

# Gotta Question For Ya

## Living Legends

[Chorus: PSC]

What would you do if we put it all together  
In the form of living legends  
On an album all together?  
Would you buy it? Would you try it?  
Would you raise your hands high?  
Would you recommend performance for something that's so enormous?  
Why fight it? It's right about now, we taking over this  
Why fight it? It's right about now, we showing who we is  
The best of our abilities  
A showcase of energy  
Tucked into your memories for centuries and centuries

[Murs]

Only a buck forty five and I talk a lot of shit  
Oh you still don't think I'm tight  
Ask your girl she got my shit  
And she's bumpin number six (Good Music or Murs Rules the World)  
Like nobody's business  
Got these fools confused like, "Man what is this?"  
I seen him at the open mic with a backpack  
The next day he's on the block in some creased up khakis  
See that's Murs' ability  
Supreme versatility  
One verse to your dome  
Watch it burst unwillingly  
So you should think twice before ice grilling me  
In the back of the club like you paralyzed from the neck down  
But in your heart you know that you're feeling me  
My crew be killing these crowds on the regular  
My CDs ringing up loud at the register  
Considered to be well endowed  
If you measured the  
Strength of my click by the  
Length of my dick  
We'd be larger than life plus a tenth of an inch

[Chorus]

[Aesop]

Ya boy bull rushes the track  
When the percussion's fat  
In fact the rhymes I recite  
Might help you find the light, or get ya lit  
Smoked, words provoke  
Jokes to get their shit together whether your hot or not  
Ya got ta get off ya ass man, stay ahead of the class  
Aesop ready to blast off outa there, I'm gone  
When the vibe is wrong I can't even fuck with that  
Livin' like a fat cat  
Man I'm barely livin' off this rap music  
y'all, no need to abuse it  
No need to be a busta, just ta gain respect so  
Get ya best flow outa ya back pack  
I don't fuck with MCs comin' with wack raps!!!

[Scarub]

I'm running with the will to win

As well as the discipline  
Sprinting in this competition  
I'm racing time, competitors  
As well as myself  
Jogging with a stealth pace  
Definitely one to place in this race  
Catching up to men  
Maneuver around them  
Then drowned them in the dust  
To win is a must  
Powered by Living Legends  
Sponsored by Heavenbound  
My name is Scarub  
I got a question for ya

[Chorus]

[PSC]

P to the S to the see  
By request to be fresh equals how I rap on sequence  
With 16 bar verses and very little curses  
And an aptitude for chorus that makes me quite important  
At your service  
I'm ready, kinda nervous but I'm ready  
But first I gotta please me and I've mastered that believe me  
It's easy!  
5 finger romance with the mic hand  
Stand back, I'll bust in your in face 'cause I planned that  
I ban rap artists who consider they selves the hardest  
Regardless of the make up I always slice the cake up  
Ya edible, icing, enticing to my eyesight  
But everything that glitters ain't gold, you best to come tight

[Chorus]

[The Grouch]

Well I'm the good rhythmic, outstanding, underrated  
Cool human  
Naw that's kind of played  
I'm underpaid  
The best at my trade  
A little afraid  
Been gypped too many times to believe in what you said  
I prayed hard had my hopes up, guard down  
Gained a yard lost a mile so I don't smile  
Pile it on cause I'm used to it  
I like to format the song and spit the truth to it

[Eligh]

He's the man on the mountain  
Staff made of lightning, smoking  
Writing poetry on a broken piece of oak  
It's premonition  
Self conversation on an amplified station  
Radioactive finger strides all across the nation  
I hide in complication yet it's simpler than this  
Many rock microphones across the globe  
But not quite like this  
In the nightlife many catch a case  
Catch a cold or catch a disease  
But I'm married to the microphone  
So I'm immune to weak MCs  
So bitch please