

# Please Leave

Murs

[MURS]

Alright I'm ready  
No, you're not ready  
I'm ready, you're not ready  
Motherfucker  
(Indistinguishable singing)

[MURS]

Now this here's for your spouse or significant other  
You were in love with the person, now you hate the motherfucker  
Get the fuck out! Tell 'em to get the fuck out!  
You weren't lookin' for love when you met 'em at the club  
y'all exchanged numbers and went out for some grub  
You waited three days then decided to call  
Went for dinner and a movie, then a walk through the mall  
All you saw was the physical, a sexy individual  
Never had the thought that they would make your life miserable  
A couple more dates, consummate the mating ritual  
Soon you will encounter the habitual liar  
The sex was so good it set your body afire  
But why are you still with this nut?  
Every time they come around you get this feelin in your gut  
want to tell 'em, "Raise up," but your mouth stays shut  
When you stop to think about how good they fuck  
An' when the sex gets old you'll wind up stuck  
So here's some words of wisdom that'll help you with the chore  
Count up their I.Q. before you kick 'em to the door  
It goes:

[Chorus: MURS]

One, two, three, four  
I had it up to here and I'm not takin' no more  
So get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!  
Everybody come on! One, two, three, four  
I had it up to here and I'm not takin' no more  
So get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!  
Everybody!

[MURS]

Now say you have a homeboy who's been sleepin' on your couch  
For weeks on end and he's (words walk em out?)  
Get the fuck out! Tell him to get the fuck out!  
Now he walks around your house in nothin' but his drawers  
Throws the trash once a week and expects to get applause  
Let him stay at your crib you was down for his cause  
He was in between girls, or in between jobs  
But it's still no excuse for him to be a slob  
Your girl stays mad cause she's cleanin' up behind him  
You can't get your calls when he's on the other line an'  
You can't get laid cause he has the worst timin'  
Knockin' at your door at odd hours of the night  
If he does that shit again, you swear to God you're gonna fight  
But you can't kick him out cause it's just not right  
He has nowhere else to go, but you're losin' self-control  
want to kill him in his sleep, God bless his soul  
Maybe it's not that bad but it could get worse  
So here's a little tip from your homeboy MURS  
Before you tell him "Bounce," do a countdown first  
It goes:

[Chorus]

[MURS]

Now let's talk about these old motherfuckers on the mic  
Who were dope but now are whack and won't leave the spotlight  
Get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!  
He had some albums that I loved way back in the day  
But as he puts out new shit, the memories begin to fade  
When I heard about the comeback I said "No way!"  
I was waitin' on the real, the anticipation built  
But with age came degeneration of the skill  
So I pushed it to the back of my mind, and hoped in time  
Those fine memories would once again shine  
But he just won't stop, even though his album flop  
Everytime I turn around his new one's about to drop  
Make me want to take all his old records off the shelf  
Cause the man I now hear's a shadow of his former self  
So when he stopped on tour, in my town for a show  
I played a true fan and was in the front row  
As he started doin' classics, then he stopped and said "No"  
We had to say we love the new shit, before he did the old  
I tried to count the countdown, but then I lost control  
It went one, two, three, four  
I had it up to here, and I'm not takin' no more  
So get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!  
Everybody come on!  
One, two, three...