The Legacy aka Mike Elz "Lose Ur Life"

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b the next to lose ur life, pick ur poison gun or a knife. either way u gon see the light either from laser or from jesus christ. kid so sick yet he so nice. u know im the shit. sure ya right.

me and the gun tight like leggings, get ya head popped like confetti or rice at a wedding. ratchet on my waist, to heavy fa saggin

try if u want to, i get the 22, shot thru the coupe, shells burning ya skin like hot soup.doop doop, the sound of the guns from the toops, and shells so big, leave holes in u size of hoola hoops.

so i suggest u stop bumpin ya gums, cuz ill get the gats the size of drums, collase ya lungs, and swell ya face like the case of the mumps

niggas want to test me, fine by me, u met more than ur match, legacy'

keep it 100 bars runnin, straight fuckin gunnin, bound to knock out a lung \boldsymbol{n}

possibly knock of ya fuckin , u leakin ruby red, try elz b a pencil filled wit led.

get dupeed with the shelz, guard yo fuckin health or u rip when u fuck wit elz.

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