

## Hot Bars

Felt

I spit hot bars, I spit on cop cars  
I spit game to the chicks that belong to rock stars  
I got the goods from uptown to Hollywood  
So what you don't like us?  
Your girl probably would...

Havin a good day on the freeways of Los A  
In Murs' El Dora' listenin to Ghostface  
Well hold up, and let me smile for a minute  
While I look across the sky for a limit  
Come and get it, I'ma ride this rollercoaster 'til the  
wheels fall off  
And I'ma ride your Cali Roll until my eel goes soft

Take a journey through the mind of a one of a kind  
Self-made motherfucker that's enjoying his time  
On land, on air, on mics and on sea  
Let it all just be, good times on me  
It's California, fool, flyest breezies in the world  
And we can roll up a bleazy that'll make your toes curl

and it goes Puff Puff Pass  
So you can kiss my ass  
Oh you didn't know?  
You must have missed the class

It's sunshine, one-time, MC's with punchlines  
Hit Elements on Sunday, put it on the frontline

and tell em all to make some ruckus  
For the fuckers in the clutches  
And the soldiers in the trenches  
and the wenches on the guest list  
Call Heaven, tell them "Got a situation  
Murs and Se7en came to breakfast  
And they left with all the bacon..."

We be the first dudes putting treasure over beats  
Every measure be complete to make sure it's buried deep  
Locked in your memory to provide a safe keep  
So even if you diggin' what another rapper sayin  
He can't break the seal so our music keeps playin  
Living Legends, Rhymesayin so I know yall been waitin  
So I open up the gate and, Slug made his way in  
And we pimp this production as a present for the  
patients

Just-Jump back, kiss yourself  
And thank your God for your breath and your health  
Life is short and all days, surprise  
Keep your nose clean, open your ears and your eyes

Call me Mr. President for short, a credit to the sport  
incredible in court, an indelible source  
An immeasurable force, the strength of her force  
And I'm pushin metaphors just to better y'all course

Here, vision is blurry, living in a hurry  
No worries, you can call me Chicken Little Curry  
Keep the channel spicy, flippin words like Vanna Whitey  
And watch the contestants run in circles to analyze me  
Here we go, Mr. Quiet Storm  
Break down, take apart your heart and redesign the form  
Tried to warn 'em, nobody heeded  
So we succeeded at feedin these sheep what the party  
needed

But baby, I'm only boarding 21 and higher  
You're kind of young, you should settle down, tiger  
Take a little time to, reweave the fiber  
Reach for tomorrow and let me borrow your lighter

Yeah, I freestyled with him-- and him too  
But they still haven't gone through what I been through  
Excuse me, what we've been through  
Meaning me and you, see I'm just like you  
Except I rock the mic and you work at a dot com  
Or maybe you're a critic  
Tryin to say the same line, but what it doesn't matter  
Cause I'm still Murs and you're still bitter and  
This is my verse and I'm talking to my listeners

So if you're Sleepless in Seattle  
Disturbed in Pittsburgh  
Lost it in Austin  
Ann Arbor firestarted  
Fuck me, Kentucky  
You got me, Millwaukee  
And the devil wore jeans in New Orleans  
From Los Angeles - to Minneapolis -  
We want to thank all of yall for havin us  
Make it pleasure, make it sting  
Whatever the way you swing  
From the A to the Zing  
I would never change a thing

R.I.P. Bigga B, Rob O-N-E  
Says Unity and "Fly ID"  
Wouldn't be here without them  
So the love flows free  
I wouldn't be here without them  
So the love flows free