

# The Night Before

Murs

Now some claim gangsta rap's the CNN of the streets  
But it's used as an excuse to pretend over beats  
So I'ma lend my speech to all within my reach  
To tell what really goes on from cells to the streets  
Now in LA as you know there's a war going on  
And it's been going on since before I was born  
Though the undisputed origin has yet to be formed  
It all used to boil down to the red and the blue  
But that got f\*\*ked up as the many led the few  
Now there's bloods killin' bloods and crips killin' crips  
That's niggas killin' niggas they play kickball with  
It ain't as simple as it was way back in '86  
Let me give an example of some ol' MURS shit  
My sect of mid-city is livin' on the edge  
'cause there's four gangs at war and none of them wear red  
Any new car or face could mean bloodshed  
Which led to the other night, I'm in my girl's Bug, right  
I'm bout to hit the block to see who's chillin' on the spot outside  
When I put it in park, the homey got a SK aimed at my ride  
So I step out slowly, 'body no one fear  
He yells, that's Murs I see his beard from here  
But I told this whole story just to make things clear  
So it don't seem weird when I tell ya this here

Last night I almost got shot on my block  
Not the block where I live at, the block where I chill at  
Where I keep it real at, and used to pack steel  
At times I feel it's the spot I'll get killed at

Now in the entertainment industry they have sweeps weeks  
But it's Thursday in my hood when they sweep them streets  
A whole fleet of the task that they simply call CRASH  
That's Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums  
If anyone should ask what the acronym reflects  
Put into effect to try to keep the gangs in check  
Now they're just another gang out bangin' they set  
Known for stirring up some shit when your hood is at peace  
The only pig I know dying to create beef  
But let me get on with my story so that all of y'all can peep  
Once again I'm on my block right, known as Cloverdale  
Playin' 2K2 while I'm talkin' on my cell well  
While I'm inside eyes glued to the screen  
CRASH rolls on my homies with the Thursday routine  
What's your name, where you goin', where you been, where you from  
We say the same thing while they just play dumb  
We don't gang-bang we got J-O-B's  
Still they make 'em turn around and get down on they knees  
Me, I'm screamin' in the house I just won by three  
So when I run out on the porch to tell the homies come and see  
I see 'em on the ground and I'm like, god damn  
Plus I got this black Nextel phone in my hand  
They both yell freeze, guns aimed at me  
And even though I drop my phone it's plain to see

It was a 2 month tour that ended in Japan  
So the first day back I had to spend it with my fam  
That night I was goin' down to holler at my folks

Have a few beers, smoke, and share a few jokes so  
To the block I bail but when I got to the dale  
Everybody's on the porch lookin' distraught as hell  
They start to tell me on how some fools from the other side  
just tried to kill T, he don't f\*\*k with nobody  
Just be mindin' his biz  
So you have to understand what an explosive situation this Terry thing is  
My nigga never gang-banged a day in his life so  
Fuckin' with him is not a way to earn stripes  
But a way to get wiped off the motherf\*\*kin' planet  
I don't claim to be a killer with a heart made of granite  
But try to kill my best friend and it's on goddammit  
I had the big homey roll me over to my place  
So I could pick up this nine I kept just in case  
of some shit like this, a box of hollow-tips  
I slipped back to the block with the heat in my hand  
We sat up in the house loadin' guns, makin' plans  
They asked me was it stolen, and why I never told 'em  
Nobody in the hood ever knew that I was holdin'  
I told 'em I forgot but I did it on purpose  
So they wouldn't ask to borrow it to go and do dirt with  
Now we locked and loaded and about to hit the streets  
When we look to the corner there's a Jeep tryin' to creep  
With its headlights off, we all leap for cover  
They start to let off □ now how does this sound?  
When I hit the deck, my pistol hits the ground  
So the homey picked it up and let off a couple rounds  
After that went down I knew I might get clowned  
So I shook to the crib to take a shower and lay down  
The next morning woke up, rolled out of bed  
I called my girl up and this is what I said