

Raekwon f/ Caesar, MURS, Xzibit**"Legacy"**

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[Intro: Raekwon] One-two, one-two, yeah, yeah, yeah
You know what it is man, sit back, socialize, kid Yo,
word up, man, what up, Lord? [Raekwon] Here's the
deal, 300 mil, we in the field With the boots on, police
on us for real And I love it, my guns is rugged,
bulletproof vans with plans To stay gangstered up and
scramble With the rest of the stresses, the tests My
bank HSBC, yeah, feel all my blessings While wild out,
I'm mild out, calm and humble Blow a hole in your
soldier, come through Beyond that, guns for combat,
right in front of the lobby My hobby just too ill to saw
black He ain't the shit, we ain't the shit But we will
squeeze for them keys, point black and spank ya shit
Always in Nike, pen filled geeses, leather knockouts
on, Tropicana' juices One false move I'm pressing
niggas, automatic buttons on 4/5ths Nigga, what,
respect the niggas [Chorus 2X: Caesar] Legacy, you're
the don, legacy, you're the king Stories of the hood,
lights, the fame bring We runs the past, the strong
survive For perfection we strive, the legends alive
[Xzibit] Yeah, what up, Rae? Yeah, living legend They
say nothing worth having comes easily Let's go get in,
buzz it down and spread it out evenly Camouflage my
rides, blend with the scenery And bang in the face of
my enemy Divine from the waist ain't no killing me, it
runs in my family Bloodline, prepare for the best,
through tough times Fifty car caravan, anything
jumping Got the wheel real big with the rims still
rubbing But my rims ain't touching, I'm a Defcon button
I'm a Russian made Golisnikov, muthafucka The same
thing that builds you up, ain't reserve notes
Watermarks stacked, In God We Trust But any man can
and will be crushed, heaviest move like elephant tusk
Think you better adjust the way you approach, don't get
too close Because you might get hit with a shitbag, and
a wheelchair dented in zig zag [Chorus 2X] [MURS]
Huh, MURS, yo Now when I first started out, they said I
wouldn't make it I'm made of less metal, probably just
couldn't take it I roll with my aces, certified assassins
Mid city militia, we come through smashing We fucking
with them butterknives, we swinging them katanas

Sharper than pirahans, cutting through your body
armor It's all about honor, man, respect the code Touch
a point on your neck and make your chest explode And
the water turns vets into vegetables You gotta, stay on
point or be the next to go Whether, dickies or chucks,
or the guess and low It's all one love, homey, rep your
coast Cuz fame is elusive, respect is the prize Is he less
of a man, you can check through his eyes Those guys
with subversive plots Be the ones you dispise, and the
first to watch, hah [Chorus 4X]

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