

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!