

## **B-Legit**

# **"Gotta Buy Your Dope From Us"**

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I got Now and Later, bubble gum and sour candies  
With a trunk load of cookies like Amos and Andy  
Got the bud from Hershey and Mr. M&M  
And me and Willy Wonka is old school friends

It's the American dream, on the triple beam  
Little Bruce got the bomb ass cookies and cream  
And I'm servin' more kids than Chuck E. Cheese  
And a German chocolate cake'll cost you 16 G's

It's the big time billa, sucka side killa  
Real about the fetti, no Ben baby  
Got a truck load baby for the hillside ride  
Bombay all the way from the Bay we slide

Through your hood, gettin' off our goods  
Fiendin' for a knot, we put it in the box  
We got a brand new batch and we put in the smash  
Better get it 'cuz we sellin' out fast

You gotta buy  
(You gotta buy dope from us)  
You gotta buy  
(You gotta buy dope from us)

If you wanna ball please  
(You gotta buy )  
If you wanna stack cheese  
You gotta buy dope from us

If you wanna ball please  
(You gotta buy )  
If you wanna stack cheese  
You gotta buy dope from us

I got variety packs, hits so fat  
And that's platinum status, I'ma let you have it  
It's on for a little bit or nothin' at all  
I'm going wholesale, I needs mail from all

Suitcase full of G's, 400SC  
It's the candy man with all the cream

I put the candy on the triple beam  
The ziplock baggies  
Distributin' to the nation to have your whole crew cavied

Now fools want to blast me because I'm ballin'  
'Cuz got more cream than 31 flavors at Baskin Robbins  
Slangin' thangs for 16 9 for half  
Got ya flyin' to the Westside to double up your cash

I'm playin' chase with the Feds and got the DA's pissed  
They raided my spot, shot both my Pits'  
While I was in Atlanta smokin Swisher Sweets loungin'  
Countin' hundred thousand in the Lexus clowin'

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What's happening?  
You reached Sik Wid It slash Jive  
Leave your name and number at tone  
I'll get writ back at you  
Playa, we at the All-Star game in San Antonio  
You and Bruce meet us here and don't to forget to  
bring it.

I hit the All-Star game with a thang my back pack  
And on no train we rollin' nice ass Cadillacs  
The North Star System on 100 spoke Daytonos  
I smokes big with Reider and Gary Payton  
Behind the back door where ballers be livin'  
Transactions on nation-wide television

I'm down to make cheese  
Slangin' straight cream  
In the land of milk and honey  
On a mission about the money

Breakin' down in quarters  
Saran wrappin' acorss the border

In my 500 Ben behind the '96 Explorer

I pull the keys out my pocket and I started to G  
Bo-Loc back seat strapped down with heat  
Track after track, unit after unit  
Runnin' straight through it, it ain't nothin' to it  
It's kind of like me sprung out on doves  
And when you buy dope you better but it from us

You gotta buy your  
(You gotta buy dope from us)  
You gotta buy your  
(You gotta buy dope from us)

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