

**Feldman Barry****"The Big East"**

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Awwwww....yeaaaah...

Who is the man with the hats with the snaps,  
droppin' the raps with the truth, to the youth that's  
bustin' the caps?  
Who could it be? Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a tree?  
No, it's me: Capital-A, capital-S, capital-E.  
Boomin' like thunda, strikin' like lightnin'.  
Welcome to my Slaughtahouse, I know it's frightenin'.  
I'm hittin' em over the head with lyrical styles like a  
bottle.  
My foot's on the pedal, my hand is on the throttle.  
I'm turbo-boostin' from Houston to Vegas.  
You want us to quit, but shit, you can't make us.  
There's too much money to make, money to get,  
money to earn.  
My pockets are on "E", and I want money to burn.  
I got GUSTO, plus yo, I'm zeekin' 'em.  
Rollin' with L.D., Ken, Eyce, and Neek and 'em.  
Phat tracks, I'm freakin' 'em, word to your auntie.  
It's written all over your face, I know you want me.  
Scientifical mathematical war.  
Rhymes and beats harder than Trigonometry 4.  
So open your books to page one, and I'll show you how  
it's done,  
it's the roughneck kid without a gun.  
I'm laughin'-- ha ha! -- it's fun to watch you weep as  
you're cryin', dyin', try and figure out the Jeep Ass  
Nig-guh, bigger and better and badder than ever  
before,  
hittin' with hardcore lyrical calesthenics that make me  
sore.  
And the shower of fire, supplier of the real,  
get with the program and I'm slammin' like Shaquille.  
Right on your head, do what I said, backin' me up is the  
D:  
(Lord Digga:) You must be crazy if you wanna mess with  
me.  
Cuz I am not the one, kid.  
Oh no, he ain't the one, son.  
The shank in my sock will chop you like an onion.

So Boom, head for the hills, head for the freakin'  
border.  
I slaughter, like Great White Sharks, I'm makin' sparks.

Refrain: 4x

Comin' from the Big East, boy, we ain't slippin'.  
("Don't you know?") Don't even think about it, yeah.

As I walk through Brooklyn, Compton or whatever,  
I wonder why black folks don't wanna stick together.  
We talk about justice, and how little we get,  
yet black men be killin' black men for talkin' shit...  
(right...right...)  
("Here's the one, that one that always talkin' shit...")  
[gun shots]  
How the hell we supposed to wage war against the  
powers that be  
when we are still our own worst enemy.  
That's why I'm the Masta, I'm tryin' to tell you kid,  
I'll break it down simply, right back to the freestiddyle.  
I'm bashin' --BREAKIN'-- I'll fry you like bacon.  
I don't smoke blunts, boy, you must be mistaken.  
I do smoke mics and MCs that come widdem.  
I hit 'em and get 'em and sit 'em down, then I spit 'em  
out some lyrical phlegm from deep within me.  
I'm not John, but I'm Madd-en I'll give you Moore than  
Demi.  
I burn like tobasco, your ass, yo don't beg (?)  
Miss Crabtree, Stumpy said you had a wooden leg.  
So I brought my axe and a box full of termites,  
cuz I got your big, fat booty in my sites.  
I'm not from Philly, but I fly like an Eagle,  
my rap book is thicker than a catalog from Spiegel.  
A Regal, I do not drive, I drive a Jeep and  
I should say drove one, some suckers caught me  
sleepin'.  
But next time they break in my car to rip the Ase off,  
I'll have a pitbull waitin' to rip their freakin' face off.  
(Sick 'em boy...) [barking and yelling]

Refrain 4x

("On and on and on, it's on..." "On and on and on, it's  
on...")

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