

ATLANTA / HIP HOP + HEALTH · OFFICIAL LYRIC SHEET

LONG GAME

The anthem · Legacy MC × Next Generation MC · Generations Live, Atlanta

Performance direction: two distinct rap voices; dry, conversational cold open; no sung hook, choir, or crowd effects; the trade strips to drums and bass.

COLD OPEN — DRY VOICE, ALMOST CONVERSATIONAL

Fast gets attention.

Lasting gets a name.

Different game.

VERSE 1 — LEGACY MC

I watched a lot of bright lights turn into receipts
Watched a good year make a man think he couldn't miss a beat
Everybody loves the run when the room says yes
Nobody tells you what it costs to stay good at your best

So I learned where to spend it, learned what to protect
Which calls need an answer, which ones can wait till next
Kept a few people close who don't care what I gross
Who knew me before the room and'll know me after the toast

That's wealth to me now, I got different math
I don't need every door, I need years on the path
Still sharp, still moving, still changing the plan
Still young enough to listen, old enough to understand

I don't need the whole room stopping when I walk through
I'd rather leave something useful when I pass it to you
Because the real flex ain't how loud the night got
It's waking up years later and still liking what you got

HOOK — RAPPED, DRY, LOCKED INTO THE POCKET

Long game.

Keep something for later.

Keep your name, keep your nerve, keep your people even greater.

Long game.

Let the quick money wait.

I don't need the whole thing now if now comes with an expiration date.

Long game.

New hands, same weight.

Take what lasts, leave the rest, put your own name on the plate.

Long game.

No speech, no campaign.

If I can't enjoy the life when I get there, what'd I win anyway?

VERSE 2 — NEXT GENERATION MC

I came up where the clock got a notification
Everybody moving like rest needs an explanation
Numbers on the screen make a Tuesday feel major
By Friday you forgot what you were celebrating

So I'm learning not to confuse motion with range
Not every open door deserves my name
Not every room with a camera deserves my face
And a fast route ain't worth much if I hate where it takes me

Don't hand me the answers, hand me the scar tissue
Tell me which rooms charge interest when they clap for you
Tell me what looked like a win but cost more than it paid
I'll bring new language to the lessons that stayed

I don't want your lane, I got somewhere to go
But I want to know what you know that the algorithm don't
What survives when the numbers quit feeding your pride
How to build something big and still have a life on the side

I want the work and the miles and the people I love
Want a full tank left when they say I've done enough
So if this generation gets anything right
Maybe we stop treating burnout like proof we arrived

TRADE — ALTERNATING MCS, BEAT STRIPPED TO DRUMS + BASS

LEGACY: I know what lasts. **NEXT:** I know what's moving.

LEGACY: I know what fame takes. **NEXT:** I know what I'm refusing.

LEGACY: Keep your word. **NEXT:** Keep your edge.

LEGACY: Keep your people. **NEXT:** Keep what's left.

BOTH:

**Keep enough of yourself
to enjoy what you earn.**

FINAL VERSE — TRADING BARS

LEGACY: I got miles behind me. **NEXT:** I got miles in view.

LEGACY: I don't need you to copy me. **NEXT:** I need what got you through.

LEGACY: Take the lesson. **NEXT:** Lose the limits.

LEGACY: Change the rhythm. **NEXT:** Keep the spirit.

BOTH:

**Different year on the calendar.
Same reason we're still in it.**

FINAL HOOK

Long game.

Keep something for later.

Keep your name, keep your nerve, keep your people even greater.

Long game.

Let the quick money wait.

I don't need the whole thing now if now comes with an expiration date.

Long game.

New hands, same weight.

Take what lasts, leave the rest, put your own name on the plate.

Long game.

Still here.

Still good.

Still got somewhere to go.