

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