

You And I

Murs

Whuddup'tho
Check it out, it's the end of the beginning
The end being of like 10 years ago when I first started rapping
All I wanted to do was make shit
Get it to people; see what they thought
And see how they felt about it, get my props or whatever
Now it's the end of that
Cause now I gotta do in-stores, photo shoots, interviews
(You guys come over here!)

Check the head with the fucking reps, man
And now it's like, it's not about you and me anymore
My job is to get it to the people, not the people who diss me
But the people who are feeling me, give you the
Soundtrack for your life (For you)

Now when I came to the game I was wet behind the ears
All I had was some raps that I wanted y'all to hear
Straight low budget I was underground thuggin' it
You think I gave a fuck about a publicist? (NO!)

You think I gave a fuck if you dubbed this shit? (NO!)

Now the industry is runnin' this underground shit (What?)
The industry is runnin' this underground shit (Oh!)

Now what that means is my crew wants a street team
My crew wants a video so they can be seen
And that was my dream since I was pre-teen
But as I got older and the world got colder
Reality swooped and put the dreams over
Now I'm content with the mastery of words
Realize the importance is just being heard
By fans who love you and you love them
And honestly it's love that moves this pen

It's about me!
It's about you!

Now what I'm trying to say is fuck a middle man
I just wanna make music and get it in your hands
All the bullshit in between is senseless
Just to get to you I gotta hop a few fences
Interviews, record pools, managers, checker fools
Lawyers, logos, contracts, promos, photos
Conference, contracts, constant combat
The psycho's cycle burnin' me out
I just wanna rock the mic and turn the party out
Earn a little clout with the butter in my mouth
But all the politics and bullshit make me wanna shout
(MOTHERFUCKER!! *growling under his voice*)
So an unintelligible rebel with a flow
So if y'all wanna step to my level then fa'sho
Let's go, strap bombs, lap on, kick com
Do what you wanna do 'cause it's all about you

Look, I don't do it for my wealth I do it for myself
And the moment you pick this up off the shelf
See, you chose me and that means a lot
Work hard for your money and this is what you bought
Divine expert so far my best work

Is yet to be seen, but I'm steppin' to the green
With a putter in my hand spreadin' butter over bland
Was just another fan, now I'm addin' to the plot
Not thinking I'm the man 'cause I have what I got
Knowing you can lose it all in just one shot
But like I said I'm on the green staying down to earth
L.A. is the set, MidTown's the turf
But I'm speaking to the world when I pound this verse
Right through this mic into your ears
Took less than a second for me to get here
So forget your fears, and peep this here

By the way, Chris Kinney get thicka for a nigga, c'mon