

Murs, 8th Samurai

M.U.R.S a nigga known to rip a microphone
Leave you enthralled in the zone
Much to advanced to clone
Master of this urban rhyme science
Combined my legendary alliance
9th wonder of the world right after the giant
East Oakland California is where we conquer
The formula to leave competitions silent
See rarely pull that B in emcee
Thought i'd give it to u straight
At the one eight zero degree
And I should be the man
Receiving Platinum certificates
Cause this shit will get heard a million times
Rhymes so intricate heads will have to rewind
Sometimes I feel like quitting
Until I hear a nigga up there with a microphone
bullshit, I'm like that's koo shut the fuck up
If he knew where i was sitting
Got a dope Rhyme for everytime
A beady touch my lip, an been added to the text
For about five years so that makes
Eighteen thousand two hundred fifty
Dope rhymes just to hit your ear
Precise Calculations nigga master the equation
Cause mathematics and understanding
Rules supreme, so i suggest your ass
Get down with the winning team
and in it seems to be 9
Niggas know when to strike out like Doc Gutton
Once they've met with my mind
So wanting to reach and fuck up
My herbs run average, I'll turn one savage
Raise to let you know
I got a grip of microphones
You still at that Grabbing stage, to have it stage
Hard to kick, like bet money underneath my feet
Your shit hella weak, But so far from sticking me And these wack
muthafuckers Don't mix
Like music to drive by and way to funky
So these nigga's get ate quick
Couple punk muthafuckers got me thinking Freestyle battles ain't shit
so my ass is trying to quit, but this rap game
Got to many glitches
For example Underground rap shows
Not enough pussy and way to many bitches