

# LEGEND

Andy Mineo

I get it, I see you're sucking wind  
I see it  
You prolly wanna quit now, don't cha?  
Come on  
Go home to your mammy's house  
Binge watch a little Bachelor, reach in the fridge  
Cut yourself a portionable slice of lemon meringue  
Oh my God  
Well life ain't like that boy!  
It's not!  
And if you want the glory, you gotta sweat!

Yeah yeah yeah, 2 AM  
My oh my  
I think Logic just grasped  
Anyone coverin' this session?  
Think about it  
Magic and Bird  
Read the fine print, I'm untouchable  
Andy and Words  
Aim high  
Think about it

Lookin' at my past, back to the future  
Worried 'bout the weight, who the biggest loser?  
Lo-fi comin', hallelujah, promise  
It's funny when you bein' honest  
Like, oh, that's what you get for bein' honest? (skrt)  
They gettin' wild in the comments  
All I wanna know is who say  
And if you talk about my lady, I'll go "Who say?"  
I'm just sayin' the hipsters gonna play me in the Goodwill  
And if they don't, the hood will  
California Love, I just hit the three wheel  
In-N-Out, double-double, and the refill  
Wild week, four planes  
Crunch time, 'Bron James  
Light work, four games  
They disappear, David Blaine

My conversations are deep  
Read the fine print  
I'ma make it happen, ain't waitin' any longer  
No time to rest when you tryna be a legend  
My conversations are deep  
Read the fine print  
Aim high  
Gettin' closer to God in a tight situation

Yeah, uh  
How long will this all last?  
Early 20's and in my past  
I gave my life to rap, ain't no diplomas for that  
The closest thing you get is a vote for the freshman class  
Or pray you drop a classic that'll plateau after you pass  
My focus clearer than ever  
You only good as your team

And you should see the star lineup that we put together  
Varsity letter jackets with the "ML"  
Got a letter from my pen pal  
He said that it end well  
For those that love Him  
This is the art of us  
And Will Smith '99, I made it without cussin'  
Everybody leanin' and druggin', but I'm buggin'  
I told 'em they should lean on God, but I'm buggin'?  
Rap said to love these (ho!) but I'm buggin'?  
I fell in love, got married young, yeah I'm buggin'  
Hold up  
Schula  
I'm all about gettin' loot  
Sometimes you get money, sometimes it gets you  
If I ever sell my soul, write on that price tag  
"Gimme God, you can take everything that I ever had"  
What's money without peace, love without trust  
Success without friends, a crib with nobody in it, huh?

My conversations are deep  
Read the fine print  
I'ma make it happen, ain't waitin' any longer  
No time to rest when you tryna be a legend

Donald took oath  
New presidente  
Type 'a news make you need a presidente  
And if we go to war with Korea, don't worry  
Me and Kylie'll bring the Pepsi, ayy  
Shoutout to my ex  
Gotta say thanks for the stress  
If not, I would never left  
Then never been blessed with my next, ayy  
Looks don't count for much  
You can pull it off with the confidence  
It's just me and my confidants  
Got the best, gear up for the ambiance, yeah  
Mira, I wanted this since 12  
When I used to beatbox like a brizelle  
When dibs said was ring-tonin' my next tail  
And Rory had the Astro jersey with Pharell sayin'  
"Uhh, watchu wanna do?"  
If ya do what you gotta, you can do what you wanna  
I got two terms, word to Obama  
No complainin' and no drama, mamba out

Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
I asked Bellion what it's like winnin' Grammy's  
He told me that it's fool's gold if you losin' family  
I wouldn't care for 'em but I need the lettuce  
Catch 22 like I'm tryna tackle Lemon  
Box logo hoodie  
But I'm thinkin' out the box  
I know they say they kings but I feel like Rick Fox  
Sleepin' on the 6 train, missin' my stops, gettin' woke up by cops  
Like, man, they prolly thought I was schemin'  
Headphones in, I was dreamin'  
Of the team inside the fortress  
And the verses paid the mortgage  
For life, life, life, life, life

Gettin' closer to God in a tight situation now  
No time to rest when you tryna be a legend  
My conversations are deep  
Read the fine print  
Aim high  
Gettin' closer to God in a tight situation now  
Think about, think about, do you ever? Ever, ever  
Think about  
No time to rest when you tryna be a legend

I want to smell it  
I want to smell that hard work  
I want to smell it, I want to, I want to taste it  
Come here, come here, come here!  
What's this on your face? Nothing!  
Where the sweat boy!  
Oh, you're lucky Coach Boomer didn't give ya the salt lick!