# Dee C. Lee "Protectors of 1472"

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# Biiiiiiiiiach

What cha wanna do (2x) We're the Legion of Doom (3x)

# Warren G:

1472 is the same cut throat and locs and plenty dopes can you cope You can call me Count Chocula I control all the bitches, Chi-Chi control the riches and fly surf the snitches

# Snoop Doggy Dogg:

Look up in the sky as the fly My herion wip, 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 safe, when I'm the illa-superhero born and raised on that muthafucking underground Brrrrbrrrr stick 'em, ha haha 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 is for all my dogs (WOOF!)

I'm like the wonder twins, my style activates the many niggas get in it and try to paper hate It's fly, the rider maine and ri (man, man) I do it like a muthafucking rider And I represent all the time and I represent the mad ass fuckin' eastside (eastside) -look out, look out, come out cause here comes the rider man (rider man), nigga

# Jermaine Dupri:

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 Chi-Chi and do it up cape crusader Contact through the frame no mistakes to bank rules back in town and it's on us to shut 'em down

now fly what cha wanna do (nigga what)

# Snoop Doggy Dogg:

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 lite up, heat that shit up Enough sed, don't tell it, jus sell it we blowin' in the wind and we gunna ride til' we win young soldier stickin' to it we put the folger It's your turn gone get on up and get the light and don't forget to grab your strap

#### Chorus:

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, get it locked down and you don't have to worry when we in your town (2x)

### R.O.C.:

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 straight to ballin' Stop with us, walk with us as we bust through the doors 40's fallin' like parts in us off in dust steroes 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 as bad as them as shown as them, set kissed like FM Life in 1-4-7 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 up as I drugged as I rise flying up high with a 45

if a red demon in it from the sky
Drop and i put the barrel right between his eyes
and 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

Chorus: (2x)

Look up in the sky (in the sky)
No it ain't (no it ain't, no it ain't)
Mean a damn thing changed (changed, changed, changed)
Got it locked down (locked down, locked down)
When we in your town (in your town)

Look up in the sky (in the sky)
No it ain't (no it ain't, no it ain't)
Mean a damn thing changed (changed, changed, changed)
Got it locked down (locked down, locked down)
And you won't have to worry when we in your town (in your town....)

Fade

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