

# Murs, Murray's Law

(Murs)

And I'm the four-letter word that you don't bleep out  
Got a question for you rappers rollin wit'cha heats out  
Is this really where you wanna be when Jesus come back?  
Lyin 'bout your life, over beats comin whack?  
And you say I'm backpack, cause I don't have a gat  
Man I just love life, and I'm dealin with the facts  
I'm young, I'm gifted, I'm beautiful and black  
And my momma didn't raise no fool like that  
I understand that you broke, you tryin to get money  
But you don't start gangbangin in your mid-20's  
Don't know nothin 'bout the beef, or the gang that you claimin  
You ain't even worth namin!  
... But I got a right hook that'll vacate your Timberlands  
Take this outside, set it straight like gentlemen  
I do feel the music so I kinda respect it  
But don't confuse ill lyrics with real street credit, c'mon

(Interlude)

Wat'chu gon' do man, ha?  
Get knocked out  
I'm real official like a referee with a whistle boy  
Get it right man  
My man Murs yo shut these cats down, holla!

(Murs)

I got my wallet in my pocket and my money in my sock  
Cause that's how it be when it's funny on the block  
Like it be on TV when these dummies try to rock  
With they secondhand flows like they runnin on a clock  
In a one minute cycle, I'm done with the rifles  
The tecs, the 9's, the killers, the psychos  
... Look, now can we party?  
And I want a Shirley Temple cause I don't drink Bacardis  
... But in a minute I'ma probably  
try to holla at a hottie with a, nice shaped body  
If she's into what I'm into we should worship at my temple  
I'ma, grind from behind as we wind to the tempo  
If she break it down slow, then it feel like mo'  
That's a Mayfield line for all of y'all who don't know  
All I do is have fun and bring life to the fans  
And I, don't need a gun cause I'm nice with my hands, c'mon

(Interlude)

Nice with my hands dawg, never seen the floor man  
Ask somebody, check the stats!  
Murs man, yo get at these fools though  
Let 'em know what's good baby, woo!

(Murs)

We shocked the world last year when, nobody heard of me  
My boy he got skills that's like, musical surgery  
Me you know the deal I'm a lyrical emergency  
We keepers of the real, just consider us security  
of the world, 9th, somethin like top flight  
As long as we in control everything's alright  
While the rest will steer you wrong with them songs that they thought up  
I wrestle with these words but I'm never gettin caught up  
... In the drama and the BS  
Jumped up out the underground, you know I gotta be fresh  
Rhymes runnin through my mind all day, I press eject  
I gotta lay 'em down on these beats cause they need wreck  
Yesssss, I'm back for the title  
And I brought an iron fist, just to smack all your rivals

Woulda thought I ran track, the way I ran through my rivals  
Man I swear I'm the truth, slap my hand on the bible  
Let's go