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 "Behold a Pale Horse" 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 doper 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 "Life is Too $hort" 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?!