

Bad Azz, Hold On Hip Hop

(feat. The Lady Of Rage, Legacy)

[C-Style sample goes throughout the whole song:]
"Now that's some gangsta"

[Verse 1:]

[The Lady Of Rage]

Now we gonna do what we do, uh
Rage and that Lowlife crew, uh
Break it on down for the mind, uh
Break it on down for the rhyme, ha
Ain't no shit for my fashion
On how I bake MC's like Alaska
King crap, it's to see Daz
put it on the ring, uh
They don't want to rock it
They don't wanna fuck around,
with Rage when I fuck up
Come in, fuckin' is human
Tell me what was you assuming
That Rage couldn't come with the full
I roll with the thunder
Put you straight under
Dodi, Diana, Princess
This woman's makin' wonders
They here to take hardest, regardless fools
Like Tray Deee,
I come down like bars to full
I got nothing to lose
I fill my war with booze
Too hard to ball,
so I could use to blues
When I cut the glass to blast
And break it down to up
And I fuck on they asses
Rage and Bad Azz
Two motherfuckin' bad asses
Is ready makin' in me
Set yourself back while The Legacy continue

[Verse 2:]

[Legacy]

It's quite hard to make 'em stay
In mind while I rhyme
Everyday,
cause rhyme got no time to waste time
Now I'm a prime (?)
No need to blast this bitch
Right in his ass for a time
I came and this true game I maintain
Lowlife up in no strain
Got this arrow queen's brain
Fuck I made a little money
Got no cherish single buddy
Weeded and honey
Dope, we played it
Just became it
We take it almost ready cause my shit is lethal
And all I see will be my people
Livin' up deepful
For all my younger people
Do your thing and just cock
Cause we ain't got home 'for the struggle

[Verse 3:]
[Bad Azz]
I got no gun, high
My life will end up
I life everyday
Got my life on ends but
I still got a little bit of hope for tomorrow
Finally have a little (?)
And for mine
I get around these punks now
And by rappers ain't achievin'
Like Francis' gun
Life backwards
Death's an unforbiddeble fact
And it's the ignorant Nigga
That'll run up on the strap
I'm back
I do some amazing thing
And on the track like siesta
Plurt your brains
Fuck, battle make you strong
Bangin' like this
Like put your name real small,
at the bottom of the list
I go get
And rhymin' like thinkin' bout death
There's no escape
No decisions to make
Ain't nothing left
The Legacy and Bad
The same page is for Rage
And little Lowlifes' smart
Like the world is our thing
Now that's that
I'm caught in the wars for yards
They keep it real through the struggle
Cause we all wanna ball
Bust mine
I got back and smacked your words
We never be soft
That's why I came to get you a girl

Since Rage's at the top
The whole world stop
We put a hold on hip hop, hip hop

Since Legacy is the top
The whole world stop
We put a hold on hip hop, hip hop

Since Bad Azz is the top
The whole world stop
We put a hold on hip hop, hip hop

Since Dogg Pound's at the top
The whole world stop
We put a hold on hip hop, hip hop