

## **Big L f/ Jay-Z**

### **"Stretch & Bobbito '95 Pt. II"**

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(Big L)

My crew be deliverin hot lead when gats are clenched  
Rappers I jack and lynch  
Nobody can fuck with the way I be killing the shit in rap  
events  
Big L is the nigga you expect  
To catch wreck in any cassette deck  
I'm so ahead of my time, my parents haven't met yet  
I'm feeling like Billy Bathgate  
My rap style is past great  
I love to fuck a bitch from the back and watch her ass  
shake  
I probably got your mommy strung  
Niggaz hear me and take more notes than Connie  
Chung  
My clan plans to get Guillianni hung  
Never had a gassed head  
Got loot cause I stash bread  
Try to tax and I'ma beat your fagot ass half-dead  
I stomp white cops till the life stops  
For a low price hops  
Cause my blood is colder than an ice box  
On 1-3-9 you don't want a block war  
Cause my crew will kill a nigga from the lobby to the top  
floor  
And every time a mack eleven bucks  
I'm killing at least seven ducks  
I never was a follower of Reverend Butts  
The bitch type I dislike, I'm rougher than a fist fight  
All chicks ain't shit, ain't no such thing as Miss Right  
So we can never be a couple hun  
Fuck love, all I got for ho's is hard dick and bubble gum  
And clown emcee's I be attacking quick  
I'm on some rappin shit and some car jackin shit  
I ran up on this nigga name Mac in a black ac  
And put the gat to his cap, click-clack  
Sorry jack but get up out of that  
My 38 works great, so make a mistake and hesitate  
I can't wait to demonstrate this nickel plat  
He didn't listen to what I was speakin  
He started reaching

So I left him sleepin with his temple leaking

Aight, back to my man Jay-Z

(Jay-Z)

As soon as I grab it, I eat it up like a savage

And no I don't have it, I get it together like a marriage

I'm seeking all rappers, I'm on my p's and q's and  
carrots

Y'all don't understand, well, god-damn, don't you know  
my status

I'm flowing the fattest, mmmm that is, mmmm, I'm the  
baddest

No need to explain my name, the only thing that  
matters

For suckers who bite me, they find I'm a bit much to  
swallow

Your thinking that's hollow, the rhythm is too rugged to  
follow

I hit you like bam, biggity bam, bam, biggity bam

Let me take a little breathâ€¦!god damn

The kid is a wizard

I'm definitely destined to make eight digits

Met up with L on the road to riches

As soon as I step up, nah, whenever I'm in the, uh

Whatever I touch, whatever I clutch

You know I'm gonna end ya, uh

The nigga don't play, hey, the nigga don't play, hey

Hahahhhh, here I come a-g-g-gain, run, up up up in

Niggaz are do ducking I'm boo buckin, fuck it I'm whyle

But a boo boo boo bam, what you niggaz gonna do to  
the man?

I see you brought your little crewâ€¦! and?

I'm still comin with velocity, check it out

Jid-a, id-a, wid-l, zid-e, uh huh

Ain't none of the clowns fuckin around

Ain't none of clowns standing their ground

with the crowned prince of the underground

Sounds like I'm ready to catch wreck now

The heats on sweat now

Jay-Z's on, be gone to the next town

Punk, jump up and get beat down

Check it out, check it out, check it out

Ladies be comin out of their seats now

Shit I got crazy skills

It's a pity the way I'm ripping rugged rhythm through  
the city

Like dunnanna dunnanna di-di-dun dun ditty

I got rhythm, I, hit em with rhythm, I

Hit em and split em, I did em, I get rid of them guys

J-A, baby, baby please, gimme g's

Baby, baby, wit crazy ease  
Watch Jay-Z get crazy G's

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