

The Enemy

Big L

I drive up and down Harlem blocks, iced out watch
Knots in my socks, cops think I'm sellin' rocks
Pullin' me over too see if I'm drunk
But I'm sober, they wouldn't fuck with me if I drove a Nova
Listen Colombo, you're mad because your money come slow
And what you make in a year, I make in one show
Now you wanna frisk me and search my ride
Call me all kinda names, try to hurt my pride
You're just mad 'cause I'm a young cat, pockets dumb fat
Talkin' 'bout where the gun at, I been there and done that

I'm through with that illegal life, I'm stayin' legit
I love to see cars come cruisin' by and playin' my shit
I walk around with six thou' without a pistol, my whole click's wild
I'm rich pal, no more sticks, I'm makin' hits now
I drink Cristal, I'm through breakin' laws
I don't sell coke anymore, I do tours
So get that flashlight outta my face
To bring me down them Jakes'll do whatever it takes
Word up them federals got my phone and my house tapped
Prayin' that I fall for the mouse trap, I doubt that

Why do I end up in so much shit?
I done came way too far to be callin' it quits
Jake wanna lock me up even though I'm legit
They can't stand to see a young brother's pockets get thick

Hey yo, enough's enough, federals try to set me up
Put me in cuffs and crush what I lost into dust
Plus, they want a nigga sued, but they know
Big Joey Crack ain't never rat a cat that he know
For sure, death before dishonor, I left the streets alone
Since Tone deceased it almost killed his mama
So I'ma keep doin' what I'm doin'
Pursuin' my dream till there enough cream to start my own union

And show these kids how legit it is
Shit is real I used to steal but now I own several businesses
So where's your witness that you claim to have
Sayin' that I'm takin' half, extortin' New York and not payin' tax?
I'm layin' back, playin' the role, playin' the low
But it's the same ol' Joe so don't get K.O.D
Hey yo, I'm gonna fry for what I never did
Or catch a heavy bid, why don't they just let a nigga live?

Why do I end up in so much shit?
I done came way too far to be callin' it quits
Jake wanna lock me up even though I'm legit
They can't stand to see a young brother's pockets get thick

Why do I end up in so much shit?
I done came way too far to be callin' it quits
Jake wanna lock me up even though I'm legit
They can't stand to see a young brother's pockets get thick

What would you do
If the vicious enemy suddenly started comin' at you

Armed to the teeth, and ready to kill you?