

# Legendary

Mobb Deep

I feel the blessing even when it's all disguised up  
Even when the stress try to pile up  
Paper in my hand give me wild rush  
Reminiscing on wild us and rolling the miles up  
So [?] I'm never putting the pound up  
Let 'em hate, bitch, I built it from ground up  
I hold the fort down, nigga, know what?  
You could see it in the lives that my sound touched  
I make money, take money, my aim hungry  
Spit a verse, it ain't nothing short of a green [?]  
Bucketlist complete, I did a song with Bun B  
And Juicy J, who the fuck fucking with me?  
I think nada, lame rappers you make me gog up  
The part, depart these niggas like I'm shooting commas  
State your business or forever hold your peace  
Go 'head with that bullshit, motherfucker, I'm sweet

Got damn, who would've thought it would've been me?  
Street legend that came up with a pen, G  
16 bars to get me out the ghetto  
And I always kept it real with the people, I never settle  
There's a lot of folks depending on me to lead 'em the right way  
Instead of listening to what the radio might play  
Some real game for somebody that did it  
We be breaking it all the way down so anybody could get it  
And I gotta admit it, the road was buffy  
Hand-to-hand combats, sometimes I live lovely  
You can't win every fight, but you gotta fight though  
Just make sure when you on the side of right, bro  
You don't go in thinking you making history  
But looking back in retrospect it ain't no mystery  
Nobody ain't ever did what we did then  
And ain't nobody to do it again, nigga, we legendary

Legendary niggas, we some legendary niggas  
Legendary niggas, nothing you can tell us  
Legendary niggas, we some legendary niggas  
Legendary niggas, all we do is kill it

Whole life we grinding for the dough  
And leave behind a legacy, the legend of it too  
It's not an urban myth, no, we are the truth  
If anybody gon' do it know we gon' do  
Whole life we grind so hard to stay official  
And make them niggas hating back [?] tissue  
They shit you 'til they stomach, fuck 'em  
I ain't never loved 'em  
Peace to my niece, they ain't never pulled no dumb shit  
Peace to the youth, the young soldiers in the street  
[?] to the money, they reminding me of me  
When you get get that, better keep that, better not let that drop  
Cause someone gon' be right there then take your spot  
We got our lane mastered, yeah, we got it locked  
My haters wanna be blasted, man, they better stop  
For shit get good, you could see his guts  
And it's too late to serve you, they can't get you mopped

You see these gold chains of slavers, never had that to make payments  
Yeah, I came from the basement, but now I vacate in Vegas  
I could sell out in your state, nigga, just to make a statement  
Nah, nigga, stay high and bitch I'm with is high maintance  
Homie, play me if you wanna, I got all my goons on  
We gon' catch a body, but you gon' catch a tombstone  
You don't got no hustle, you get cut off like coupons  
Been about crutons, bro, that's why the roof gone  
We still coming up, that's what my dollar say  
Ain't about no guap then stop, homie, we can't conversate  
Mobb Deep and Juicy J been balling harder than Doctor J  
Broke niggas what we can't tolerate  
Got that movie money, model chick came out jacuzzi money  
Be that nigga ass, now you wanna sue me money  
Still in this bitch, waking up at 5: 46 in the morning  
Money calling, never stalling

Who the fuck is you and what the fuck do you know?  
Where the hell did you come from and where the fuck you going?