

# Black Sheep, We Boys

(feat. The Legion)

[Mr Lawnge]

Ahh, shit! Get ready for the lyrical beat down  
Go for your gat, nigga, you can catch a smack, clown  
You think you get props, nope, you're in the wrong biz  
Because the Sugar Dick Daddy Mr Lawnge is  
Far from diesel but running shit like Eagle Beagle  
I swing fast and kick ass like I was Steven Seagal  
Sometimes I carry a glock and other times an eagle  
And my dick's so damn big that shit should be illegal  
Went from a fade to a 'fro to my bald cut  
I run with real niggas now and the rest are butt  
Your reign is over and you feel it deep within your gut  
Now is the boogie down Bronx in the house or what?  
When I strike I strike hard and you won't like that  
And if I strike out my empire strikes back  
My niggas who knock you, so I won't dock 'em, yo  
I run deep as if my name was Jacque Cousteau  
You're a petty punk, pussy nigga from PC  
I'll pull your file, I'm buckwild like I'm from DC  
You wanted a sequel not equal so here it comes  
Now sit back as we run a train on your eardrums

[Chorus]

We boys! [x3]

We like here, yeah

[Molecules]

If it ain't rough it ain't nothing  
Big man Cules raise up and then I start thumping  
A nigga always into something, now back in the days  
I used to sell the woolie-whoos when I was pumping  
But now I'm bending mic stands and gripping mics  
On some physical type of shit, the type of shit I like  
The type of shit I like is this shit that my peoples' on  
Molecules, Cee-Low, Smash, Dres and my nigga Lawnge  
Now I kick the titles Black Sheep, the Legion  
Yeah, you bitch ass niggas, we're coming to your precinct  
I'm from the Bronx, I'm a gangster from the projects  
Is where I live, peace to AG and Showbiz  
Bounce around with G, Show, Dres and Lawnge  
And the seven-thirty-five Is, yeah, we got it going on  
We grown men, we're not fucking with toys  
Like I said before, yo, we boys

[Chucky Smash]

Down with the Sheep, roll out the black carpet as we spark it  
One, two, check it out, uh, right on target  
Aim for the heart, yo, get ill cause we're real  
(THE LEGION'S IN THE HOUSE!) You know the deal  
You're damned if you do, you're damned if you don't  
No matter what you want, you better not front  
Cause I'm the nigga that's chilling, I seem kind of quiet  
And if you even try it then get ready for a riot  
One love, one land, how you win?  
I owe you nothing because I'm down to the end  
The Bronx is the borough, niggas crazy thorough  
I'm looking at the Sheep and it's like looking in the mirror  
Reflection, twenty-four/seven, representing  
Hardcore connection, now listen, now listen  
Chucky, I feel lucky, got shit caught in the smash  
Peace to Barkley, Pinell and Boombash, aight?  
Posse with the thickness as we kick this

Can I get a witness, down with Showbiz-ness  
Whatever, take it the way it should be taken  
Faking backs breaking, but makes no mistake

[Chorus]

[Cee-Low]

Round up, round up, round up, 1,2,3  
On the down low it's only C double E  
L-O, I flow, I flow, I'll let you know  
When it's time to catch wreck I catch wreck like an old pro  
You might have seen me in a video, heard it on the radio  
Rolling with the Sheep, now here we go  
One of us bigger, the other small, we never fall  
A zigga-zigga, like I said before I love them all  
Family affair, by the Legion I swear  
To rip up mic stands and tracks to shreds and show no fear  
One love with the bang, riding with the zootie  
Watch your cutie cause I rap just like a doobie  
You know the time and you don't need a watch  
Just take a view so we can rock it on your block  
It's shocking and tick-tocking all around with my flock  
Even if the beat drops me and my crew will never stop  
You don't know you better just come on and get with it  
Hanging with my boys and we're kicking it

[Dres]

With no tricks the fix comes with dope fiend precision  
I exercise and extinguish an emcee exhibition  
I explode and expose, extreme my extent  
I exist to expand, not excess but excellent  
Strength to be the solo representative for the scene  
I be the booming bashing, clocking crazy cash yet come from Queens  
Fly like Marvel, addictive like Genesis  
And if it was a comic, kid, I'd be your arch-nemesis  
Blowing up the spot every time that I show up  
Grow up before you get toe from the flo' up  
Old skool like elementary, Watson  
I rocks on, I mocks none and you can't take my spot, son  
The one hands above all the shit stains  
So hit yourself in the ass, bitch, and give yourself some brains  
Here for the record, for the log, for the scope  
You can keep your props cause I don't want 'em no mo'  
You can't kill my flow, now you know, no denying  
That nigga Dres is def, ah hell, he's death-defying  
No lying, been dummy since I well a fed me goya  
Yo, I'm just nice like Just Ice rocked Latoya  
Here to drop a hammer, make you hop to hip grammar  
Hot damn, I rock a rugged rhyme from the corner of the slammer  
Black Sheep, fab where fam be  
Cause I love you and you love me, yeah

[Chorus]