

Murray's Law

Murs

And I'm the four-letter word that you don't bleep out
Got a question for you rappers rollin' wit'cha heats out
Is this really where you wanna be when Jesus come back?
Lyin' 'bout your life, over beats comin' whack?
And you say I'm backpack, cause I don't have a gat
Man I just love life, and I'm dealin' with the facts
I'm young, I'm gifted, I'm beautiful and black
And my momma didn't raise no fool like that
I understand that you broke, you tryin' to get money
But you don't start gangbangin' in your mid-20's
Don't know nothin' 'bout the beef, or the gang that you claimin'
You ain't even worth namin!
But I got a right hook that'll vacate your Timberlands
Take this outside, set it straight like gentlemen
I do feel the music so I kinda respect it
But don't confuse ill lyrics with real street credit, c'mon

What 'chu gon' do man, ha?
Get knocked out
I'm real official like a referee with a whistle boy
Get it right man
My man Murs yo shut these cats down, holla!

I got my wallet in my pocket and my money in my sock
Cause that's how it be when it's funny on the block
Like it be on TV when these dummies try to rock
With they secondhand flows like they runnin' on a clock
In a one minute cycle, I'm done with the rifles
The tecs, the 9's, the killers, the psychos
Look, now can we party?
And I want a Shirley Temple cause I don't drink Bacardis
But in a minute I'ma probably
Try to holla at a hottie with a, nice shaped body
If she's into what I'm into we should worship at my temple
I'ma, grind from behind as we wind to the tempo
If she break it down slow, then it feel like mo'
That's a Mayfield line for all of y'all who don't know
All I do is have fun and bring life to the fans
And I, don't need a gun cause I'm nice with my hands, c'mon

Nice with my hands dog, never seen the floor man
Ask somebody, check the stats!
Murs man, yo get at these fools though
Let 'em know what's good baby, woo!

We shocked the world last year when, nobody heard of me
My boy he got skills that's like, musical surgery
Me you know the deal I'm a lyrical emergency
We keepers of the real, just consider us security
Of the world, 9th, somethin' like top flight
As long as we in control everything's alright
While the rest will steer you wrong with them songs that they thought up
I wrestle with these words but I'm never gettin' caught up
In the drama and the BS
Jumped up out the underground, you know I gotta be fresh
Rhymes runnin' through my mind all day, I press eject
I gotta lay 'em down on these beats cause they need wreck

Yes, I'm back for the title
And I brought an iron fist, just to smack all your rivals
Woulda thought I ran track, the way I ran through my rivals
Man I swear I'm the truth, slap my hand on the bible
Let's go