

Legacy

Akir

Let's build institutions. Let's build, y'know, things that will at least let our children know- before they even come out the womb- that you got something to look forward to. Y'know, that's important. And if we're not doing that, then we're just masturbating really...

Yo, I was once to a story of old
A tale of lovers and foes
Yo, you wanna hear it? Here it goes:
Grand daddy was a radio man
A type set a survivor
Alive cause he didn't bother lies of men
He tried to rise against, but persecuted
He was wise and left in time to try again
So the man moved his fams to a brand new land
Told his wife and young children "we gone do as we can"
Daughter become a mother, son become a doctor
Old man and wife loving life
Trying not to succumb to the guilt of the past they left
Numbed from the dignity of which they now are rest
He takes pleasure in children's modicum of success
Builds with his grandson who he loves the best
Like this, he passes on all of his love, knowledge, and stress
In his golden years, finally getting it off his chest
He too learns a lesson from the knowledge he imparts
A chip off the old block, that's how the legacy starts
And though he's gone now, I keep a place for him in my heart
For forgetting where we've been, we realized we have not

Only you can make it better
You got to make it easier so the rest of us can make it
Butchu gotta show me, show me what I got to do to keep on going strong
Keep the legacy moving on

Humble my soul, I don't fumble over faith's control over my path
Keep it towards my goals, take a hold
Cause time is fast, learning from my past, making moves
For my legacy, they raking dough and make they own
Retiring, expiring, there's no security
Surely the fury is enough to ensure me
I can support seeds, I can ensure cheese
If I just explore deeds, even with no short days
I plan to breed more kids
Too many niggas doing time, violating laws
I like the shine, but never went and tucked my chain inside
Don't got no ride, don't even own a house yet
So f*ck accessorizing outfits, my hobby is to count chips

We never had shit, and learned the game backwards
On some Simmons, Johnson, and dad shit
Flip it and cash it
No disrespect, but where's the passion?
There's no example of us lasting
In this cruel world of Anglo-Saxons
I see ya'll releasing all for a feature
The retards, while they fee ball
Watching they melt they power- recharge
They hurting, and all the glitter really don't mean shit

No name could run the game, on some Kennedy shit
The remedy's this: teaching the mindframe of penny-less bliss
And the driver revolt the slaves taking his ship
His eye portals see more
Keep yours, teach the kids to reach for the stars
So we can keep ballin'

I ain't got time for gettin' in battles
Let's look around to reconsider that we live in this battle
This war on poverty has got me stressed
I need money to breathe, so I got to scheme
Just to give my pockets breath
My wallet need the Heimlich- preform CPR
Do it: be an E up on your TV and your VCR
Hit the grocery stores, we got it sown up
Team effort- he get the G's, I'm stealing cold cuts
Ain't no "I" in "team", Ain't no "I" in "hungry"
Check the pyramid, believe me, there's a eye in money
Never seen it? Need to look
You need to teach a child to read a book
Buddy more concerned with how his sneakers look
Infatuated with the Bloods and Crips
Sex, money, and drugs
Throwing gangs signs, now let's pick up our grips
The media got it televised, glorified
Mother's cry, horrified, cause their son is gonna die

We can create that legacy, we can have those people to follow up with that.
And that's what we need more than anything. We need a follower. We need some
body to do something that bad and strong and dazzling and hip. And then the
kids say "man that's what I'mana do" without causing us all this crazy money
and trynna fit next door to the Tommy, killing niggas. Y'know, we need to d
o something that's gonna be about us clearly, that shows us loving us
His legacy will live on in our hearts for all eternity