

Jermaine Dupri

"Protector's Of 1472"

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Biach

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1472 is the same cut throats and locs
And plenty dope, can you cope?
You can call me Count Cool
I control all the bitches, ChiChi control the riches
And Fly surf the snitches

Look up in the sky it's the Fly
My heroin whip, clip on hip, now trip on this
A bunch of outlaws try to take my town
Set up shop, run me out, and cut me down

And how that sound, when I'm the illa superhero
Born and raised on that muthafucking underground
Stick 'em, ha ha ha stick 'em
Try to catch me slip 'em but now you about to be my
victim

I'm not Aquaman but a aqua boogie
I'm sorta like a monster, chasin' cookies
And I spin a web any size, you can call me to fly
I walk walls and this here is for all my dogs

I'm like the wonder twins, my style activates
The minute niggas get in it and try to paper hate
It's Fly, the rider mayne, a rider mayne
I do it like a muthafucking rider and

I representin' all the time and
I represent the mad ass fuckin' eastside
Look out, look out, come out
'Cause here comes the rider man, nigga

I rock the blue cake on 'em, drop the weight on 'em
The more they hate, the more I elevate on 'em
I swerve and collect, serve and protect
Never hit the streets without the ice on my neck

I'm all about partying, hoes, and getting paper
They call me ChiChi and do it up Cape Crusader
Contact through the frame no mistakes
To bank ruler's back in town and it's on us to shut 'em
down
Now Fly, what cha wanna do?
(Nigga, what?)

Let's put this shit down my lil' homey Mr. Turner with
the murder
He got my back, you know he put me up on game
When they get up, they getting lit up, he tear shit up

Enough said, don't tell it, jus sell it
We blowin' in the wind and we gonna ride til' we win
Young soldier stickin' to it, we put the Folger
It's your turn gone get on up and get the lac
And don't forget to grab your strap

Look up in the sky, it's a bird, no it ain't
It's the Legion of Doom ain't a damn thing changed
Keep it safe and sound, got it locked down
And you don't have to worry when we in your town

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Just a young muthafucker from the street
Forced to be a G-angsta, knock-knock
With a glock, pump pump answer
Throw your hands up nigga, yeah death's a callin'
Went from petty deaf bank robber to straight ballin'

Stop with us, walk with us as we bust through the doors
40's falls like parts in us off in dust
[Incomprehensible] got many hoes in
Plenty dope plus we fly as fuck

Duct tape while room up, toe tag 'em
Have him feel the strength of a black magnum
Body bag him, nobody is bad as them
As shown as them, set kissed like FM

Life in 147 to the deuce
Right then I slipped in the bullet-proof suit
And swoop down on the bank ruler with the gats
Waiting for the permission to cancel his ass
Handle his ass

I love to see his guts and his blood spill
And cracked the fuck up as I ride flying up high with a
45
If a red demon down on it from the sky
Drop and I put the barrel right between his eyes
Said you fuck with the Legion and now you must die

We serve and protect all the hustlers
And G's from the west to the north
South and back to the east

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