

# BasikMurs

Murs

(Murs)

Hey whussup this is muthafucking Murs  
Here with muthafucking basik  
You know what im sayin i got a foul ass mouth  
But not really givin a fuck this is all freestlye

One tape do it like this no fakes  
On the microphone distroy all snakes  
In the grass Murs will beat that ass  
If it has to come to that type of situation  
But i really know that patience is a virtue  
But I just might hurt you call it curtains  
Pull up a skirt on a few emcees actin  
Bitch wanna change off that switch  
Like a light 25watt, you ain't that bright  
Might get socked in the night  
Where i'm from Mint City, where we roam  
Come hard over drums  
Everybody wants to hum  
Some other niggas song, be on the dick  
Of other crews too long now wheres your song  
At got a whole tape but ain't nobody else  
Gonna kick a rap unless they famous  
That's the fool from table of contents  
Your whole porpose is aimless  
Need to get some shit Condence it  
Into one form have a common goal  
When I'm bombing soul on this track  
Everybody knows my spirt comes intact  
Never um post hande or should I say  
On strike like UPS I might just incave yo chest  
Like this make a casium when i spit this shit  
Have your chest doing spasum Fantasium  
Like that four with the spikes  
Everybody knows i don't sport nike's  
Well I really kinda do cause I can't afford  
Other shoe They cost to much  
Everybody wanna rock the dutch  
Or other should I say the British walking  
Shit talkers from New York Get cooked  
Burnt up, I stay way like pork  
How many emcees have said that I've read that  
Rap book you had all them rhymes you had  
Was wack, Take it like that uh this nigga Murs With a freestyle verse  
With basik  
Your whole stlye is wack so face it  
This nigga Murs with a freestlye verse  
And basik your whole style is wack just face it  
Cant Replace it

(Basik)

Cant replace,Cant replace it one on one  
This is Basik Yo checking in one two  
Watch out for your whole crew  
We might do them by the two's  
Three's and a hundreds I got you in a tundra  
Freezing your toes Basik emcee expose

Superstition, I guess you thought you was Wishing you was in another  
State  
I negate no property, Basik emcee afully  
All up in all these Emcees  
Taking them off stage with a swift kick  
You might sling from my dick  
Matter of fact You's a trick  
Sell you on the coner for two bucks a less  
You be selling your rhymes  
Like it was two bucks of stress  
Just a little bit of style  
And a little bit of this  
And a little bit of spice here  
And a little ingrediant there  
Now ima come out then ima start to stare  
Mad doggin wack emcees  
Ima stomp em with girls clogs  
And keeping them cloging up  
Like arteries Fool's be swellin up  
Thinking they gonna serve me  
I think not  
I'll put you in my pot  
Everythings for 50degrees got it hot  
Pull out about four emcees please  
Watch me ease of all eww  
All these punks never  
I'm way to clever  
Used to live down the street  
>From this fool named Trevor  
But he got a little shaddy  
So I had to make him not my baby  
Had to serve him  
And send him on the curb  
And send him on the street  
And run him over with my Honda Accord  
Never Bored  
While I soared in the sky  
Basik emcee will never die  
Im living continuously  
Mater of I should say infinative  
You wanna live up don't step up  
You might limp back  
Watch for the attack  
>From me and Murs you've gotta stay dope  
If you don't wanna be wack  
That's obvious  
Matter of fact Im seein this  
Threw the scope of my eyes  
Matter of fact i got three of them  
Matter of fact i got five of them  
Cause im counting my glasses  
Kicking many asses  
All through Like going slow like malasis  
If you want me to slow down the style  
Leave a wack emcee  
Thinking ima gon get wild  
Now wait little child  
You might get smacked  
You need a pasifire  
You a wack emcee you was a lyre  
Talkin about you was 10 leauges higher  
But 10 leauges lower in the sea  
Wanna be me

I bet you wanna clone  
You drone  
I'm like the bully of the block  
Ima take yo twinkies out your lunch box  
Then take your money  
And put it in my socks  
And then walk down the street  
With this damn beat  
That shit is thumpin  
Keep bumpin in the bay area  
With my man Murs  
Wanna kick a freestyle verse  
Leave a wack emcee in a hearse  
Now you cursed