

Murs & Slug, Employees of the Year

(Slug)

The employees of the year, now we back to work
We took time off, a couple feelings got hurt
Due to the fact that we never stand still
The ones that can't catch, the ones that can't kill
I dedicate this to the cats that don't feel Felt
Meditate get the head straight trying to be well
Celebrate life and crash with no seatbelt
Slit both wrists so act like you need help

(Murs)

What you say girl? I can't hear you, speak up
Stuck between your lips and them two B cups
Fifty bucks in the dice game
Rollin' with seven and the legend and we twice came
And you know what they hittin' for
56 cities, one van, and we getting dough
Call your girls make plans you can hit the show
Tell your man in advance he can hit the door

(Slug)

Honey wanna move like she knows moves
And in a roller coat suit with a coke spoon
I'm not as young as I look girl, I'm old-school
Somewhere between Pro Tools and a gold tooth
I show you to act like you supposed to
So cool, coast-to-coast, who's that crunk foo'?'
Standing on the block leaning on the phone booth
Trying to squeeze a rock to make this orange juice
Little Man seas, ?
From the 215 to the 213
It goes a little something from some real emcees
Not fellas (not gangstas) on a killing spree
Shoot, my rap sheet is filled with similes
And if you bite then death be the penalty
But don't worry about my style because it's been O.G.
You make your girlfriend wanna rub her skin on me

(Chorus: Murs & Slug)

C'mon, put my picture on the wall for all to see
When you want it done right then call me
Guaranteed to come tight and flawlessly
The employees of the year, ain't nobody as raw as we

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(Slug)

Yo, ticky ticky tick tick tick ticky tick
Thug white girls suburban black hippie chick
Punk rock straight hedge hip-hop pot head
Invite 'em all over for a moshpit in my bed (C'mon)
Right blow to the left speaker
The people cold get dumb in front of the sub teacher
Now hold it run don't let it touch the ground
And you know it's done when the cops cut the sound

(Murs)

What else could they say to these underground duns?
Known for eating guppies that clutter all ponds
Free-flowin' on them beats that you sutterin' on
(My man Ant made the jams that we butterin' on)

Breakfast coast (Midwestern coast)
Minogue and Austin (Texas toast)
Whatever dude (I'ma do it this Fall)
Beatin' down your block knockin' pictures off the wall

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