

# Murs, Ease Back

(Murs)

Aight...

I'm the sickest with this microphone, nigga better learn it  
All them bitch industry niggaz you know I ain't concerned with  
See I move thousands hand to hand, even got an increasin # of fans  
in foreign lands, Amsterdam, Australia to Japan  
All before my sign hit the line that was dotted  
The man holdin the golden apple, y'all grapple for the one that's rotted  
To the core I've been hard, since 1580  
Mack attack nigga I've been scarred, knowin what the fuck I gotta do  
Fuckin rockin a spot or two I wanna leave an impression on minds  
Like reading &quot;Behold a Pale Horse&quot; for the first time  
Expose wack niggaz like secret societies when Murs rhyme  
Explore cyphers after I visit, for close encounters with the serf kind  
Your nigga thought he was nice, until he heard mine  
And the dooper you think you gettin the more you ain't understood the first line  
I said learn of my affliction, and how my words wrap around  
more niggaz necks than the pictures of the crucifixions  
Rippin mics when on  
Name hold more weight than a 24 inch python  
So what'chu gonna do, when Murs-mania run wild on you?  
Bringin that crack to your back like the whip in Castlevania 2  
And I'm through, bitch

(Chorus)

When I grab a microphone, all I want is feedback  
Energy from the crowd shit a nigga need that  
Y'all wanted a change in rap, well fool we be that  
And all you bitch niggaz best to ease back  
Now when I grab a microphone all I want is feedback  
Energy from the crowd shit a nigga need that  
Y'all wanted a change in rap, well fool we be that  
And all you bitch niggaz best to ease back

(Murs)

Now I write rhymes as dope as Jennifer Lopez  
Words, beautify blank paper  
Like, top to bottom pieces on skyscrapers  
Ain't no stoppin us  
Rollin thick like smog through your metropolis  
Makin it hard to breathe  
When you enter the 20,000 leagues, so stay at your level and place  
Cause amateurs fuckin with the treble and bass  
Will get left dead before they make the third pace  
See I turn around shootin off at the mouth, like New Year's Eve  
Sayin that shit you just, wouldn't believe  
Retrieved from the far corners of my mental space  
Leave you shocked like John Travolta once you open up this mental case  
So we happy, as long as fools stop tryin  
to come up from the back and attack me, like my name was Marcellous  
And those overzealous we got our blowtorch and pliers  
So you for damn sure gonna tell us what we want to hear  
Sorta like my album but &quot;Life is Too \$hort&quot; so I'm tryin to make one a year  
To make y'all niggaz watch what you do like the Wonder Years  
Watch them niggaz you think is down  
They only down cause they carryin, a ton of fear  
It's been a while since I've relieved myself of that burden  
So I'm makin sure I'm goin all out, until they call it curtains  
While you busy in the man's face shuckin and smirkin  
I'll be lurkin in the cut, happy with bein the broke nigga that I am  
It's all about the Washingtons, WHAT?!