

# Let 'Em Have It "L"

## Big L

Settin' it off lettin' it off (whatever)  
(Let 'em have it L) What?  
(Give it to 'em L) Yeah  
(Let 'em have it) A-yo I'm serious I'm not the type to joke a lot  
Dressed in all black never seen in polka dots  
No other writes rhymes like these  
I'm cool as a light breeze  
I'm playin' rappers out like striped Lees  
Smoother than velvet  
My lyrics are well writ  
You sayin' L's this and L's that  
Get off L dick  
I don't roll with punks I only roll with live guys  
And we do drivebys in 325 I's  
I had beef with this thief named Randolph  
Now he's in a casket dressed up with his hands crossed  
So you better leave L alone  
Before I reach out and touch you but not with a telephone  
Yo I'm the brother that you never even thought of beatin'  
Black white or Puerto Rican  
I'm gonna slaughter each and  
Every crab MC that runs up  
When a battle comes up  
Give me two thumbs up  
I damage all opponents as soon as the bell rings  
Yo it's all about me it's a B. I. G. L thing  
The crown is still mine cause I drop ill rhymes  
A lot of rappers talk that murder shit and couldn't kill time  
One two one two crews I run through  
Fuck karate Big L practice Gun Fu  
Cause I'm a MC assassinator  
I grab a mag and leave a nag leakin' like activator  
Step to this and get shanked up  
I knocked out so many teeth the tooth fairy went bankrupt  
And I entertain well because of my brain cells  
I'm naughty and stop callin' me shorty my name's L  
My raps are hotter than the Bahamas  
MCs be talkin' about breakin' jaws when they couldn't break a promise  
With Big L you can't swing long  
So get behind me and sing cause every hero got a theme song  
The Big L's back to attack with a phat rap  
Matter of fact black I'm puttin' Harlem on the map

What's up cause I'm a stiggy star  
Breakin' 'em up and then talkin' they heart  
You better believe that Big L is the man that be rippin' microphones apart  
I'm undefeated that's the stone truth  
Cause battlin' me is like fightin' a gorilla in a phone booth  
I take lives with no pride  
I just committed a homicide  
A punk brother died cause he tried  
To take my cash but he didn't last  
I pulled out fast  
I tried to bash then I blast on his monkey ass (boom)  
I make a lot of doe  
I'm quick to spot a foe  
Even if my grandma violate she gotta go  
When I was young I played with guns not a kiddy toy  
Cause I'm a ruff rugged gangsta not a pretty boy  
Facts on tracks I recite well  
Everybody be like Mike but Mike wanna be like LBig L  
A-yo big shots to all them niggas on the corner  
doin' something they ain't got no business doin'  
I gotta say what's up to S&S, Doo Wop, and the Bounce Squad  
Can't forget my peeps from Brooklyn youknowwhatI'msayin'?  
Like Box and Herb and Big SidA-yo L you must be buggin' B  
You didn't even let me say what's up to my hoes BBig L:  
Oh yeah we gotta say what's up to the hoes manWord up let's go see our P.O.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>