

Hausen & Lukas

"Legend Live"

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{Lil' Ya}
Fa' sho

{Yella Boy}
Rest In Peace Pimp much fuckin' love nigga

{Lil' Ya}
Huh-bra

{Yella Boy}
All The Time

{Lil' Ya}
From Lil' Ya and Yella who it is!

{Yella Boy}
It's the fella with the chuck's watch yo step motherfucka
see
It's Yella I dare ya, don't make me act a donkey nigga
It's time to get serious, so serious, ya see
It's often I bring this shit for my nigga Pimp, ya bitch
When ya thought he was dead but he's not
Thinkin' of my hommies, so I runs and grab's my glock
Try to understand, but I can't so I chill
Cuz now my boy gone, and he wanted was to stack and
make a mil
Player hater's gone, as my boy got caught slippin'
Heard about his death, and I straight started trippin'
People want to know how nigga's from the Ca\$h live
Call my boy's start buckin' and kill
Runnin' a fuckin' joke and outside we got them thang's
better
Watch yo fuckin' step, if you ball let 'em sing
Not really, givin' a fuck about them fella's in the blue
I hop's around the bin, and them coward nigga's shot
to
I'm gone out of my mind, that's deadly on how I feel
I smoke's to get loaded, but that shit, don't make me
chill
Now how the fuck you figure that my boy was really
dead

Each and every day I'm seein' him in my head
Somebody's got's to pay for that shit, I'm on the real
I'm not gonna feel straight, till a nigga's cap's piled
Luger think shit, cuz when I come, I'm comin' sweet
Spinnin' the fuckin' bin, knockin' you off yo fuckin' feet
Her heart like the strach up in my fuckin' Jean's
Cuz you got's to see much respect to the gangsta lean
Watch your ear's slap, so you better be up on yo shit
Hope you in the present, when you meet the devil up in
his pit
Ready for some drama, cuz I feel to much pain
Fuckin' with the Yella, another un-solved slang
I miss my nigga Pimp, now I got the fuckin' limp
Watch the 4x4 shell's comin' quickly from my hip
I can't forget the day's so I always shed a tear
How my boy died pimpin' style on how he got killed
Droppin' proper lyric's for the old Noogie style
I miss ya doin' the pimp, while I'm doin' the Eddie Bow
It's all nigga, cuz you not gonna be forgot
Just for you, I make them hoes pop
When Slim defined the camp, and I know ya turnin'
over
Missin' all that money, I thought I told 'cha
Panties on the table makin' sure the end's dance
I always thought you had another chance
I walked out God, for the mission that was done
In this fuckin' mission, ya see I lost my fuckin' son
Trend stay alive, cuz Ca\$h Money never dies
Much love, much respect to you hear the trumpet cry
Nigga

{Yella Boy}
Much respect

{Lil' Ya}
To my nigga Pimp Daddy

{Yella Boy}
Rest In Peace, Fa'sho

{Lil' Ya}
Got to be there

{Yella Boy}
Yella Boy, Lil' Ya, Tec-9 and it's all good
From the heart you heard me

{Lil' Ya}
Representin' ya heard me

{Yella Boy}

Representin' all the time

{Lil' Ya}
Legend Live

{Yella boy}
Respect it cuz we a legend
Respect it, cuz we umm, un-dateable,
Ya heard that! Remember That!
Say That!

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