War Games

Living Legends

I know where the music came from, I not a lame, dumb, dumb
Origin is respected but still we choose to come
Original down from my talk to my walkin'
Heads out to please the king Christopher WalkenA city with fly lingo with bad ass Latinas
Got heads on this side, bitin' styles still unequal
Unless you assimilate you never considered great
Demonstrate the speech from your birth place
You can't race disgraced by false handshakesThese punk rap, dudes
Talk behind our back but they don't want the feud
A few of them seen the ads y'all helped us pay for
Now they say what's up in the club, what the fuck whore?Listen up, bitch, you dis because you can't see
Born in California actin' NYC
Influence is golden but when mics is holdin'
I roll with the oath to spit what's never stolenIt keeps us out the mix shows and tape decks of 64's
Because we in the middle, we strangers to the riddle
For DJs who play this, the bravest get propers
But most won't even touch this unless we sign to RawkusI met you twice before and shook your hand, you didn't feel it
Did it for the cap but should have acted like I'd peel it
Now I'm in the skillet on the burner in the back
Caught between the trunk bump and the motherfuckin' boom bagBring the tune back, you're craps in the chop shop
Thermometer up your ass that's the reason that I'm not hot
But I got a fever, times three for every CD
Bound to be the missin' link
For those who wanna meet me at the crossin'I'll be the one semi-flossin'
With mega self-respect but avoid to go with that
'Cause he's employed to act like he doesn't see the free man
Who says too much credit? Bet it isn't the planFreak of nature, I'm the stranger, you're bad with names
Bra change your views, I'm givin' clues
Strangest news you're about to lose
Blame them fools who got the toolsI'd never consider movin' out
When it comes to the coast I'm dwellin' on
Hell, if I ever switch up the weather
To fit what these other fellas are onI cause a renaissance
Renovatin' creativeness on this side of the coast
Self-hatred, radio stations
They play their shit while they brag and they boastIt's not about toe taggin' with a rag and a magnum
It's all about respect caught in the middle without a clue

Legendary, originality here to battle the fallacy
Here to put it down with my crewActually I'm open to any option, except belly floppin'
Over a sloppy copy of a Primo track, that's a fact
Action taken by middlemen while you fiddle with pens and pronouns
Tryin' to pronounce like your pro-eastern affiliateBut I affiliate my style with the golden state
While you're holdin' hate, claimin' a whole weight
Now much respect to the roots
But once you've walked in these boots
Doin' a format like that is so fakeYou're a dormant, doormat, wearin' a whores hat
With a horrible imitation of what you consider great
When that's only a bite, your eyes are bigger than your stomach
So when you plummet into the darkness we'll be risin' into the light
(That's right, that's right)
When you plummet into the darkness we'll be risin' into the light
(That's right, that's right)I am not from New York [Incomprehensible]
I am not from New York [Incomprehensible]I'm anti but I'm not anti-social
You can feel it through my soul
My presence through my vocals
How the fuck they got fans?
Man, them niggas only localBitch, we chase down the mic and put you rhymes in a choke hold
I'm a pro, bro, comin' fresh ain't a problem so, Legends' got skills
'Cause we're always evolvin' and involvin' our self in the life of our fans
Revolvin' around them like the earth on its axis
And neva payin' no taxes, manFirm in my shoes where I stand, not a stranger to this land
With my choice of words I gain respect and proceed
They say if you don't succeed try, try again
My friend, ya must make words blend within the beat thenMake it a part of this world, make your mark on this earth
For what it's worth, evade the demons while they lurk
In the envy of the jerks bi-coastal who smirk
At the talent and the balance that shine in our workThe suckas love to hate us and these girls love to flirt
Stranger to the under ground, ya neva dug the dirt
True we blowin' up fool and it hurts to be you
Still tryin' to sound like them, just to make it throughStranger, strange

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