

# 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 stretched 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)

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written by DOFAT, TONY MARIO / JOHN, DYLAN LEE / WILEY, LYNESE NICOLE / HILL, RODNEY /

MATHIS, LLOYD E. / WATSON, FREDDRICK

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