

Buckshot & 9th Wonder f/ Joe Scudda, L.E.G.A.C.Y. "Out of Town"

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[L.E.G.A.C.Y.]

I pop bottles, taking shots, gettin' at the top model
Smokey as fuck, need something to hold me up
I'm leanin' on this chick like Joe Clark, I'm stuck
Wait, hold on baby, there go my nigga Buck

[Buckshot]

Aiyo, what up
I'm in the back sippin' this cup
Next ta son who said he should stir this up, ah fuck
Plus we out of town, it's going down
This Hennessey got them niggaz yellin please make a
sound
L.E.G.A.C.Y left the pound, back at the spot
And I can tell these niggaz want beef now
So son what's poppin'

[L.E.G.A.C.Y.]

Let me introduce this chick, " Aiyo, what your name is?"
I'm tryin' ta rock this chick, doesn't matter what her
name is
These perfect strangers straight grilling like Hibachi's
All eyes on me, actin' like they wanna pop me
These perfect strangers straight grilling like Hibachi's
All eyes on me, actin' like they wanna Pac me

[Chorus: Buckshot] + (L.E.G.A.C.Y and Joe Scudda)

(Out of town trips) Beef with out of town clicks
(So far from home) On some out of town shit
(However the chips fall) Ain't no stoppin'
(Bar room brawl) We can get it poppin' (2x)

[Joe Scudda]

I'm OT? when not a soul know my face
At the bar cause I ain't afraid to show my face
But I gotta move lightly
Cuz these people don't know me
And probably Don't like me (what I'm gonna do)
I'ma just chill, and grab me a seat
Grab me a drink, maybe try to grab me a freak
Then this chick with a blue cap approached me and

started talking
But I seen her man in the Cut', started honking
It's a set up, fuck it we can get it popping
But I'm dough-low, and they know cause they been
watching
Aw fuck, they want to see Scuda stuck
Oh Shit! I think I see my man Buck

[Buckshot]
Scudz, I think we picked the wrong night (You right)
They lookin for a bar fight when everything was alright
Wait, hold up, who's that
In that blue cap
Shorty too stacked, son pursue that

[Chorus]

[L.E.G.A.C.Y]
Then I fell back, acting like I wasn't wit 'em
But as soon as the shit pop, I be the first ta hit him
They ain't crazy, I dare niggaz
Wayne Brady square niggaz
Whatever's clever
Gave Buck the look, whatever

[Buckshot]
Whatever, that's what I'm talkin' about
This niggaz violate, we tossing 'em out
I done had about, ten shots
Two blunts to the head, go ahead, do whatever you
want
See when I'm high like this stay out my way
Especially when I'm wit these niggaz, we don't play
And, if you think it's a joke set it, let it go
Fuck a rum and a coke, that's gun smoke in your throat

[Joe Scudda]
No matter the weather, yo that's whatever
But then I seen the kid reach for the tote he had tucked
inside his leather
Pulled out, started waving it
He knew he take an L wit the hand, the bitch started
blazin' it
Killin' the clouds, but nobody spit
He did all that motherfucking shootin', and ain't
nobody hit

[Chorus]

