

# Murs, 4 The Record

(Murs)

I rock the mic like it's my last chance to breathe  
Display a level of skill you could only hope to achieve  
Within this lifetime and I write rhymes that'll make marks  
Shut the fuck up, when I recite mines, state syllables on snares  
Like bombs, so I'm guaranteed to blow up  
When I touch down on tracks, watch your whole crew collapse  
Like households, then I introduce the crack, black motherfuckers  
Thinkin it's dope time to shine, lackluster blockbuster b-boys  
Went "Krush Groove" and "Beat Street";  
Now they think it's safe to drop styles on beat  
I make 'em all retreat, like back to back Halloweens  
Destroy the following, believin rap's the sport for spectators  
How the fuck you supposed to blow up? Living Legends got the detonator  
For all these bitch-ass record haters  
So-called entertainers, just rappers online  
Nigga this Mid-City on mine, from the town where bangin is life  
Fuck around, get yo' ass gangstered for the mic

(Chorus: Murs)

For the record, there's too many niggaz grabbin mics  
For the record, none of 'em is comin this tight  
Ay for the record, 4:27, this track  
Ay for the record, the Living Legends always got my back  
Ay for the record, you want it? Go out and take that shit  
And for the record, my crew had a show we ripped that shit  
Ay for the record, whenever this shit drops  
Ay for the record, just because you in the club you ain't hip-hop

(Murs)

I hit the spot, givin up that index finger and thumb  
to let you know where I'm comin from  
Living Legends bitch, don't act dumb  
cause some will wanna denounce the name  
Some nerd-ass niggaz, without an ounce of game  
Tape sounds the same as the rest of 'em  
Murs ends the careers, of the best of 'em  
I mean this nigga starts battles in empty rooms  
And after I consume my shadow  
I'ma travel to your homestead, blow you out in front of your own hedge  
First fly off the dome like led in gunfights  
Fuck everything you done wit'cha whole life  
After battlin me, you'll only remember this one night  
Play it over and over again in your mind like Bill Murray  
In a hurry to escape, but just to fuck wit'cha head  
I put the shit to tape, not just for you  
But for every MC, so you can peep where you at  
And see, where you need to be  
Proceed with me, through them underground catacombs  
Where the Living Legends roam  
Perfectin the techniques to speak, on phones type micro  
Thinkin you, buildin a reputation, just perpetuatn the cycle  
If all were fallin to the slang, fuck with me  
take a bite out "Self Destruction" like "We're All in the Same Gang";  
Y'all niggaz can't hang

(Chorus: Murs)

For the record you a bitch, we gon' treat you like a bitch  
Ay for the record, pick a style, don't ever switch  
And for the record, that whole tape you gave me was weak  
And for the record, next time you see me, don't even speak  
And for the record, it's always freestyle never written  
And for the record...  
Ay for the record, this is only the beginning

And for the record the Legendary saga, is never-ending

(Murs)

I'm from a crew of the most hated, underrated  
MC's on the planet, yes I cram to understand it  
And hopefully shed light  
In a time when niggaz is hopin on open mics  
Instead of what they write  
I compose prose to leave foes froze like Bobby Drake  
Go below zero with the flow and never break  
Ever make a man come to tears  
after rippin his ass, in front of his peers?  
That's the shit I live for, and that's why you live in fear  
I'm the man known only as Murs  
Makin you recognize and submit, after only one verse  
Wake Up Show wouldn't play it, even without the curse  
You gotta kiss they ass first; but I bet they stop  
all that politickin after they get they ass kicked by Murs  
My aim was never to play games, on some Parker Brothers shit  
I've been on some dark and other shit, for a while now  
The style now seems to be independent, and well connected  
Fuck that, my family stay independent, and well respected  
This shit's directed  
to every nigga comin up short, when the cash gets collected  
You can pick up this record  
Wherever good music and true skill are still expected  
Check it

(Outro)

Hey, hey Murs! Hey you remember me man  
Hey you tore my ass in front of the club last week  
Y'knahmsayin? Hey, hey check this out  
You're the greatest, you're the dopest freestyler I've ever met  
Hey can we do it again? Check it out let's battle let's do it man  
My friends they didn't believe me  
They didn't know about it, but I know you've got it  
Hey Murs, hey, I I I I can't help but sayin it  
You're so dope Murs!