

L.E.G.A.C.Y. f/ Chaundon, Phonte, Sean Price**"TKO"**

Visit "[TKO](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[L.E.G.A.C.Y.] I'm back to the grit, kind of like breakfast
Back on some shit, you kind of like smelt it Sand in your
city and this is all real Asking bitches "Did you miss
me?" like I'm Varnell Hill Sha-boing boing, classic as
that two-sided coin join The best writer since the
Donald Goines joints I'm throwing lunch back, L.E.G.'s
waiting on dinner I got my buzz back like Kevin Bacon
on "Tremors" Better hold something cause I'm shaking
things up Throw something? Nah I'm breaking things
up I'm flipping over tables in meetings with the labels
Wrote a letter to the industry, it says "I will save you"
Sincerely yours, the Carolina savior Settle the score, I
don't care for these majors Run deep in still waters, H-
O-J Suicide's flawless, that's the only way [Phonte]
Yeah, let me at 'em Aha ... time to head buss 'em If they
really wanted war, they would've said something
Labels, I don't trust 'em cause if they can't market a
Pooh, sell a 'Te or break a +L.E.G.+ , fuck 'em Was on
my F.E. shit for the past year Travelling all around the
world singing to Mademoiselles But I knew that if y'all
saw "featuring Phonte" on this record and I only did a
hook, then y'all would be mad as hell So I had to take it
back to the old 'Te I mean the Bull City, Cornwallis
rolled 'Te The ten dollars in his pocket, still bold 'Te
The why-the-fuck-can't-he-ever-do-what-he-told 'Te
Because if you can't fear me then you are clearly one
of the dumbest niggas since O.J. This is my TKO, I mean
my Typical Kirk Out "'Te got the best workout" what
them hoes say [Chaundon] Come on man, who fucking
with Chaundon? Lit up the entire situation like the
complexion of Krondon Ain't a Craftmatic that I won't
lay ya moms on Bust two nuts and then I'm gone Swear
these rap niggas is Norm Bates dressing like women
Back then they be gay, but today they make a killing?
Faggots keep they feet towards the ceiling That Louis
Vuitton rap is all wack, who said it was appealing? Ten
bars in, another Technical Knock Out Wack rappers
always use the term "hating" as a cop-out Step to your
punk-ass army But y'all don't want a war, y'all throwing
towels in as if you doing laundry Bad for your health,
got news for you niggas Need a noose for you niggas,

go and hang yourself If you mad then you considered
a bitch There's more wack niggas in the game than
Jews printed on the Schindler's List [Sean Price] One
part Henny, one part Hypno A +Slice+ of +Kimbo+ and
a pinch of Apocalypto Animal bars, niggas is Granola
raps Richard nut-hugging jeans, dude got rough,
rugged bean brr!! Fuck the colorful tight shit Michelle
ended cello, hello, lovable dyke shit I might hit niggas
with all my mic lift Niggas on the phone, telling +dog+
you +Mike Vick+ Brr! I smoke a doobie with the rascals
Hardcore boom, no room for Lupe Fiascos Don't rhyme
for robots, rap for mo' gwap My stock rising, so I ride
with the fo' cocked No stash box, I keep it in my lap and
I ain't stopping for cops, believe a nigga' raps Leave it
at that, Sean Price, Kareem Saheed Put hands on a
nigga when he stain my weed Brr! Motherfucker ...
haha

Visit [L.E.G.A.C.Y. f/ Chaundon, Phonte, Sean Price](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.