

Rita Coolidge

"Holdin' it Down"

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[Big L]

Yea yeah, Flamboyant Entertainment (no doubt)

Yo, y'all fellas like to stress them chicks
Impress them chicks, spend money to dress them
chicks
I sex them chicks and send them home
Corleone is known to be stoned
When I bone, I'm rubbered up in case that shit full
blown
The other night around 8 P.M.
Pockets crazy slim, jumped out the gray BM
Went to the ATM, took a thou' out
then later on I had to wild out
In the club, knock some coward and his pal out
Then afterwards went to the restroom, pissed Cristal
out
Now I'm thinkin - which chick number I could dial out
Cause it's L, the Harlem pimp baby, for real
I got more dimes than that Sprint lady
And that's ill, playa haters be givin me harsh looks
but I'm tryin to sell records like Garth Brooks
So eff 'em all, when it's cold I throw the skelly on
Illegal chips keep my celly on
Mega-ice is what I'm heavy on
If it ain't Cristal boo, I guess it's Perignon
If the na-na's too tight, I throw some jelly on
Yo try to tax and watch the nine mill burst
I've been off the scene over three years
and cats is still thirst - to hear Big L drop an ill verse
So all you unsigned cats that want to battle;
get a deal first - I sport the bulletproof, fitted hat
That attitude - you better get rid of that
Wherever you floss is where you gon' get it at
What? I stay strapped, I go to sleep with my steel
Makin figures while you broke cats keepin it real
L is rap's most livest cat
I'm gettin stacks while you askin people,
"Do you want fries with that?"
I rob bags in the staircase, no mask, bare-faced
The one police wouldn't dare chase

Keep my gear laced - do I walk around without papes?
No way pal
Wword up - my money longer than the OJ trial

Chorus: Miss Jones

Harlem world keep holdin it down, for Big L
Nigga long overdue - niggaz wanna know,
do you still got it got it? ("It's so amazin'!")
Yeah yeah yeah.. Harlem world keep holdin it down, for
Big L
Nigga long overdue - niggaz wanna know,
do you still got it got it? ("It's so amazin'!")

[Stan Spit]

Stan Spit, yo, uh
Yo what the hell y'all can tell Spit? Not shit
I did a flick and bounced on L's shit
Well shit, expect me to go platinum
That's the only reason why I'm rappin
And since L passed, niggaz expect me to make it
happen
with no release date, I sell in each state
I'm the type to drive to Philly, for a cheesesteak
So what I'm a Harlem king, doin my thing
My name ring - chains and dames what the fame bring
After platinum it's the same thing
And niggaz'll never learn
til I pull the steel and make they lover burn
You don't get another turn, game's over
Here's my flamethrower
Rearrange your Rover, Harlem soldier
Wait til I get older - and we won't stop
I thought Mase told ya
Nigga Stan he do what he gotta
And these haters can't do me nada
Be in Nevada, with a lot of enchilada

Chorus

[A.G.]

Yo, yo move the fuck, A bring the heat, when I touch
tracks
These niggaz beef then wanna chill? Fuck that
These rap niggaz with the mills, we deduct that
I asked all my ghetto cats, where my love at
Now where the brews, and the drugs at?
Corrupt cats kept slug hats
Asked the feds where the bugs at
Puff with the dread, cause I puff black
High, til I die, and you can trust that

All I wanna know - is the club packed?
I see the haters sweatin shorty, but I dug that
She put my nutsac, back where her lungs at - little hoe
And them niggaz who owe, give up that
Huh, it's me and Corle', like Eddie and Nolte
Go 'head and provoke me
Heard you rap, wanna rhyme? Better be dope B
Still "Diggin", still livin, still givin
y'all the ill written, still fuckin like Bill Clinton

Chorus 2X

[A.G.] Big L..

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