

Risky Business

Murs

See, had the place to myself, my parents went outta town
So I had the music up and was runnin' around
Singing to the beat of my favorite underground
Song at the time, let's just say it was MURS
I was rappin' in the mirror, I was knowin' every verse
I was doin' my thang until the doorbell rang
It was my homeboy Shock, a mellow type of fellow
That I knew from up the block, he walked in and said:

Yo, what's the deal MURS? First things first, you couldn'ta hit me
At a better time, them four cars behind me, they with me
All women, all dimes, the redhead she's mine
She wanna hump me, yo that's my brother Humpty

What's up yo? Pardon me, but I gots to go, where the bathroom at?
Y'all got liquor? Come on, Trina! Yo this house is fat
'Ey cat, you wanna hit this? Oops I shouldn'ta did that
I'll clean it up before your folks come home, yo where they at?

Man I don't believe you brought this nigga man I heard about his ass
The only fool dumb enough to flunk his P.E. Class
It's not that he's dumb, he's just wild and he's ignorant
Known for gettin' mad drunk and gettin' all belligerent
Man I'm sick of this I shouldn'ta told nobody
I mean three's company, but four cars makes a party
Mental note: lock the garage, hide the keys to dad's Rolls
'Cause it's outta control, this bitch is taking off her clothes

Is your dad's Rolls blue? 'Cause I got bad news
Humpty took a cruise, and barbeque pit went in the pool
Turned the water grey, I would stay and help you clean up
But the neighbors say police are comin', I'm bout to G up

Beep, beep, beep! Yo, I'm back MURS, where should I park it?
I brought the whole strip club with me, we bout to spark it
My girl urled in your backseat, but yo it's cool
We got weed and some shrooms, is it cool to use your dad's room?

It's risky business, man what is this?
I'm caught up in a twist, and I'm tryin' to fix shit
It's risky business, man what is this?
I'm caught up in a twist, now I'm tryin' to fix it

What you mean my dad's room? Nigga is you crazy?
And what's up with them glasses, what'cha eye kinda lazy?
Anyways we gotta clean that shit up out the backseat
But first what's up with that blonde, you think she
likes black meat?

She said she was a virgin to the brown, never splurged in the town
But she's down, 'cause you got her all moist, like the Rolls Royce backseat
'Least I can do is help you clean it up cousin
What time is mom and dad comin'?

Yo, why y'all bein' responsible and shit? We gotta hook up
We tryin' to get these chicks upstairs, see what we can cook up
One of them got their toes blue, coochie shaved, so cool

My nose tryin' to be with those when the doors close fool

Exactly. Fuck the backseat I'm tryin' to smack cheeks

Until they turn reddish, and satisfy my fetish

Lay back and get some lettuce (Humpty: Yo, what'chu mean, head?) (Yeah)

That's what I said, then call it a wrap (Shock: But what about your parents?
)

Well, they never called me back, I guess their flight got delayed

So we got time to get layed, ayo Hump could you watch out for that white Esc
alade?

(Humpty: Did you even have to ask?) Well since you're on the task

I'ma head upstairs and get focused on some ass

And if I start to scream, do your best to ignore me

If my parents come in, just tell them the Burger King story

Just keep 'em entertained until I finish gettin' brained

(Humpty: Hello Ms. Connor, he's gettin' drained) And the name is Elaine