

Murs, Trevor An' Them

Now there's one in hood off Picko or some shit
Through the years its been the center for alotta dumb shit
Lemme tell you about this one trip to the store
Where the early mornin' tints sometime 'round four
I was standing by the magazines readin' a Maxim
When I heard a familiar voice to the the counter dude and ask him
To empty out the register (Naw that can't be Trevor)
Excuse me, Tiny T-Bone from the neighborhood gang
Who if his head wasn't screwed on he would lose his brain
He was with two other dudes, I don't remember their names
I thought great, it was time for me to shake
But as I headed to the door I heard a voice say (Wait)
When I turned around, he recognized me and I knew it
I was about to leave, that's when that nigga blew it
He lifted up his mask and said (Hey Murs it's me Trevor)
I said "You dumb motherfucker do you use your brain, ever?"
Nevermind, I turned around gave a deuce
walkin' to the car feelin like Q in Juice
Remember when he wouldn't barb Liz and let him loose?
Anyway here comes this nigga running, big bag of money
He hoped in ride, I said "You Goddamn dummy
They Got Yo Ass on Tape" (But they didn't see my face)
"Well they got my car and my fuckin license plate
Man get the fuck gone" (Murs why you gotta hate)
"Hate nor love got shit to do with this
You better run for the fives come through this bitch
You know you got to strikes, you better use them new Nikes
To dodge all them blue lights" He looked and said (You right)
Then he bolted up the street
once he left my sight I gave a sigh of relief
But that was right before I peeped, this dumb motherfucker
left the bag full of money sitting right there on my passenger seat