

B.G., Livin' Legend

B.G.

It's All On U 2

Livin' Legend

Verse:1 (b.g.)

I ain't nothin,' but seventeen years old
Want to fullfill my dream have a million records sold
But niggas hatin on me everyday and that's cold
I keep my four-four and i ain't gon' let it go
My money can't fold no more it's in stacks
My nose is close now i see that ain't where it's at
My hoes done elevated i'm on another level
My wrist done elevated to rolex with the bezel
I'm young but bout nice things off top
Don't fuck wit' what i worked hard for cause i'll hit yo' block
I ride in big bodies
I sleep in big beds
Always wear boks (reeboks) and bauds always gon' bust a head
I'm a well-known lil' nigga
On my cell phone talkin' bout six figures
You get yo' dome bust on in a split second
Cause i'm gonna keep my rep as a livin' legend, a livin legend

(chorus)

Verse:2

What make niggas think they fuck wit raps i spit
What make 'em think they can touch beats from fresh i get
What make 'em think they can compete with this hot boy clique
This haterism goin on and the world makin me sick
I'ma top notch baller all bout' my cheese
I'm the one got yo' bitch and her girls talkin bout me
B.g. name rating like a thompson fall
Cruisin in my truck on the lake bazookas crumpin, dog
Fresh behind me in the burb twenties blind y'all
Niggas that broke lookin for hustle so they ridin fall
But i got my pistol for the busters got they eye on my gucci
Man i refuse to let these jackers gain a stripe off lil' duga
Since twelve i been thuggin keep a frog in my mouth
I had a dream off top but this rap game no doubt
Don't get mad you ask yo' boo who the man and she confesson
'dat 'dat lil' nigga off vl is a living legend

(chorus)

Verse:3

I know with my skills i'll rule the south
Out bitch niggas mouth i'm sh-shoot about
Niggas don't even know me want to leave bgeezy smellin
It ain't my fault my tape stopped yo' shit from selling
I'm tellin you fuck wit' me you'll learn yo' lesson
I'm tellin you i'm all about dome checking
I'm like the eclipse close yo' eye's i'll blind ya
Quick to out shine ya
Part of the big tmer\$
It ain't hard to find ya if i wan' kill ya
Boy, you can't hide these big heads will reveal ya
Me and my ch-chopper get near ya and spill ya
Bustin a head it's something i always will do
I always get my chill on
And when i smile sparkle wit' my grill on
You get yo' dome bust on in a split second
Cause i'ma keep my rep as a livin legend, livin legend

(chorus to end)

