

Murs, Morocco Mike

(Murs)

Ay it's like, me and this nigga Eclipse
been workin on this shit hella hard for hella days
Y'know, knahmsayin? Been since like
'95, both graduated and shit
Shit changed a grip for me this year
'95 was some shit, check it out

It was '95, the year of my graduation
I was in, great anticipation of my date of release
from this educational prison, moms made the decision
to throw me from the residence
It seems weed and hip-hop had taken precedence
over my responsibilities, but it was alright
Because that day to day bullshit was killin me
So willingly I left the home
And set out on my own, shackled up with some crew Saga and Rhythm
Didn't have to give 'em any rent
So hella time was spent up late night, freestylin gettin high
Not knowin how I would make it to school the next day
From the Westside of L.A., I had to hit the 33
And now I hear them fools from Red Dots is out to murder me
So certainly stresss built
Takin bus to night school every day, coulda got my ass kilt
But I had to get my credits straight
Plus the bus ride gave me time to meditate
on how to set this shit straight
So late one night, I called up moms then we reached an agreement
Which only delayed, it didn't prevent what was bound to happen
She said she wasn't trippin just as long as I got a gown and cap
Then came graduation day, the only nigga to walk the stage
with a zero point five four five GPA
I hand her the diploma, and she still have shit to say
And it's fuckin off my vibe, and the album's on its way
I couldn't prolong the day when Murs
and the real world would collide
The year was nine-five

(Chorus)

The year was nine-five, I thought I wouldn't survive
Livin in the city where it's a day to day struggle to survive
The year was nine-five
{"Daily survival tactics in L.A." - 5X}

(Murs)

I struggled my way in the summer and now the album's almost done
But now is when the crew starts to fall apart
One by one, we disassembled, which sorta resembles my life
Fallin apart, right before my eyes
So I fantasized about havin a video, and bein on tour
to keep my mind off my empty stomach, and sleepin on the floor
Bein that I'm broke, I'm stealin groceries from the store
And now it seems every battle I have turns to beef
And me, broke with no heat
I'm lookin over both shoulders whenever I hit the streets
And just when I thought I escaped defeat
I'm sittin with my homey and we smokin a beadie
When this cop see me, and he decides to procede
A young black male with dreads, it gotta be weed
So he comes over with the usual, disrespect
But that's all I've come to expect
from a motherfucker with a badge and a God Complex
Next he's askin questions, testin my patience
Finds out I'm underage, now he's writin a citation

Askin me to stand up to be frisked, I'm like "Man fuck this!"
Then this bitch cop snatched me up from the back
I turned around, to counter the attack
But I'm surrounded by five cops who don't appreciate the reply
So it's me they hogtie, and throw on the asphalt
Steady talkin shit, standin over me like it's all my fault
And now I got a court case to face
And in the first place, I barely got enoughts to survive
So when the court date arrived
I damn sure don't got enough for a fuckin bus ride
So they give me a warrant, failure to appear
The next week I'm at the pier with my crew
I seen this fool I battled a couple days back
Hadn't seen him in a few, I stepped to him
He's like, "Dude we need a rematch, you see my ego's been scratched"
And when I tell him that shit ain't gon' happen
His ese partner went and opened up his trap
and tell me that the odds was uneven instead of leavin
I turned around and put this motherfucker in his place
And at the same time, his homey all up in my nigga T.S. face
So I'm think we 'bout to squab; but then the cops mob
and break it up, now they feelin like, they did they job
But here they come, back up the street hella deep
Talkin shit like we wasn't gon' trip
So I took the first hit
And now we squabbin in the middle of the streets
The odds was 3-on-6, and we still held it down
Except for the one so-called homey
who stood there, held the radio and looked around
And it seems like forever that we fought
but it eventually, came to a halt
So then we hit the park, to discuss what happened
I wake up the next day, these fools is talkin 'bout cappin me?
Takin my life, over a fight, nah that couldn't be right
Lost sight of where I'm livin, Los Angeles
where fools ain't givin a fuck, stuck in the same place
with decisions to make
Either I kill them, they kill me, or I make an escape
So I took the money that my step-pops left me when he passed away
And moved up to the Bay, only to find out
niggaz gon' have problems, wherever you stay
And it's been a couple of years
and some of these fools is still trippin to this day
So I feel I can safely say
that on this planet there ain't no place like L.A.
(There ain't no place like L.A.)
Mid-City fool, bitch!

{"Heated, defeated, day after day
Daily survival tactics in L.A."}