

# The Legacy

## Group Home

Yo this is the Nutcracker, youknowwhatI'mmsayin?  
I got my mine Lil Dap, and my man Guru from Gang Starr  
With my man DJ Premier on the track  
So sit back, and hold your head  
And witness the legacy of street knowledge  
KnawhatImean?

Once again, it's the gang from the Group Home  
Watch out we two grown  
Little niggas, bustin out on your ass, in the new zone  
Using new chrome, to settle thief and cop a new home  
Realest history, time to seal this victory  
Mastermind, one of a kind, that's why your chick stick to me  
And sick to me, the way my voice melts the track  
Giving MC's fifty lashes, puttin welts in your backs  
Why you talkin all that, I'mma dap in the hoopdy  
Plottin on your weirdos, 'cause most of y'all are male groupies  
Throw you some panties, for you femenine side  
I'm flippin on you, fuck my gentleman side  
I'm gettin bent and then ride, straight to where you rest  
Vigilante shots, thunder going straight to you vest  
So much anger, but you thought you knew me best  
We livin legacy, and yo I'm thankful to be blessed (\*echo\*)

[Chorus]

Superior, all soldiers are obedient  
With wars unsure, and the fools shall face punishment  
We wanna infatrate the premicise, y'all prejudice  
We livin legacy, real niggas will remember us

Uh, see love is stronger then pride  
Now niggas, open your eyes and swap with you  
All these niggas think that they fly  
The sounds from the streets, make my brain and unique  
And Lil Dap will knock ya dead ass of your feet  
My legend speaks for itself, from the very ambitious  
Niggas be dissing, trying to my ass out of prison  
Feel what I feel, in the street you know shit is real  
You know the deal, and natural fact you gotta pack steel

But back in the days, you couldn't even act like that  
You can get slapped, reactin on somebodies lyrics like  
My legacy is long, like an Acura Live John, just begone  
Vibin through the ghetto with bombs  
Niggas watch out, you heard the horns from Brook-lan  
But sacrifice my arm just for the game of hip hop  
To what's your beef? A leader not a follower  
Check me out, The Legacy baby, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt

[Chorus: x2]

I'm sorry, is all you have to say  
'Cause your bitch ass can't come back around the way  
This form of hip hop, drip drops constantly  
From my mind to the wax, spiritual canetic energy  
Can't turn me off and on with a leaver  
I'm too clever, my crew sever, never  
Rumors said that O.G. was was up, nah I live for ever  
Born royal blood, The Legacy we trensetters

Yo, you know me, me and my East New York representatives  
Battle with scars, you figured niggas who we are  
Remember back in the days when the club used to rock  
Be the shit that strong rhymin, have you shook and amazed  
'Cause these were the days, you couldn't even lay you with chains  
Now watch these lanes, try to pick with my brain  
So check my undertoke, watch you suck that ass up, yo  
Me and The Nutcracker, and we on the go

[Chorus]

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by Martin, Christopher E / Elam, Keith / Heath, Jimmy  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>