

# B-Legit, D-Boy Blues

[B-Legit]

Aight, check game playboy

It's like this here

In this motherfuckin game mayne

Shit ain't always gon' be gravy playboy, see

Thangs ain't always gon' go your way, y'knahmsayin?

You better take the bitter with the sweet

If you want to survive in these motherfuckin streets

But peep it doe

I got kind in my mackin, I started to stackin in the Valle'

You see I sent that bitch named, Sally

To the track with a big fat sack of the crack

And told her don't come back, until she did that

Cause shit was gettin funky out in the Bay

You couldn't find a good plug, from here to L.A.

Cause niggaz get sheisty and sell you bunk

And no scratch, but these gats, gon' equal funk

You cain't be no punk, get slabbed in yo' truck

And roll around town with the beat on pump

Have yo' eardrums leakin from the beatin of the series 2's

Bitch... I got the D-Boy Blues

[Chorus 2X: B-Legit]

The blues bitch, the blues hoe

I know some niggaz in my crew, that done had 'em befo'

I got the blues bitch, the blues hoe

(&quot;Stretched, I guess I got the D-Boy Blues&quot;)

[B-Legit]

My family get this call from this fool

Who said he knew this fool, said this fool was cool

Said that his daddy was a mason with a major supply

And I can get some thangs as long as I buy 5

I really wasn't trippin cause I had the cash

But if it goes down funky I'ma smoke yo' ass

Hung up the phone and I was up, put the mill' on the tuck

The speakerbox in the Chevy truck

I'm at the spot a hundred G's, and my strap

I done beeped this fool twice and he ain't call back

Now where he at, schemin on Legit the Savage

Wanna wrap me up and ride away with the cabbage

Everybody startin to look like the FBI

I'm hella paranoid dude, but now I'm hella high

It ain't fly for this nigga from the H-I-double-L

With no motherfuckin dope to sell

[Chorus]

[B-Legit]

I spend my last, ephedrine and some pirate's glass

I got my mask, whippin up some dope fast

Or a little {?} 57 is a rag

Hydronic ash shit is known to keep the fiends blastin

Mix together, cook it up on a Bronson burner

Cause that fire have you higher than that Ike Turner

Hours later, it's lookin good for this player

Oil formed and I just got my third layer

And if it's cool, yo' nigga yellin fuck the collar

Fo' times my mail, with the sales an hour

Jackin off my cash, buyin up hella toys

And all I'm fuckin with is rich-ass white boys

Took him out the glass but he lookin dirty white

Washed him off with the acetone to get him right

Who got a light, and when yo' nigga lit the flame  
He'll bam-boof with the roof, and e'rythang  
Am I to blame, fo' niggaz havin bad luck?  
Too much dirt, is that stoppin me from comin up?  
Well I don't know, but I'm po' and I need a few  
Got yo' boy stressed out, I got the D-Boy Blues

[Chorus]