

The Chronicles "LBN"

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(Ladies and Gentlemen)

Yo it's The Chronicles straight into your optical. (DJ IV)

Yo there's a black shadow hanging in a back alley with a gang of raps stacked in his belly. A budmon cradled in your heart. Real name Jarreau Hayward but came labeled Jah like His Imperial; purple heart and black gold. Shrapnel shatter thru, kid my attitude is so so rude. So guess what? I'm gotta gang of lyrics so what's up nigga? Next up. Eastside to the coroner. Born on the corner of Pain and Suffering Lane with a mic plugged in my veins. Helicopters on top of the Federal's most wanted General. L-E-T troops loose on loops. Tim Boots on rugged terrain is part of the uniform of the thugs in this game. They go...

Boom Boom Yo it's The Chronicles [x2]

One day Hip Hop let a god spit hot dripping like my girl's cootchie dribbling. (BL BL) Shotta for a sibling. Danger for a band out of the manger into Jerusalem. now girls follow they nose like Toucan Sam like, " You smell that girl he smells like heaven or I don't even know..." Slow down ma. Right now the beat rides like V-50's 50 deep down Eastside. Clubbing like 40-40, cougars in her early 30's, my visions 20/20 I was slobbering like Rin Tin Tin K-9 Cop. Shorty a meaty sweetie watch my K-9's drop. (ARF!) Forgive me God sometimes I act like a pit, sometimes I act like a Rottweiler. Just wanna rock while I'm hot Holla. And while I'm hot, just wanna rock while I'm hot Holla!

And if you loving that then say, AYE OH

Yo it's The Chronicles straight into your Optical Zoom

Get ready. U ready? Get ready. U ready Get ready. U ready? Nah u aint ready. x2

Yo it's The Chronicles straight into your optical zoom.

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