

Chico's Chicken

Murs

Do it, cuh
Do it

I'm a legend, on top of that I'm living
LL, you don't understand, son
I'm a legend, on top of that I'm living
LL, you don't understand, son

It's a literal translation manufactured by my right brain
You might feel the slight pain, transitioning to the new slang
Era of buckling, willing to break away from the nest
Meaning the West being the best crew to consistent manifest
Made the water feel beautiful from the tap, quenching thirst
Far East on the Earth, create a new map for the truest turf
And the dragon's chewing his tail off attempting to chase the team
Wants to burn all the friendship through the pockets of matter, dream
That won't be accomplished, sewn seams won't tear
Can't bear the heat in your chest, [?] fire
Some would call me a liar
Hope to perspire and slip on the core point
Your feelings on the table for points
You don't deserve the ointment if you continue the bad habits
Show me the target, I'll take a stab at it
Take advantage, stick to the aeros and granted grit
My own planet
Man it's been a second before I felt good about my situation
Living Legends, you can't understand the patience

I'm a legend, on top of that I'm living
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I heard that good things come to those who wait

The reality you fall into, can make a strong man you
I reaches high to the sky for my crew
We be after knowledge, gang with pain felt, and wealth
Self exploration, new nations we conquer
Stronger or the weaker, we seekers get respect
Educate the raps, a test, microphone step
One-two, asses shakin', dice and lights
Makin' it a rule to accept No Limit
I seen a pass line, no craps and fresh rap
Drink tickets and snaps, money from shows, I stack
Clothes on the backs of my [?] gang
But time away from home is like feelin' the pain
I mean the Yin and the Yang (What?)
People got worse predicaments
I'm grateful for the life that I lead, and man, I'm livin' it (I'm livin' it
)

I'm a legend, on top of that I'm living
LL, you don't understand, son

M-U-R-S
The bravado of Jackie Estacado, The Darkness
Is overwhelming, no [?] for rebelling

Exercise in expelling my personal demons
Through a form of rhythmic breathing channelled into a microphone
Through your ears, into your mind, spark ignites
A design more vivid than Heather Hunter or Jenna Jameson
We amazing friends
It's that same Saturday morning animation, inspired imagination
Which is only translatin' for half of the inspiration
The other half's three-cornered philosophies
'Til I seen a hustle ran properly, ain't no stoppin' me
I'll put that on my Mid-City crew
And a stack of [?] cubes, a dragon when I enter on crews
Fire breathin' on aspirin' heathens
With a style so free, in the mind of this melancholy wordsmith
Your career is now at a point where a Murs verse preached the word "bitch"
(Bitch...) Bitch!

Come on over here, I wanna fuckin' talk to you, listen to this guy

I crossed the world... (World)
But I still don't feel that great
Thinkin' about my life and the decisions I had to make
Tryin' to do what is right, but I still have to put food on my plate
Tryin' not to hate those foes that instigate problems in my life
They only reachin' for the mic, while we grip it oh so tight
In the grasp of the greater plan, a mass feud to pass you
A message through the wind
But then again you won't know until it's too late
A trunk that they thought'll bring us to the end of time
Too many weak minds that wanna rhyme
Hella clowns in the line, waitin' to say "cheese!" (Cheese!)
Nigga please, you need to be a dope MC to get close to these Legends
What the fuck are you doin' this for?