Living Legends

Da Band

(Dylan)
Yo, Blaze the fire and watch the enemies crumble
(Jamaican chant)
See the blood of a slave
The eyes of a Banta
Rise from the grave
When they listening to Dylan
Action and ways speak clearly like a veteran
Looking both ways
When concealing my weapon

(Babs)
I was raised in the gutter
Fifties for elevens
And a dirty box cutter
I'm standing my ground
Back and forth out of town
I'm getting that cash
And niggaz can't see Babs
If you ain't licking my ass
One tough chick
My flows is not to be fucked with
Send the word out
To them bitches that you run with
I'm here now
Bitches in trouble I spit fire
Quick to bust off
Like Weebay from the wire

(Ness)
Fucking with the grimiest nigga
Look in my eyes
My life was paralelled park
Until I put it in drive
D.U.I. smacked and broke both of my headlights
Chicks gunning me down
Running mad redlights
Had low mileage
It was either hugging the block or Hip Hop

I never will in college
I'm only being honest
Cadillac with the Mac
With the serial stratched up in the lining

(Fred)
Now pass me some diamonds
With some dudes who move
When I say them good
So the hood call me Simon
When I rob I ain't rhyming
I change climates
And break more records
Than Rice did for the Niners

Chorus: (Dylan)
Them silly one now (hey)
All gangstas get them bless (hey!!!!)
To be wake
To be among so many Living Legends
Nobody stop me
Don't ask me why
This a real tall guy saying Budda Bye Bye Bye

Them silly one now (hey)
All gangstas get them bless (hey!!!!)
To be wake
To be among so many Living Legends
Nobody stop me
Don't ask me why
I'm a real bad boy saying Budda Bye Bye Bye

(Chopper)
Man fuck them other niggaz
Cause I'm down with my niggaz
Yep, we Da Band
y'all niggaz ain't fucking with us
Don't make me have to spend that bend and do a pull up
Reach for that 10 that have you duckin' them bullets
Hit you where it hurt it be hard for you to push up
Half-way crook ass niggaz I got you shook up
You walk with your head faced down
You scared to look up
And I know Black and Blue

I got the hook up

(Babs)
I stay on my grind BK niggaz know
In your face everyday like a Bad Boy video
On the block for a couple of years
I done smoked a lot of blunts
Drunk a couple of beers
The streets know me
The hood hold me
I paid dues
I'm the chick in the click
Full of niggaz, I made moves
Stay on top of my game
I can't lose
Get down or lay down
Bitch niggaz better choose

(Chopper)
I ride in the biggest trucks
All day, call me, shit
I supply the biggest stuff
Hit the block
Like I'm Cartel blunts
Ready for something to dump
I feel as though I got the biggest nuts

(Ness)
Wait, move
I put blood in your socks, your shoes
Overflowing now you shaking your leg
Man I run with the gauge like bacon with eggs
It's white, when I bite
When I bake it, it's beige

Chorus: 2x

(Dylan speaking Jamaican chant until beat fades out)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by LLOYD MATHIS / TONY DOFAT / RODNEY HILL / LYNESE WILEY / DYLAN JOHN
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/