

## Cook Barbara

### "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, yknahtsayin?  
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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