

Gigi

"Take it to the Streets"

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Intro:

You better recognize what. Snatchh your fuckin' head
from your neck. Word
up it's the cold blooded sin. Strickly murder. Legion of
Doom 94. Word 'em
up this is how we do that shit. Techs to your record son.
Shit. Fuck that
shit. Word 'em up that how we're always been.

50 Grand:

Yo check it, I feel the vibe like Shanet
Collaborate on niggas brains and bend you ass like a
Sinse'
My death sentense is danger
I black out like Joe Ripken niggas hittin' the floor like the
chamber
The sick authorist transmits for no repent
And activate the plan the Pentagon inelligents
So listen close like musical chairs
The L.O.D. is deep then the niggas Under The Stairs
I crack million dollar script like an archetict
And execute like the chair when I inflict death
I got the creepiest slang in this galaxy
And wreck the industry so mysteriously
Coming with the funk from beneath I creep straight for
juggelars
And twist rap caps for all you motherfuckers
Walk the bloody streets with 19 shots in the lueger
Niggas be scared to face 50 Grand like Medusa
The shit I produce is like gin and juice when it blend
Scenes from Toni Braxton you'll Never Breath Again
I rhyme without ability to reason, niggas is guilty of
treason
Who's to blame but the Legion to the Doom

Hook:

With punk niggas we got beef so
(L.O.D. about to take it to the streets)
On the mic we definatly got beats so
(L.O.D. about to take it to the streets)

Ron Jay:

Roy Jay go the wickedest mystic magestic flow
From a homicidal clique, Yo E make that psycopathic
mix
I hits for the hecks or the shit that causes conflict in the
script
Beeotch my style set on fire to touch Venus
My soul seeks the universe while I'm sleepin'
I'm creepin' makin' myself develop with the chronic
Electronic Million Dollar Man the mic bionic
So you can feel it in your nerves when I blast off into
the suburbs
Conduct like ? with electrofying words
I freak to them suicidal tracks break backs
Niggas scarred fakin' fuckin' heart atttacks
Oooh when I'm comin' through the crowd
Niggas want static yo I got the gun pazoow, wizoow,
word up

50 Grand:

I got the slaughter for your brains drive you insain
Fuck that shit

News Interlude

Keith Murray:

The moderation incobation of my creation
Is instantaneously with my vocabulation accumulation
Trust me as I bust thee, lyrical homicidal shit from Keith
Murray
If I had 24 hours to live and one wish
I wouldn't wish for no damn lifesavers
I'd start going wild like Larry Davis
The funk speach vigalante from the L.O.D.
Gets funky freakly and freaky fluently
And deep as Greek mythology on level Z
Theres six million ways to die
And eight million stories in the naked city and all them
shits are lies
So I keep my wittiest ironist hidious
Psychosis bloodiest flow decitious
Comin' from out this orbit deep space 9's wiggle my
shit
Meltin' crew down like synthetic acid
Come half steppin' fession' through a section
And get the midsection of your brain drain
With mad man expression, no quesion and no second
guessin'

Outro:

Yo 40 dreams and blunts for witches. Yeah that's what

we got for them
niggas. Yo lets get on it get off it. L.O.D. we won't forfit.
A-yo check it out. L.O.D. is the niggas man. A-yo put
your money where your
mouth is at nigga yeah. I have you rockin' dazie dukes
and Reebok pumps
nigga yeah, yeah. L.O.D. style for 94 yeah and it's on

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