

Murs & Slug, Life Vegas

(Murs)

Left the house at 10:50 bout to hit Sin City
In a new rental car
With a broad spinnin with me
Drove past Whiskey Petes, right past Primadonna
What's about to go down I could never tell my momma
No drama, just fun, getting drunk, yelling "Shotgun!"
Club of Kings, I'm already on one
And I won't pass out, I can drink for days
Catch me at 7am still dancing at Dre's

(Slug)

Boom! Ya heard!? BOOM BA BOOM
From the moon to noon we consume the room
From july to june, from womb to ya doom
Come groom this tune if not now, then soon
Talking to a chick with a purse full of black chips
About a half a glass before a mattress
Cigarette ashes in her lap and a drunk laugh
Sloppy kisses offerin a tongue bath

(Chorus 2X)

The city that stays up all night, it's alright
Everyone wants their name up in tour lights
Hold 'em! Roll dice! Hit me! Place it!
Live by chance, life is like Vegas!

(Slug)

It's hotter than my bathtub water
Don't know yet? You better ask your daughter
Glance around and take in the festive
Hands down, from the crib to the deathbed
Las Vegas, where the long legs is
Looked through the Ace of Spades just to baitfish
Send a lucky hustler back to basics
Or load 'em up with enough to crash the gate with

(Murs)

Now Southwest got tickets going for the right price
And this MC won't miss no flight
Gotta holla at Pizzo, HipHopSite
I'ma need that cheese so the trip go right
Headin to the Octagon for some UFC
Me and homeboy D U S T
3G's cash and a card on me
We bout to blow it up for the 213

(Chorus)

(Murs)

Now what happens in Vegas, you ain't supposed to tell
But I was front row seats watchin Dave Chappelle
Mandalya Bay, fool! At the House of Blues!
Didn't gamble that day, couldn't stand to lose
Mouth full of booze and I'm headed out to Cheetah's
Bought to get a lap dance from a skin tight diva
Bought to make a rap fan out this midnight creature
That's dressed like a school girl with plans for the teacher

(Slug)

She's startin' to yell again!
Its time to get lost! Why not?
Already made the dick soft
Caught the next flight, passed out at lift off

Back at the tribe where the shit's tossed
Cause the big boss is pissed off
Tipped off by a thick jawed pit boss
With one finger bit off
They were gettin ripped off
Fit for a quick loss, tricked off
Hittin off the top of the fish sauce

(Chorus)

(Slug)

You gotta feel this modern vaudeville
Tall on pills sugar walls get filled
It's all built for the dismantled
Like the room gets billed for the sex channel
Somewhere in the middle of nowhere
The winds that blow there
That ain't got no cares
Keep the drinks full
Shoes laced up
Life Vegas, is what it's made of

(Murs)

Shopped at Ceasar's, maxed out Visas
Hard liquor shots till I caught amnesia
Rio, Bally's, Mustang Sally's
The reason L.L. never made it back to Cali
Gourmet foods, buffet booze
Where hookers don't hesitate to scuff their shoes
Everyone has a price, everything is for sale
Where it's hot as fuck, but fun as hell

(Murs, yelling)

VEGAS, BABY! YES!

This fucking song makes me wanna stop what I'm fucking doing and go right now!

If you're not 21. you don't know shit bout life till you been to VEGAS!

Everyone else on the strip right now is at Cheetah's

Slug, get in the car! We gotta pick up Ant!

I'm gonna start smoking cigarettes again, I'm gonna start drinking again, just for this shit

Naw, its none of your business, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas

Shut the fuck up. VEGAS! YEAAA! I LOVE IT! JACKPOT! Comp?

Put it on my room. I'm outta here, I'm going to Vegas! TURN IT UP!