

# Legend Has It

## Run The Jewels

Hear what I say, we are the business today  
Fuck shit is finished today  
RT & J, we the new PB & J  
We dropped a classic today  
We did a tablet of acid today  
Mentors with the masses and ashes away  
SKRRRT! We dash away  
Donner and Dixon, the pistol is blastin' away  
Doctors of death  
Killin', our patience suppressed  
We oughta pay you the trust  
Cookin' up work  
Cookin' up curses and slurs  
Smokin' my brain into mush  
I became famous for blamin' you fucks  
Maimin' my way through the brush  
There is no training or taming of me and my bruh  
Look like a man, but I'm animal raw  
We are the murderous pair  
That went to jail and we murdered the murderers there  
Then went to Hell and discovered the devil  
Delivered some hurt and despair  
Used to have powder to push  
Now I smoke pounds of the kush  
Holy, I'm burnin' a bush  
Now I give a fuck about none of this shit  
Jewel runner over and out of this bitch  
Woo!  
Step into the spot like woo!  
Woo!  
Copping uppers and downers get done  
I'm in a rush to be numb  
Droppin' a thousand ain't much  
Come from the clouds  
On a missile to turn this whole town into dust  
Don't make a sound, baby, hush  
I am the living swipe right on the mic, I'm a slut  
I don't know how to not spit like a lout  
I'll spill a pound of my kids on your couch  
Half of a mongol and mythical team  
Killin' and treacherous things  
Legend says El is a spawn out of Hell  
The myth is my mom is a murderous queen  
Your life can end like in Godfather 1

You get the gun as I christen my son  
If I die today and it's Hell I should pay  
Tell the Lord Mikey said, "Fuck it was fun" Hear what I say, we are the business today  
Fuck shit is finished today  
RT & J, we the new PB & J  
We dropped a classic today  
We did a tablet of acid today  
Did joints with the masses and ashes away  
SKRRRT! We dash away  
Donner and Dixon, the pistol is blastin' away Doctors of death  
Curing our patients of breath  
We oughta pay you the trust  
Crooked at work  
Cookin' up curses and slurs  
Smokin' my brain into mush  
I became famous for blamin' you fucks  
Maimin' my way through the brush  
There is no training or taming of me and my bruh  
Look like a man, but I'm animal raw We are the murderous pair  
That went to jail and we murdered the murderers there  
Then went to Hell and discovered the devil  
Delivered some hurt and despair  
Used to have powder to push  
Now I smoke pounds of the kush  
Holy, I'm burnin' a bush  
Now I give a fuck about none of this shit  
Jewel runner over and out of this bitch Woo!  
Woo!  
Step into the spotlight, woo!  
Woo! Copping of uppers and downers get done  
I'm in a rush to be numb  
Droppin' a thousand ain't much  
Come from the clouds  
On a missile to turn this whole town into dust  
Don't make a sound, baby, hush  
I am the living swipe right on the mic, I'm a slut  
I don't know how to not spit like a lout  
I'll spill a pound of my kids on your couch Half of a mongol and mythical team  
Feelin' this treacherous theme  
Legend says El is a spawn out of Hell  
The myth is my mom is a murderous queen  
Your life can end like in Godfather 1  
You get the gun as I christen my son  
If I die today and it's Hell I should pay  
Tell the Lord Mikey said, "Fuck, it was fun" Every new record's my dick in a box  
We here the goons, eat them rulers a lot  
You're getting used to me doing no wrong  
I don't play chicken, you prick, I'm a fox  
You wanna kick it, I'll give you the rock

You kiss the wood chipper blade if you bark  
I'm fuckin' magic, in fact I'm a warlock can talk  
I got a unicorn horn for a (stop)Woo!  
Woo!  
Step into the spotlight, woo!  
Woo!And the crowd goes RTJ!  
And the crowd goes RTJ!  
And the crowd goes RTJ!  
And the crowd goes RTJ!  
RTJ!  
RTJ!  
RTJ!  
RTJ!Mike in the jelly, won't snitch  
I'll rent a room at the Ritz  
I'll sip a fifth of the whisk  
I'll smoke a dub in the tub  
Then I will split both my wristsI'll pull a sword on you simps  
Just for the flick of the wrist  
Kitchen ain't givin' a miss  
Me and Mike skip away whistlin' and grin  
Every day's golden when you only winBullyin' bastards and beatin' on beats  
Sounds like a day at the beach, preach  
I keep the metals to step on your feet  
Before you can speak, blaow to defeatWe move on one to ones, you think I'm meek  
You think I'm lyin', you right, see my teeth  
Don't be a bore when I roar if I move  
Hunting's no fun when your prey doesn't move  
I'll put a gun to a bunny like choose  
Say somethin' funny or bunny go boom  
You got a bevy of shit you could groove  
We'd like to thank you for choosing our crewAnd that's from the crew you can trust  
Warranty plus for fuckin' shit up  
We are the no-gooders, do-gooders  
Known to the dancers and dealers and doers of dust

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>