

Jermaine Dupri f Snopp Doggy Dogg ROC Warren G "Protectors of 1472"

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Biiiiiiiach

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

Brrrrbrrrrbrrrr 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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