

Common Children

"Know the Legend"

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[Grand Agent]

Yo! Uhh, and the, with the, to the, cause the, and the..
{*goes on for a little bit*}

[Lord Finesse]

Uhh, Grand Agent

[Grand Agent]

.. would ya? I don't know
Yo, I'm already legendary if I stop this weekend
Switch like styles and cease public speaking
You'd still be froze and secure in your flow scheme
Cause now the fact that you strapped like Bokeem
It don't mean nuttin major; they saw you put on
They saw me come up, they saw the young star biz{?}
Who due to circumstance, courage and desire got
witcha
I set the big picture on fire
Play hard, I be in and out of Dodge like God
Just a rumor being, you may be seein a mirage
Come closer, here's the poster child for ill
Hurry up, cause in a minute, I'ma do what I feel
And that's bone out, nine times out of nine
When the microphone's out it's just long enough to
zone out
But when the time don't stand still I bite
And before time finds me, I blend with the night
Leavin not a trace nor a shadow of a doubt
I was born a made man, never battled for the clout
I fucks with the greats, in upwards of three or four
states
My basement tapes done seen more gates
than a little bit, I'm just a type that like the filament
Right where they gas you and blast you
For not much more than the thrill of it
I be tryin to tell niggaz Grand on some other shit, yo

[Chorus: Grand Agent] + (Lord Finesse)

Yo, I know the slang of a thousand gangs yo
I'm legendary! (You think you're a legend)
Another thousand gangs know my name though

I'm legendary! (You think you're a legend)
I got a thousand ill rhymes to my name, yknahmsayin?
I'm legendary! (You think you're a legend)
But that's three thousand, I'm way ahead of game, yo
I'm legendary! (You think you're a legend)

[Grand Agent]

You ain't a legend, you just hot today, but anyway
Digame! Get at me, holla, thug type of scholar
I don't need to know your background
I touch you right where you at now, so tell me if the
track sound
out the frame when it's on your box
I never stay in my square cause that's GAME, I'm
e'rywhere
Greyhound spots with the TV chairs
My likeness was on air when I bounced
Graphic accounts was left all in my wake
Fame is all my fate, name is all on my side
This is what you get when coasts collide
The worst niggaz got the most pride
Grand got soul like Ricoso

[Chorus]

[Grand Agent]

You know G Grand intent up out of the place
The man is known by voice, by style, by face
By choice, my space can't be invaded
Rhymes go from old to syn-co-pated in
one record flat, and you checkin for that
which is this, cause Finesse did the tracks and I rhyme
blissed
The onlookers come to grips when I spit
A general on some year-long March Madness
The bad news precedes my footsteps
cause good rep is good rep is good rep is good rep
The hatch is broke down before I spoke
I got the full nelson choke down pat
You know it sound fat - who wan' say it don't?
If you don't know by now, you'll never want 'em
two times fly, as your crew and I
came to set trends, get rich and never die

[Chorus]

[Lord Finesse]

Uhh
Uh-huh, uh-huh
Grand Agent
Know how we do, one time, uhh

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