

So Plush

"On the Mic"

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[Big L]

Aiyyo I shoulda been out, I'm deadly when I pull the pin
out

Keep frontin, I'ma try yo chin out

I knocked a lot of men out

I left em on the floor spittin phlegm out

It's either that or I'ma squeeze the gat and pop ten out

You see Corleone, ice spinnin, jigged out, white linen

And if a bitch don't like me, then she must like women

Everytime I come around you see your wife grinnin

Don't be mad cuz your career's in the ninth inning

It's over now, nigga leave the game

I'm from the Danger Zone where MC's get slain

We're thugs that never hesitate to squeeze the flame

We're niggas be takin drugs just to ease the pain

Hustlers flip cokey, 48 Hours like Nick Nolte

When I was OT your bitch wrote me

First day home, I dived in it, left her thighs dented

Now that bitch be pagin me every five minutes

MC's I squash and disgrace

It's all about the Benji's, so why your bills got

Washington's face?

A lot of cats be frontin, made singles wit a fifty on top

L tryin to have the city on lock

Peace to Biggie and Pac cuz they really were hot

Rap game heavy hitters, it's a shame they no longer wit

us

Niggas wanna be L, ladies wanna see L

If I go to jail, you'll wear a shirt sayin "Free L!"

What

Cuts by Roc Raida

[Chorus]

"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"

[Big L]

"I been rockin mics since niggas was rockin Pro Keds"

[Big L]

"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"

"I'm floorin niggas and I only weigh a buck and

change" [Big L]

"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"
"Fuckin wit me, a lot of niggas be small change" [Big L]
"On the mic is Big L, that brotha who kicks flav, god"
"Big L" [DJ Premier] "Represent"

Aiyyo I hear a lot of bitch in your talk
See a lot of switch in your walk
Only thugs get rich in New York
Time is runnin out, niggas like "L when you commin
out?"
Because they sick of all this drag queen shit
Your wife missin, I'm the nigga see was last seen wit
Me and Ron hit it up on some tag team shit
A bunch of niggas got smoked for the cash
Used to ride Greyhounds wit dimes hoes who stuffed
the coke in they ass
Crazy beefs got provoked in the past, lot of wigs got
split
A lot of innocent kids got hit
Harlem World be the place of my birth
Believe me son, we breed the smoothest niggas on the
face of the earth
Mics I steadily smoke, rhymes cleverly wrote
As long as I can rock a crowd, I'ma never be broke
Some hoes treated me like a bumb nerd when I was
unheard
Now I'm icey, I ain't gotta say one word you dumb bird
I push whips while you walk all day
And I hate when strange niggas wanna talk all day
Clown ass shit, hate to be around that shit
You don't know me, just say "What's up" give me a
pound that's it
When I was at the steakhouse pullin cake out
You was at some cheap Chinese shit gettin take out
How you make out, you take the fake route
You oughta break out
You couldn't get a bitch before you put your tape out,
what!

Chorus

repeat last line 5x

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