

## Legends

## REASON

I'm gettin' carried away  
Feel like I'm gettin' carried away  
I'm gettin' carried away  
Look

Headed back to buildin' my city, I love the feel of my city  
Take care of Del Amo, feel like I pay the bills in my city  
I'm a fresh prince here, feel like a Will to my city  
Got some fake niggas here but I keep the real with my city  
Relationships stayed and we just turned to strangers  
Now matter how apologetic, it could never save us  
Took the memories of us and I put 'em on paper  
Love when my sadness could turn into positive anger  
Something as close as memories can be productive  
Never drop your name, they don't know who I'm discussin'  
But you don't thank me for it, you just think that I'm deceivin'  
Like I never say your name 'cause I want you to be a secret  
Fuck it, cool, lose lose, I'm always wrong  
You say I need a job then complain I'm always gone  
I'm in the studio so much I start to call it home  
The quiet peace it brings to me when I'm all alone

Swear I should've did this sooner and make the time slow up  
Fellow rappers claim that they just tryin' to grind, know what?  
Y'all say y'all love the competition 'til the time roll up  
Everybody want to be Mike 'til LeBron show up  
Y'all some fake landmines, y'all ain't tryin' to blow up  
Fellow rappers claim that they just tryin' to grind, know what?  
Y'all say y'all love the competition 'til the time roll up  
Everybody want to be Mike 'til LeBron show up, damn

You have to watch out for them legends, like you know nobody has to make room. You gotta earn everything you get, you nahmean? Nobody just gon' stamp you a legend and you not doing anything that's legendary. But to the people who are watchin' or still reminiscin' on the Jordans, like yo, LeBron James exists. There's people out there that will ride so hard for Jordan that they denyin' how amazin' LeBron James is, you nahmean?

I ain't a legend but got potential on the table  
They sayin' I'm a rapper, I ain't really into labels  
Or maybe it's just too new, I ain't used to it  
All I know is that I flow dirty, nigga spit sewage when he kick it  
Ain't doin' shit for bread, I pursue it for the vision  
But please don't get me wrong, when it's all said and finished  
I ain't do it on no get rich shit but I be lyin'  
If I say that I don't want no big chips  
Preferably, I would love to get rich quick  
When the money comin' in all my problems could be fixed  
So move the signs of an evict, tell my momma she could quit  
She in hospital whips, what she drivin' fuckin' sick  
But these niggas hold on and it's time for an eviction  
I promise y'all, I pay respect to Hov, Biggie and Pac  
And I ain't tryin' to sound like I'm hatin' or sendin' 'em shots  
But does it make 'em less great if we say Cole on top?  
And is Mike not Mike if we give Kobe his props?  
Even while he was in his prime, he was the most hated one  
Out of all the Lakers, I feel like he was the greatest one

Niggas actin' like he ain't drop 81  
'Cause we hold on to the Magic vision, it's an addiction  
We want him to remain the illest, no pun intended  
If a young nigga killin', there's no need for us to hate  
'Cause the legends paved the road so we could drive it and be great, nigga