

Acen**"5 Minutes of Doom"**

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Yeah, muthafuckas
It's time for the real Legion of Doom
Buddah Man, tell em we ain't havin it

[Buddah Man]
Yeah, silly rabbit
Fuck that shit
We ain't havin that this year
This is comin straight from the Bean, knowmean?
And we ain't havin that
[Name] Street live, muthafucka
Hey yo, Rhome, man, won't you drop that shit

[VERSE 1: Tony Rhome]
Yo, here we go again
On the strenght of L.O.D. I kick facts, and
Some are the reasons that I stay strapped in
Deal with the jealousy, bullshit, tryin to rush the stage
While I'm kickin a rhyme that's gonna get me paid
I got niggas who got my back while I tour
What's up, hold up, you can never fuck with the 4
Cause if you try to step, then my niggas gonna step too
Listen to the way I bring this, cause you might face the
whole crew
Huh, and we'll be like 20 deep
So that's 20 muthafuckas comin straight from the
streets
Nevertheless you been warned
Cause yo, I'm speakin up for my parts, and if you step,
then it's on
And there'll be no holdin back
Niggas in gold and black
Who know nothin but dope and straps
And it's never for no reason
So prepare yourself, cause it'll be comin straight from
the Legion

[VERSE 2: Mass Murderer Mike]
It's one of them niggas from the Brick
Packin a Tec, and quick to blast it
(A [Name] Street bastard) Sendin niggas to a casket

915s, my g-a-n-g makin noise
Us niggas from the Brick now wreckin shit with the
(Badd Boyz)
Step to my crew, you get your dome flown and blown
I'm part of the Legion, so mutahfuckas shoulda known
That a nigga will back up, we pack, son
Now make room for Mass Murderer Mike
Straight from the Legion of Doom (No question)

[VERSE 3: Big Roscoe & Mody]

Big Roscoe's on his goal while I fuck around
Rippin niggas in half and tearin shit up when I go down
So let a nigga stroll
Cause niggas like to mow
Roll and throw, screamers
Hummin from my bitch Nina
Now Legion's in the house, so feel the violence
My Ace file up when I'm rollin with the muthafuckin
black talents
Cause if you're cruisin for a brusin, then you're
schemin for a beamin
Niggas done represented the G, but this one's for the
Legion

[VERSE 4: Kool Gsus]

This is the Gsus Kool
Not the old or the new, I'm just straight up school
Cause niggas be soundin like dumbo
So I exit all the mumble-jumble
Cause I'm good at makin dumbo-gumbo
I makes you crumble
You had the ball, but fumbled
My Mac carries a rumble
Makin MC's tumble
I hates a faker as far as I can see em
So if you be him, then you get lynched by the Legion

[VERSE 5: Fly Ty]

I think you better make way for the joint, punk
Fuck around with the sound and get the head shrunk
It was a real bad move to stick your crew in, shit's
gettin ruined
When you're fuckin with my boys, with the Bruins
Who you're think you're foolin? Not Ty
How really gotta die before I really get fly?
Hittin all sides with the slides, and I'm leavin
Everybody's doomed, comin straight from the Legion

(Hey yo, this is Raydog
I'm not here right now
Just leave your name and your number

Out)

(Hey yo, Dog, man, this is Beef

My bro, what happened, man?

We ain't goin out like that

Yo, we gots the shit, man

Hey yo, I'ma call Tone

Then I get back with you, man

Out)

(Yo man, this is the second time I call you, man

Get up, man, get up)

[VERSE 6: Raydog]

Hey yo, I be a nigga that you never could figure

With a dog on his chest and a stolen Trooper's vest

I represent a pack of niggas that'll kill quick

Like that, so suckers better get the fuck back

I bet you thought the Dog would never get another turn

But I'm the flame-thrower, so muthafuckas burn

You probably thought RSO's deep, well, you're right

We'll hit you up somethin fierce in a gunfight

[VERSE 7: Tangg The Juice]

Hey yo, Tangg's the ruffneck with the Tec hangin out
the window

When they sleep on the T, smoke em like the endo

Niggas'll know when I pull, the whole patrol drop pants

On your blocvk with the glock, nigga, that might be yo
ass

So yo, don't ever call a nigga lazy

Cause all the B.P.D. know we all crazy

Cause everyday up in my hood it be the season for
squeezin

Trust me, we'll be comin out the muthafuckin Legion

[VERSE 8: E-Devious]

Yo, we the Legion, but they labelled us the gangbang
thugs

Who do nothin more than shoot shit and sell drugs

Mad niggas who do a lotta cursin

Strapped down with automatics on they person

With attitudes like: 'I don't give a fuck about you

Cause you don't give a fuck about me, gee'

That's how it is, yo, shit don't never be right

That's why we cross a gun with a mic

So I ain't makin friends, so fuck sayin 'what up'

Cause I pull my pump, and then I blow your gut up

So watch it when you talk shit, cause if I flip

I be on some old _King Of New York_ shit

And ain't nothin nice about that

Cause my crew is much deeper than Top Cat's

Huh, I'm E-Devious, never leavin shit alone

Word to Doom, it's comin from the Legion, homes

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