

# Murphy Lee, Regular Guy Ft. Zee

&quot;Regular Guy&quot;

(Intro: Murphy Lee & (Zee))

(Bloaww, ha haha

Bl-bl-bloaw! heyyyy)

Hello

(Hello)

I'm Murphy Lee

(I'm Zee Lee)

And I'ma muthasuckin L-U-N-A-T-I-C

(Say what?)

Yo, and I'm herrre

(Cause I'm herre)

Yo, 'cause I'm herrre

(Cause I'm herre)

Yo, yo, I'm bout to tell you what I like

(Verse 1: Murphy Lee)

I wit 5 individuals, they say we not original

We all started Underground like Digital

Now the hatas lookin' pitiful, we humble and un-spittable

But lyrical we still sh-sh-shit on you

I got a number two, Nelly got her number too

You call a tip, girl we call it a switch-a-roo

We be at Amoco, d's on that Cantaloupe

Wit my folk's pocket full of bread and toast

In my Timb's and coat, do it big in the winter time

Prolly full of Air Force Ones up outta Finish Line

And I call myself normal, casual or formal

I still be blank like a carnival

But y'all won't let me be, or see

'cause I'm so D,F that I'm considered a G

I be H-I off J's, K's and L's

Um, M, N, to the O's they can't tell

(Hook: Zee & (Murphy Lee))

He's a regular guy (I'm can't derry)

He can't deny (I can't deny neither)

You know he drives a yellow wagon when's he's passin' by

(You see me rollin' in that thang?)

His pants is always saggin' (ah say wha?)

Got money but he's never braggin' (ah say wha?)

Cause he's not that type (bloaw!)

Party people I'ma tell you what he's like

He's a regular guy

(Verse 2: Murphy Lee & (Zee))

You see I'm young wit information

I don't Play like Station

'cause it took education, dedication and patience

To get a record deal, fo reel this aint no fluke

To you, we like a fat dude playin' a flute

Like my granny do in the troop instead of the James Brown

(Look at all these boys reppin' the same town

Come from the same moms and owe dues

Aunties and uncles, man they went to the same school)

(Yeah..) St. Louis aint that big

Ayyo we stay on the hill and steal a 30 ball to get to the crib

And I can do it on a quarter tank, a quarter of dank

It's ya home wake up ayyo and baby go to the bank

And I think y'all open up like mail

And if y'all can't tell, Skool Boy normal as hell

So don't let the tv's confuse you  
'cause if you didn't knew, now you knew

(Hook: Zee & (Murphy Lee))  
He's a regular guy (I'm can't derryty)  
He can't deny (I can't deny neither)  
You know he drives a yellow wagon when's he's passin' by  
(You see me rollin' in that thang?)  
His pants is always saggin' (ah say wha?)  
Got money but he's never braggin' (ah say wha?)  
Cause he's not that type (bloaw!)  
Party people I'ma tell you what he's like  
He's a regular guy

(Verse 3: Murphy Lee)  
Yo I'm just, like, you  
I aint different from those that think I'm different  
Still enjoy fat checks overtime, I'm just like you  
I aint changin' for nobody, mixin' up your talent wit yo hobby  
End up wit no jobby, I guess you got personal problems  
The bigger you are they start openin' up ya personal closet  
A Ram 150, man still couldn't dodge it, dislodge it  
Take advantage derryty, live off ya profits (wow!)  
You right, I aint ya average lil' dude  
We had the number one song when I was still in school  
Shoot, I can say it dude I'm glad that we made it mo  
no neva bein in class, song pop up on the radio  
And it's a beautiful thang  
To turn street money to legal money, and beautiful change  
Yo I gotta use my beautiful brain  
And understand when I'm sprinklin' man in my rain

(Hook: Zee & (Murphy Lee))  
He's a regular guy (I'm can't derryty)  
He can't deny (I can't deny neither)  
You know he drives a yellow wagon when's he's passin' by  
(You see me rollin' in that thang?)  
His pants is always saggin' (ah say wha?)  
Got money but he's never braggin' (ah say wha?)  
Cause he's not that type (bloaw!)  
Party people I'ma tell you what he's like  
He's a regular guy