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!

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