

Legendary Status

Ying Yang Twins

Yeah, alright, Kadalack Boyz
East side, west side, south side

On the streets I'm a legend, in my hood I'm a star
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A-Town Nigga, Mack Town Nigga, ATL Nigga

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Created in my back pocket
Ya ever know when it might rain
Streets are gettin' it
You know the streets, they made it mayne

I ain't asked it for nothin', 'cause it don't owe me shit
It taught me the game and told me, "Go, get rich"
Twenty pounds in a rental car, headed to the Mack Town
T-Y told me, "Get the work and make it touch down"

I did that, made that, now I'm on my way
Just my luck, they know it's the Texas license plate
Now I got a problem, 'cuz them undercover's onto me
It's time to bail, 'cause a snitch I will never be

I swear I'm like a fish
Greetin' land with a kiss
Did I hit or did I miss?
Well, it goes like this

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The hood made me what I am today, my nigga
The hood raisin' up the beat is weight, my nigga
First it showed me the game and then it showed me the money
Designed the code that I live by and told me to run it

So I start with the shit plus I was born with the knowledge
A young wise muhfucka get respect like a prophet
Who can take the game plan, design a ride
And trust what's in my hand and not what's comin' out they mouth?

I'm a down low nigga so I stay on the ground
I push mills, push guns, push coke, push pounds
I got a nine-to-five, so make it look good
Kobe, A.K.A. skinny to pusha in the hood

My brother went to jail and left me alone
Found out I had another brother, pa was a rollin' stone
My brotha, Eddie Banks taught me the street
My cousin Jewelz showed me how to rip up the keys

My other brotha Hut taught me to do it big
Connected to 3, you get a black hustlin' jeep
Connected to gang shit, I got the game sick
Money, power, respect, that shit didn't come quick

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I came up when Ice Cube was a young nigga
B.E. was rebellin' in the city with one high school
But now I'm a legend
I done opened up for Chris Love and Love and Ludacris, y'all
Seen niggas careers begin, rise and fall

What's happenin' y'all? Well, shit I ain't got no one to call
Like when yo ass didn't get no respect if you were in New York
I'm the nigga to call when in trouble, Lil red clay warrior
Got any nigga pick up the mic and I'm straight destroyin' ya

Grip Town Georgia, bitch, we awful scared
Came up when you didn't get no love if you ain't in ATL
I'm the nigga in my city when I'm chillin' on the porch
Got the city on my shouldas, the legend carry the torch on ya

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