

## Dj Muggs

### "Devil in a Blue Dress - LA The Darkman"

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Intro:

Word up!

yeah! La The Darkman youknowhatl'msayin'  
word up! takin' you on this expedition, tropicanty  
word up! the underworld mission  
youknowhatl'msayin'  
revolution, yo  
check it out, yo

Chorus:

The La's invincible  
you thug cats i'ma stab on pricipal  
better off dead workin' with a glass, go ahead  
you got star dream on a corner drinkin' gasoline  
my man threw you up in a fiend no contest  
Dunn i'm bless and knew a devil in a blue dress  
Dunn i'm bless and you a devil in a blue dress

Verse One:

Youknowhatl'msayin', word up! La the Dark...  
yo, this brilliant companion peace to the original  
approach my slang and end up in critical condition  
when I let my shell I ain't missin'  
technician, you get stabbed back in position  
I know that money bring bitches and bitches on to be  
trusted  
some rappers sniff coke and others be gettin' dusted  
city lights, a minute with new books to read  
I feed my man lock down, my physicals and my seeds  
I ain't got shit, while you rap niggas be playin' wigs  
and you the Vegas in the ditch, makin' life cold switch  
I'm invincible, you get dead before you start  
my night for sharp, push raps spikes to your art  
La fight dirty, I strike first I snatch it a purse  
inside my verse, takin' to the edge of the earth  
and throw you over, son you drunk I smack you sober  
assassin, blastin' enough your range rover

Chorus

Verse Two:

triple darkness, yo, expedition  
yo, i'm from a long weeded stick up  
kids, coke and hustlers  
gars for cars, strong arms, Tech dusters  
the streets got me in a ocean deep  
Khuan i'm leap, a bum told me life is cheap  
my lyric's dancin', lamp and eatin' fish in a Wu mansion  
apart place i'ma dance and only my wiz i'm romancin'  
hostted all you chicken niggas get roasted  
I read manuscrip in 97 whips hells is toasted  
I say some my minute your Benz and get benit  
my guns get more open than a envelope with money  
in it  
where I live it's only crack, fiends and dirty jeans  
shorties on the block with the platinum drug dream  
everything in our seems I got bagged at 14  
on a highway runin' guns outta New Orleans  
it's La, what you think them niggas trimbellin' pink  
stumblelin' you a cat to turn tough on a drink  
keepin' you lifted remenisce on what Chris did  
pull out the mac and shop for a cat in a scebelian  
right in front of the buildin' with kids playin', Shelly's  
playin'  
on the second floor Shelly mom's prayin'  
got cough by a stray in a window in broad day  
and she die, fucked up and had to be that way  
it was a drunk nigga who done it  
word up! youknowhatl'msayin', yo

Chorus

Outro:

Word up!  
La Trapticanty, youknowhatl'msayin'  
you kids better walk straight and masked that you high  
youknowhatl'msayin' or you be the next to die  
word up! sendin' hands to our live  
Youknowhatl'msayin' word up!  
triple darkness  
supreme, word up!  
power for my whole unit

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