

Murs, Belief's Blues

Look, it's a simple thing.
I don't play well with others so all I ask is that you leave me the fuck alone.

Look I ain't tryna battle rap
Can't fuck wit none of that
I'm tryna have fun wit rap
I mean I'm done with that
Phase of my life
Now I'm tryin to raise this mic
And have the crowd shout back
And I really doubt that
Should violate ya zone
I wanna be left alone
So that I can sit at home
Play a few games
Conduct some business on my phone
I'm a grown ass man
With a flow that stands up to any competiton
Ain't tryin to be the best
Just give my own rendition of it
Love it? If not
Fuck it. Just leave it
I don't believe it's a crime
For you to simply be not feelin my rhymes
But please don't hate me
Or attempt to violate me
Let me tell you I try
But even I can't escape me
I'm everywhere I go
And everywhere you go
So let's respect each other and get on with the show
So that we can get this dough
Yo

Look I'm walkin down the street
And you ridin in ya car
A plushed out lex
So why you lookin at me hard
Man roll up ya window and mind ya own
Do I look like I gangbang?
I'm tryna go home
You step out that car and you might get ya ass beat
Oh wait, you probably tough Got a heat under the seat
It ain't like I ain't never seen a gun before
It ain't even like I never had to run before
But you don't really wanna kill me
You wanna act like a real G
But living out ya rap fantasies don't thrill me
But hey
Whatever floats your boat
Go ahead and pull it out
And I'll give you a quote
Like "Aw, big homie, please give me a pass"
But ain't it sad you need another man to kiss ya ass
But my manhood is secure so I'll bow and play the role
By the way ya light turned green like 30 seconds ago
So

And Now I got these white folks that be lookin at me funny
Lookin down on your boy cause they makin more money
Or at least they think they do
When we got lawyers and doctors that look the way I do
So don't act so astonished
Cause I hold a conversation without usin my ebonics

And don't twist up ya english soley for my benefit
Insulting your intelligence while lookin like an idiot
I'm so sick of this I shouldn't go through this no more
Following me around your store is so early 90's
Can't even touch the merchandise without you comin up behind me
Askin if I need assistance like every other minute
When you need to be watchin them Winona-lookin bitches
It's the new millennium
We on our 4th pentium
But if I even raise my voice then the policemen'll come
Cause you probably still mad denyin jesus was black
And if you can't accept that the we shouldn't interact