

War Games

Living Legends

[PSC]

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 Walken
A city with fly lingo and bad ass latinas
Got heads on this side biting styles still unequal
Unless you assimilate you never considered great
Demonstrate the speech from your birth place you can't race
Disgraced by false handshakes, these 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 diss because you can't see
Born in California actin' N Y C
Influence is golden but when mics is holding
I roll with the oath to spit what's never stolen
It 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 proper
But most won't even touch this unless we sign to Rawkus!

[The Grouch]

I 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 motherfucking boom bap
Bring 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 missing link
For those who want to meet me at the crossing
I'll be the one semi-flossing
With mega self-respect but avoid to go with that
Cause he's employed to act like he doesn't see the free man
Oops that's too much credit, I bet it isn't the plan
Freak of nature, I'm the stranger, you're bad with names bra
Change your views, I'm giving clues
Strangest news you're about to lose
Blame them fools who got the tools.

[Eligh]
I'd never consider moving out
When it comes to the coast I'm dwelling on
Hell if I ever switch up the weather
To fit what these other fellas are on
I cause a renaissance
Renovating creativeness on this side of the coast
Self-hatred, radio stations
They play their shit while they brag and they boast
It's not about toe tagging 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 crew
Actually I'm open to any option, except belly flopping
Over a sloppy copy of a Primo track, that's a fact
Action taken by middlemen
While you fiddle with pens and pronouns
Trying to pronounce like your pro-eastern affiliate
When I affiliate my style with the golden state
While you're holding hate, claiming to hold weight
Now, much respect to the roots but once you've walked in these boots
Doing a format like that is so fake
You're a dormant doormat
Wearing 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 rising into the light (that's right, that's right)
So when you plummet into the darkness
We'll be rising into the light (that's right, that's right)[Aesop]
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 local."
Bitch we chase down the mic
And put you rhymes in a chokehold
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 man
Firm 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 then
Make 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 work
The 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 through!

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