

Murs, M-3 (Anger)

(Intro)

Okay since you paid for the meal, I'm gonna throw in my tip
But normally, I wouldn't do this

(Murs)

Never mind what your normally do, someone shoulda warned you
But then again, my style - too sick to predict
Kinda like that "Emergency Broadcast" shit, before the earthquake hit
But this is a test to see how long you'll shut the fuck up and listen
To the statement of my mission (you sit quiet)
Now that I got your attention
There's no-thing I think I would never say
From one of the dopest crews out the Bay
So what's that I heard you say?
Fool when I call your name you'll know it
Always been a man before a poet
So I never been in the habit of backstabbin
Only got 3 problems, beadies alcohol and mic grabbin
So if I smile in your face
Know that if I wanted it I would take yo' place
Once again the G the way the only way I know how
Only got one question after I rock your set
Who the fuck wanna flow now?!

(Chorus: Murs)

No matter how you try you ain't fuckin with me
By just breathin air I diss sucker MC's
And no matter how you try you ain't fuckin with us
Cause if you about fresh shit, then you stuck with us
No matter how you try you ain't fuckin with me
By just breathin air I diss sucker MC's
And no matter what you make, you ain't fuckin with us
Cause when you eliminate the fake, then you stuck with us

(Murs)

Oh you heard you could rap, but from what I hear
You would get served and slapped by any one of my crew members
Do you remember who wrote the book, on this underground way of livin?
We do more than you do with a whole day after midnight
Deliver dope shit for the love like midwives
Doin what the fuck I want now to avoid that crisis at mid-life
Mid-City life creates a doper MC; when yo' record's in the crate
next to my shit, you still ain't comin close to me
Better than you'll ever hope to be, shoppin yo' demo at 33
Instead of bein the man you supposed to be
Musta lost yo' mind tryin to find that easy money
And the college MC's? Oh these niggaz funny!
When you was studyin for yo' SAT, I was out bein a fresh MC
So why you tryin to run up on me?
Don't you know my crew smack toys
What the fuck it look like, me a hip-hop scholar
up against a frat boy?

(Chorus)

(Murs)

Bein the creator of a style all mine, I stall online rappers out
It's not they fault, they don't know what the culture's all about
This don't go out to everybody in the chatroom
Just those who assume that hip-hop, is an indoor sport
Got them new chains but scared to walk on the court (bitch)
While you were goin over hip-hop's new, line of clothes
I was combinin flows to clothesline hoes from across the ring
Like Dr. Death Steve Williams I'm tellin you, I kill 'em

And if my style is too raw to be felt
Then fuck it that's just the hand that I'm dealt
And I'ma deal with it, I said throw down with me boy
And on my tombstone engrave a microphone cause that's what I live by
Give my a hundred and ten percent, fuck a lockerroom speech
More than half the time, I'm already been amped
Ready to go out and face the temp, stare him right in his eyes
As he prepares to get murderlyzed
When I take the title don't look surprised
That nigga Murs on wax, immortalized
BITCH, you ain't FUCKIN with me~!