Nothing Less (feat. Slug)

Living Legends

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We are the music makers, and we are
The dreamers of dreams, come along
Nothing less, nothing lessWell, I bet you that I get the last laugh, bet you that my funerals packed
And the tune you all blast is my crew's shit
New shit or old, it don't matter
Bold I get swole in the zone where you gather
I'm alone but together with the folksNot really knowin' where I'm goin' but my goal's to provoke thoughts
Devote lots, show some fools the ropes to hop
Scope the top from above it, love it, then leave it alone
I believe that I'm grown showin' the way
Owin' the bay for goin' astray, now blowin' away
Like that bag in American Beauty, truly blessed
And nothing less, nothing lessI'm nothin' less than a criminal with minimal convictions
Servin' up my customers, a hustler of the diction
Crushin' my afflictions, I'm sick in the mind, depends on who you ask
And I can do anything dependin' on the task
I tend to be on blast more often than not
Between a rock and a hard place, I soften my spot, talkin' a lotThat's if my CD's gettin' played
But if that's not the case then I had nothin' to say
My crew been tight since we was up in the bay
Been down for a while, now watch us as we take it, up and away
Somethin' to play when you're laying on back
Felt the love when I wrote this
So I know y'all feelin' what I'm sayin' on tracksNothing less, nothing less
And nothing less, nothing less
And nothing less, nothing lessThe first step was birth, now forever cursed to analyze his self-worth
The second step was belief
Had to make that move before he even grew teeth
The third step, respect awareness
He could trip over the next step if he's careless
That next step, number four, was love
Can't touch it without steppin' the other three aboveAs he froze for a moment ignoring the remaining ones

He was approachin', focus stolen
Lookin' down at his hands to see what he was holdin'
Nothin', empty, no choice but to keep goin'
The fifth step felt like a misstep, it was a re-evaluation of the first four
The anxiety, fear of what it hurts for
Caught in somewhere between the earths core and the first floorWhen he finally made it to step six
He could no longer see it for what it is
All of his views and family and life were askew
Number six had been twisted by the previous two
The last step, the seventh, was the only thing left
That kept him outside of Heaven
One last breath and everything could be pleasant
Life through death, man's final lessonNothing less, nothing lessNothing less, god bless the days I rest in this mess called 'life'
Trying to be the best for the best dressed
Female, but she just brings hell
In the wishing well, I drown pieces of my soul
Born to rebel, I'm the black James Dean of the underground
Yellin' at shows like rallys in Cali, I blow rhyme under the trees
Wanabee's talk shit all day, but don't got a tape to play
Nothing genuine to say so they bite the next man
Like they gonna make him the best man
In this crusade, the future looks black like taye diggs' forehead
We can't go ahead and let the whack break our spiritNothing less, nothing less, nothing lessI know my expectations are high but I refuse to lay low
No compromises, only improvises, from what I manifest in the mind
Even though they say, "No", I follow through if it's true
You know those type of serious questions
That are asked in a playful manner
So if assumptions are wrong, they can act like it's a joke?
"What do you do for a living?", that's the words they spoke
When they first heard that I wrote to stay alive
While they're workin' nine to fiveI work just as hard as you but got a different focus
And while you focus on me I'ma be all that I am
All of Siam, while others run at the mouth with nothing to show
I'ma use what I know, manipulating my flow
From here to there, I origami the situation
From what is considered unsuitable to something beautiful
The outcome is legendary, and nothing less

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/