

The Maguire Song

Murs

Whussup Murs

Ah nothing man you know just doing a little underground shit
whatever you know selling these tapes broke ass fuck
Yeah I see you know what i'm sayin I ain't tryin to go out like that
nigga I'm trying to get signed
have a video and shit you know what I'm sayin
so I can get some respect and some ends in this motherfucker
Oh F'real well you got a little skill you can do that
but um listen to this story check this out
Now here's this story about this fool
I knew from back in the day
His name was Mike, he used to kick raps around the way
I used to see this nigga everyday up at the school
I mean dude was cool type of fool
who always said what he meant
You could peep him at lunch
Freestylin by the bench
Now he lived in the hood some called the Danger Zone
so he was no stranger to own ways of gettin a legal scratch
But for some Strage reason he wasn't living like that
We used to kick back smoke a sack
Every now and then but usually
he was in the house with his pen
Writing raps that all the homies said was fat
To match that he got he gots his beats
From this nigga named Toan
One day Mike said to Toan
"Lets hook up a demo man
That shit could be on"
Or that's what they thought shit didn't pop
Right away they got caught slippin
And Mike really started trippin
After a couple months he droped out of school
Now we all day kickin it getting high
Smokin blunts even quit his part time J.O.B
Tooked the money that he saved
Put that shit up on the P
And now he's flippin zits
Man you know the whole skit
On how his ass gon quit
After he's stacked enough chips
But out the blue he got this call
>From this A&R talking bout it's time to sign
The first thing that runned threw Mikes mind
Is that I won't have to grind
So when he got the contract
He didn't give it back ignored the print
That was fine Flashed 50g's in his face
And said "All you have to do
Is sign on the line to get it"
But Toan wasn't with it
that's when the group split
But Mike didn't trip he knew he could get beats
From the kids he was on the label with
So he took the money did some normal rapper's shit
bought his ass a new ride
Tried to buy his moms a home

But when she said I ain't gonna move up out the hood
He paid off all her loans and hit the studio
Every single day of the week
And made the beat hella tight songs
And after a couple a months
The album was finished so he gave the masterd
To the label so they could handle the bissness
aww fool I know who you talking about that was that nigga that nigga
mike yeah that fools shit was tight fool he was blowin up fool what
happend that nigga got dropped or what I don't know I ain't never seen
that nigga in the hood no more

(murs chuckles)

This why you ain't seen that motherfucker in the hood fool
Now when the single dropped
It really start to pop
His shit hit the charts at the top
You could see his video all day on The Box
And when he hit the spot
All the bitches would jock
Same ones back in high school that didn't want to speak
Now they step into Mike tellin him he's a freak
But he didn't get the big head
And start to tweak he stayed down to earth
And kicked it with his homies
Every single day on the Turf
So when the album released
He thought his check might increase
But he didn't see the loot
Every time he called the label
They gave him the same song and dance
About his advance having to be recouped
And on the day of his second video shoot
They told he had been let go
It seemed the president thought
Rap artist wernt bringing in enough dough
You know not enough capital
So they dropped the whole
Department of Black Music
Now most of them artist didn't go on to do shit
When back to 9 to 5's punchin clocks
Acceptin weekly checks
But Mike had a plan after a while
He knew he was getting fuck
By these record Exec's
Now it was time to put the plan in effect
Next day at the building he goes in
Disguised as the dude from Fed X
Takes the elevator all the way
To the top floor no sooner then he steps
Out the door the secutary askin "Who the package is for"
He said "I'm here to see uh Mr.Goldstien"
She said "Right now he can't be seen"
So he tryed t walk past her and ignore it
Then she grabed his shirt like
"Nah I could sign for it"
So he gave her the clip board
Then acted like he was pullin a pen
Out of his uniform But a rag full of chloriform
Then placed over her face
The bitch was knocked out slid her fat ass
Under the desk just incase no time to waste
He went into the Big Man's office

As soon as Goldstien seen Mike face
He knew something was going on
So he reached for the phone
Just as Mike expected
So he heeled up the end of the cord
To show him that that shit was disconnected
He connected with a knife to his wind pipe
Now he couldn't scream for his life
He said none of this had to happend
If you would've treated your artists right
Trying to pimp my peoples art
Never giving us a equal part
But I was peepin your plan from the start
It was never to see us be young black and rich
Yal wanted to be the only muthafucker's
Stacking chips that fool looked like he was
honna have himself a heart attack and shit
But Mike stepped back and stabbed him in the heart
with the pen he signed his contract with, ain't that a bitch
I heard that fool moved to Moraco or some shit