

## Pras F/Canibus, Free, Lenny Kravitz

### "Urban Legends"

Visit "[Urban Legends](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Sample from 'Belly']

"Hey dog, there them fools go right there!"

"Yeah, they-they rollin' hard too- They-they slangin'

real good

Real good"

"I might have to drop 'em

Might have to drop a dime on them niggas

Know-what-I'm-sayin'? I don't like that shit

I don't like that shit"

[Drunken Master]

"Throw it up

Throw it up, nigga

Wha-what-what?

Yo, y-yo, yo!"

Live from the 3-1-3, D-R-E,

world-wide, international, V.I.P.

Urban legends creepin' like a thief through the night

Drunken Mast' about to get my money right

Live from the 3-1-3, D-R-E,

world-wide, international, V.I.P.

Urban legends creepin' like a thief through the night

Me and my nigga Bugs about to get our money right

I'm comin' through in the clutch like my name was Jerry

West

wit' a belly full of brew and on my hip I got the Smif-n-

West

("What 'chu doin'?") Ballin' as I mash through these city streets

Still fifty niggaz deep, packin' heat! ("What 'chu ridin'?")

'99, chrome kitted Escalade ("What 'chu doin'?")

Gettin' paid, ready to blast you in your bald fade

("What you called?")

Urban legend, situation sticky

Fuck you niggas if you niggas ain't wit' me ("Where you goin'?")

To the bank then I'm headed to 'Lac ("Why?")

To blaze a sack wit' them niggas who got my back

("Who is that?")  
Cheddar chasers, them B-T-T's ("And what they doin'?")  
Makin' G's wit' they mind on they chedda cheese ("And what you got?")  
Extra clips for them playa hatin' snitches ("Why they hatin'?")  
'Cause Drunken Master's on the road to the riches ("What you gon' do?")  
Rush they spot and give 'em two to the dome ("Why?")  
'Cause Daddy's home, about to get my grind on

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[Bugsy]  
You wanna bring the ruckus? Fuck it, then we can  
If you's a G nigga, then I'm at least a hundred grand  
Damn- That's a whole lot missin'  
and what's this 'bout a competiton wit' all this bullshit  
you pissin'  
in the ocean? Damn, your little ass really must be  
smokin'  
Hopin' that I won't say that much and hit you wit' the  
camal clutch  
Nah, what the fuck? I'm on some ill shit for real  
and talkin' to me like that, nigga, 'll get your family  
killed  
But you will probably squeel and say it was me who  
pulled the trigga  
and I'll have to lie and blame it on one of your hoe-ass  
niggas, like  
they was smokin' Swishers when I stepped on the  
scene- This  
one nigga looked mean and stuck me up for all my  
green  
And all I seen was you bust up wit' the gun  
and all I did was run to the phone and call 9-1-1  
And by the time I'm done, nigga, you be deep up in  
some shit  
and I'll be somewhere, nigga, deep up in your bitch  
So before you pick the wrong fat nigga to fuck wit',  
you better call your clique up,  
y'all niggas is plannin' some tough shit  
Some mo' rough shit, some mo' thirty-eight snuff shit

But I'ma bust shit like 'Back the fuck up, you dumb bitch!'  
Not one clique? You better be for real  
That's like bein' blindfolded in the middle of a mine field  
Now y'all chill and we can make it pop  
Urban legends, nigga, holla at me when the album drops

[Drunken Master]  
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world-wide, international, V.I.P.  
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Me and my nigga Bugs about to get our money right  
Live from the 3-1-3, D-R-E,  
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Urban legends creepin' like a thief through the night  
Me and Funk Doc, about to get our money right

[Redman]  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, stomp wit the big dogs! Sick dogs lurkin'  
Doc Bradshaw behind ball plant and steel curtains  
Denver Bronco fan, glock squirtin'  
Brick city, steerin' wheel hurtin'  
Prepare y'all fast cars for lane mergin'  
Hasta manana, y'all crash like Diana, cock block into  
gramma  
Got cock in Atlanta,  
rockin' P.P.P. Bandanas while we fuck 'em on camera  
It be too late to plant bait for my clique to fall  
We plant boobie-traps and pit-falls and thick fog  
When I tee, L.A. rock- It's yours!  
Websites couldnn't find a force wit' Macintosh  
on John Walsh- America's Most,  
aimin' for spots to put more than a tear in ya coat  
I back more hoes than Coach- Thanksgivin', Doc,  
the forty-second street float wit' most hip-hop folks  
I'm unemployed wit' courderoy gloves  
Through the voice di-rectly to chest, knock ya down like  
The Waterboy  
Me and Meth-Tical, PLURAL!  
We rob everything and set on mag ZER-O!  
Mothafuckas feel me- Top of the line,  
feel me- Knock the Soul Train off the track  
and I'm milky like titties and Similac  
when I ask you 'Bring it on back'!

[Drunken Master]  
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[Redman]

"So don't test me and my man Drunken Master  
Put one in your ass faster  
And I'ma drop wit' my man  
Brick City, 'cause we all kickin' ass 'til niggas' shitty  
Yeah, Young Zee and everybody run, dog  
Brick City, holdin' it down  
Don't like it, get you some balls  
And my man Chris Webber gettin' smoked the fuck out,  
FUCK Y'ALL!"

[Music stops to Ol' Dirty Bastard talking on a phone]

"Yo. Yo, check this shit out, man  
It's the Dirt Dog, you-know-what-I'm-sayin'?  
Keepin' it real, man, you-know-what-I'm-sayin'?  
Dirty don't give a fuck about nobody, know-what-I'm-sayin'?  
Only roll wit' REAL niggas, know-what-I'm-sayin'?  
All them faggot-ass niggas that wanna keep playin'  
that shit,  
keep playin' that song?!  
Let me tell you somethin' 'bout my real nigga, the  
Drunken Master  
Niggas get busy  
Niggas get busy for one cause!  
EVERYBODY ELSE CAN SUCK MY MOTHAFUCKIN' DICK!"

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