

Byrd Tracy

"The Legend"

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(*talking*)

Hope y'all can hear me out there
Mic check to the world, huh
Broadcasting, 2000 and 1, still at Screw's house
Huh, he back on the table, but you just don't see him
You got to feel him, know what I'm talking bout
E.S.G. huh, the god, the legend what
Putting it down, my partna Slim Thug, huh
Lil Baller up in here, Lucky we bout to do this man
My partna the legend, uh, feel this feel this

[Hook: Lucky]

Here's a little story, from the Freestyle King
Just some Down South G's, forfilling they dreams
Gripping on pine, swanging through your town
It's that boy E.S.G., and you know he gon clown

[E.S.G.]

Hold up hold up, open up who's this
The one who made you say Maan, new year new shit
My twinkies twist Screwed Up Click, you can ask Pres.
Bush
I'm the state representative, man take a look
Open your eyes up better wise up, now how you love
that
I'm in Memphis fucking chickenheads, me and Project
Pat
Paper stacks what we got, platinum ice up in my mouth
Hardest legend up out the South, E.S.G. gon spell it out
Now the S is for the Southside, which I claim
Now the C is for the way my partna, changed the game
Sipping bar now the R, for his first name
Which is Robert, Robert you know I felt your pain
Now the next letter E, I'ma hold it down for you
What's the last one fool, ahh shit W
That's for Screw too and Screw too, now I'm about to
wreck
Left the world slowed down, and ain't caught up yet

[Hook: Lucky]

See the Slim Thug, boppers bopping

Hatas hate so they mug, pouring it up
And sipping drank out a jug, boss hogg
Keeping it crunk in the club, with that boy Mr. Luck'

[Slim Thug]

My freestyle is flawless, my lifestyle is flawless
Them Boss Hogg Outlaw boys, be the rawest
Much love to the legend, by the name of DJ Screw
I'm strutting on buttons, coming through candy blue
Paid dues broke the rules, putting it down with Big
Tyme
Candy do's glass 4's, is how that H-Town shine
I'm on a million dolla grind, you can tell when you see
me
All that balling that's on T.V., that's me in 3-D
20 inches off the ground, dropping 20 inch screens
When Slim Thug on the scene, you see seedy green
that lean
I'm a show flow wrecker, I put my money on my mouth
It's the boss of the North, putting it down with the South
Looking good in a Fleetwood, I'm pulling bops in my
drop
We keep straight through stop signs, and pop trunk on
cops
Slim Thug, E.S.G., taking our respect
Northside Houston Tex, 'nuff said who's next ha

[Hook: Lucky]

Lil Baller, shot caller
Got Excursions, Durangos and Impalas
And all us, fin to do our thang
Ice on piece and chain, wrist and the pinky ring

[Lil Baller]

DJ Screw, this Lil Baller and I never met you mayn
But from them boys and to you mixing, can't forget you
mayn
I came a long way, from playing Atari
Now I'm Jaguar and Rover, and a Gucci Ferrari
I'm back and I'm on the scene, and I got my mean mug
And I'm fin to do a track with E.S.G., and that boy Slim
Thug
Now from the Northside, to the Southside
Everybody mouth drop, it's open wide
And now I'm talking bout, when y'all see me on your
block
I see y'all dropping top, and I see the blades chop
And when y'all see me open the trunk, knock knock
And y'all gon see the way I do it, from the top top
And I'm fin to wreck it mayn, put it down with Big Tyme
Fin to do a big rhyme, then I get my big shine

And y'all boys, really ain't ready
Cause down here, we ch-chop like mechettis

[Hook: Lucky]

Grip wood grain, swang lane to lane
Pop my trunk, and let the 18's bang
Steady jamming Screw, till the end of time
Even though you gone, you still on my time

Yeaah-yeeah uh huh, uh huh

(*scratching*)

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