm About"

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[Big L]

When I cruise through the ghetto I drive slow
I'm quick to buck a duck and I don't give a fuck about
five-oh
A hardcore, life, a chose to tecs therefore
I live raw and went to war with the law
My only picture was a mugshot, slugs for thugs got plot
Hot and swell for selling hops on the drug spot
G's were clocked, fat knots were in the sock
And cops who tried to stop shop got knocked when I
popped a glock
She was ran right for me and my man Mike
Cause I choose to use a gun don't mean that I can't
fight
Cause we can put the guns down and go one round
With the hands my man, I ain't the one to get done,
clown
I can adverse my style, cause I'm versatile
Quick to burst a child, I'm living worse than foul
I pack two tecs in case your crew flex
I wet up the set in a second and yell "Who's next?"
To feel the wrath of a psychopath, shoots it up like
Shaft
Turn your staff into a bloodbath then laugh
You'll get smashed like a deli snack, you're softer than
Jel & Jack
I attack in black with a gat and a skully hat
On 139 street, Malcom X Boulevard
It's full of hard brothers that's thick and quick to pull a
card
I tell effects when a beef start
Listen here sweetheart, the Big L is street smart
I fucked up send they crews up, make 'em get a juice
up
For those who refuse, I squeeze the uz and light them
fools up
I had beef with this nigga named Randolph
Now he's in a casket, dressed up with his hands
crossed
A beatdown from L, that's what all pranksters get
Like I'll gank a vic, I'm on some real gangster shit

I'm never fucking with no handicapped or cripple
bitches
Look at my style real close and you'll see triple 6's
Crimes I committed, I'm a villian, admit it
I'm the type to murder you and tell your moms I'm the
kid who did it
Peace and love is something that I don't rhyme about
Fuck what you heard, you know what I'm about

Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out
Knocking niggas off, you know what I'm about (Repeat
2x)

[Lord Finesse]

It's the man with the plush flow
Some niggas don't like me, but I don't give a fuck,
though
Cause I'm in command y'all
I'm smacking niggas up like Puerto Ricans play
handball
I ain't the funny type
To joke around, I gotta get my motherfucking money
right
Cause I got the right game
Definitely the wrong man to invite to a dice game
I'm rolling numbers with no practice
I'm snatching up dough like the motherfuckers owe
taxes
Cause I got strategy
I'm rolling headcrack trips and making all the brothers
mad at me
Word, I'm taxing shit
I'm shitting on niggas like I just had a laxitive
Trying to earn props? I ain't the one to see
You clowns'll fuck around and get played like the drum
machine
You gotta find a better way
I'll pull your card, your file, shit, plus your resume
Cause I don't play, clown
I gotta get mine, that's why my face stay frown
I don't smile, don't try to pull my file
I lay your ass like towel, you know my motherfucking
style
So just slow down cause y'all can't throw down
Y'all can't accept that a nigga's making dough now
And I'm living better, troop
And I'm making more noise than a fucking heavy metal
group
I'm a cool man, a brother with a smooth plan

That's why I'm seeing more papers than a news stand
So peep it, don't try to run around or speak it
Point blank, I keep my whereabouts secret
While niggas are packing steel, acting ill
I'm on the DL with a female and I'm stacking bills
How I'm living? Everything is well
Cause a nigga like me, well I'm ringing bells
Without doubt I got clout
Yo fuck that shit, yo you know what I'm about

Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out
Knocking niggas off, you know what I'm about (Repeat
2x)

[Big L]
Word, you definite know what I'm about
Go get your steel and guard you grill, you bitch-ass
niggas
I ain't having it for '92, niggas, word 'em up

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