

## Kid Frost

### "Livin' Legend"

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Verse:1 (B.G.)

I ain't nothin,' but seventeen years old  
Want to fullfill my dream have a million records sold  
But niggas hatin on me everyday and that's cold  
I keep my four-four and I ain't gon' let it go  
My money can't fold no more it's in stacks  
My nose is close now I see that ain't where it's at  
My hoes done elevated i'm on another level  
My wrist done elevated to rolex with the bezel  
I'm young but bout nice things off top  
Don't fuck wit' what I worked hard for cause i'll hit yo'  
block  
I ride in big bodies  
I sleep in big beds  
Always wear boks (reeboks) and bauds always gon'  
bust a head  
I'm a well-known lil' nigga  
On my cell phone talkin' bout six figures  
You get yo' dome bust on in a split second  
Cause I'm gonna keep my rep as a livin' legend, a livin'  
legend

(Chorus)

Verse:2

What make niggas think they fuck wit raps i spit  
What make 'em think they can touch beats from Fresh i  
get  
What make 'em think they can compete with this hot  
boy clique  
This haterism goin on and the world makin me sick  
I'ma top notch baller all bout' my cheese  
I'm the one got yo' bitch and her girls talkin bout me  
B.G. name rating like a thompson fall  
Cruisin in my truck on the lake bazookas crumpin, dog  
Fresh behind me in the burb twenties blind y'all  
Niggas that broke lookin for hustle so they ridin fall  
But I got my pistol for the busters got they eye on my  
gucci  
Man I refuse to let these jackers gain a stripe off lil'  
duga

Since twelve i been thuggin keep a frog in my mouth  
I had a dream off top but this rap game no doubt  
Don't get mad you ask yo' boo who the man and she  
confesson  
'Dat 'Dat lil' nigga off VL is a living legend

(Chorus)

Verse:3

I know with my skills i'll rule the south  
Out bitch niggas mouth i'm sh-shoot about  
Niggas don't even know me want to leave BGeezy  
smellin  
It ain't my fault my tape stopped yo' shit from selling  
I'm tellin you fuck wit' me you'll learn yo' lesson  
I'm tellin you I'm all about dome checking  
I'm like the eclipse close yo' eye's i'll blind ya  
Quick to out shine ya  
Part of the Big Tmer\$  
It ain't hard to find ya if i wan' kill ya  
Boy, you can't hide these big heads will reveal ya  
Me and my ch-chopper get near ya and spill ya  
Bustin a head it's something i always will do  
I always get my chill on  
And when i smile sparkle wit' my grill on  
You get yo' dome bust on in a split second  
Cause i'ma keep my rep as a livin legend, livin legend

(Chorus to end)

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