

# 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