

Legendary Street Team

Kool G Rap

Hey yo we bringin you the international vibe live from Brownsville
Where we juggle and struggle to survive (YOU KNOW THE DEAL)
We rhyme, from 12 to 12, schemin
In the cut on the corner by the bodega with the hammer steamin

Friend, forgive him for his sins (he better watch his step)

Mentally I'm home alone, and since you're deaf
99.9 of the times I've got my mojo
Buka-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-CLAK like whoa!

Aiyyo I bring sorrow, you won't make it to tomorrow
Flames spit from the nozzle, pop one up in your (?)
(STREET TEAM) East coast up, toast up
We don't put posters up, we post up
I'ma front line nigga, you don't want mine nigga
Play tough - and I fuck your shit BUK BUK
You have a wheelchair chauffeur with your arms in slings
Both legs numb from them arms an' tings

It's the legendary street team!
Kool G. Rap's (BACK!)
Fizzy Womack's (BACK!)
Billy Danze (AWW DAMN!)
That's how we do it in the ghetto
Spit fire from the heavy metal (WHERE YOU AT?)

Aiyyo - my attributes of life, never too nice, the rules are too trife
You lose life, hit for blue ice, dead over two dice
My ape click, potty chips, body shit
Chinese click on you stick you like Poli-Grip
One false move and your body ripped, niggaz lay in they lobbies hit
The back of my gun is like a karate flick, Gotti shit
Mothers and hotties hit, we stash cash sellin dope'n
Cops on the rooftop be telescopin, be tryin to bust your melon open
Gates of heaven is closed, hell is open, shells are smokin
Road blocks, yellow tape from four shots
Murder plot door knocks, heads drop inside of co-ops
Get buried in corn crops, with tall tops
Hammers drop, magnums pop, you get spotted
On some six o'clock shit on your Magnavox
Taggin your knot, stab a lot, with ice pick shit, and bitch we rip shit
Iller than Pillsbury with the biscuits

Hey yo we step up in the club, in a disrespectful manner
Stomp through the crowd wavin the M.O.P. banner
Keep fresh coppertops, in the player hater scanner
Who am I? (WILLIAM DANZE) Right, then you don't wanna know the man
(OHH!) The hooded soldier, one should never overlook
In posession of eternal life as a crook
It been written in the books, embedded in the streets

Yeah, pushed out of crack spots

And bumped out of jeeps!

I'm from a place where cats look conspicuous and rob

Fitzroy, P-Noid, stickin to his arms
Catch you at a pay phone, kickin it to moms
Lift your +Face/Off+ like Nicholas and John
(WAVE YOUR FLAG PARTNER!) Put a hole where you think at
(BAM BAM!) Pop a hole in your mink hat
Brownsville motherfucker it's so true
Put that ass in a three-piece suit with no shoes

Y'all niggaz act like y'all know
First Family, Black Guerilla Family, united, y'know?
It's a Queens and B'Ville thing, word up
Y'all niggaz come scrap witcha'll heat
Or get laid the fuck down, word up, no games
Y'all niggaz know
Bitch-ass niggaz