

Legendary (feat. Bun B & Juicy J)

Mobb Deep

I feel the blessing even when it's all disguised up
Even when the stress try to pile up
Paper in my hand give me wild rush
Reminiscing on wild us and rolling the miles up
So [?] I'm never putting the pound up
Let 'em hate, bitch, I built it from ground up
I hold the fort down, nigga, know what?
You could see it in the lives that my sound touched
I make money, take money, my aim hungry
Spit a verse, it ain't nothing short of a green [?]
Bucketlist complete, I did a song with Bun B
And Juicy J, who the fuck fucking with me?
I think nada, lame rappers you make me gog up
The part, depart these niggas like I'm shooting commas
State your business or forever hold your peace
Go 'head with that bullshit, motherfucker, I'm sweet
Got damn, who would've thought it would've been me?
Street legend that came up with a pen, G
16 bars to get me out the ghetto
And I always kept it real with the people, I never settle
There's a lot of folks depending on me to lead 'em the right way
Instead of listening to what the radio might play
Some real game for somebody that did it
We be breaking it all the way down so anybody could get it
And I gotta admit it, the road was buffy
Hand-to-hand combats, sometimes I live lovely
You can't win every fight, but you gotta fight though
Just make sure when you on the side of right, bro
You don't go in thinking you making history
But looking back in retrospect it ain't no mystery
Nobody ain't ever did what we did then
And ain't nobody to do it again, nigga, we legendary[Hook:]
Legendary niggas, we some legendary niggas
Legendary niggas, nothing you can tell us
Legendary niggas, we some legendary niggas
Legendary niggas, all we do is kill it
Whole life we grinding for the dough
And leave behind a legacy, the legend of it too
It's not an urban myth, no, we are the truth
If anybody gon' do it know we gon' do
Whole life we grind so hard to stay official

And make them niggas hating back [?] tissue
They shit you 'til they stomach, fuck 'em
I ain't never loved 'em
Peace to my niece, they ain't never pulled no dumb shit
Peace to the youth, the young soldiers in the street
[?] to the money, they reminding me of me
When you get get that, better keep that, better not let that drop
Cause someone gon' be right there then take your spot
We got our lane mastered, yeah, we got it locked
My haters wanna be blasted, man, they better stop
For shit get good, you could see his guts
And it's too late to serve you, they can't get you mopped
You see these gold chains of slavers, never had that to
make payments
Yeah, I came from the basement, but now I vacate in Vegas
I could sell out in your state, nigga, just to make a statement
Nah, nigga, stay high and bitch I'm with is high maintance
Homie, play me if you wanna, I got all my goons on
We gon' catch a body, but you gon' catch a tombstone
You don't got no hustle, you get cut off like coupons
Been about crutons, bro, that's why the roof gone
We still coming up, that's what my dollar say
Ain't about no guap then stop, homie, we can't conversate
Mobb Deep and Juicy J been balling harder than Doctor J
Broke niggas what we can't tolerate
Got that movie money, model chick came out jacuzzi money
Be that nigga ass, now you wanna sue me money
Still in this bitch, waking up at 5: 46 in the morning
Money calling, never stalling
Legendary niggas, we some legendary niggas
Legendary niggas, nothing you can tell us
Legendary niggas, we some legendary niggas
Legendary niggas, all we do is kill it
Who the fuck is you and what the fuck do you know?
Where the hell did you come from and where the fuck you going?

Songwriters

Albert Johnson, Bernard Freeman, Brett Ryan Kruger, Kejuan Muchita, Zale Epstein
Published by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>