

Murs & Slug, Rick James

(Murs)

There's a party goin on, in my mind, that is
But really it's my crew and these three white kids
One brother, one sister, some other mister
I wonder what they'd do if I walk right up and kissed her
They'll probably just stare, nine dudes, one chick
I ain't tryin to play it fair
This supposed to be a party but it never made it there
I paid five bucks just to get up in here and they wouldn't let us speak
My homeboy Corey really had to take a leak
Now I'm five dollars poor, about to hit the door
When I thought about the kiss, put my tongue down her throat
Then her brother stepped up, she grabbed him by the coat

(CHORUS)

Baby
Don't try to save me
People
Just let me be
Fucker
I'm not your brother
Step back
Rick James, respect that

(Slug)

You rappers can't write, you writers can't rap
So I'ma light this room on fire and take a nap
The women like to smile, the women love to frown
So I come out to play after the sun goes down
Ain't got no money but I gotta lotta love
The fridge is empty but the belly is stuffed
Happy New Year, gonna be a good year
Need to keep it steady, so I'ma put my foot here
Ugly as fuck, beer gut, dandruff
Too high to sit still, too drunk to stand up
And if you ain't wearin handcuffs throw a hand a up
Like you don't give a fuck, what

(CHORUS)

Baby
Don't try to save me
People
Just let me be
Fucker
I'm not your brother
Step back
My life, respect that
Baby
Don't try to save me
People
Just let me be
Fucker
I'm not your brother
Step back
Rick James, respect that

(Murs)

And that's why you added two nicotine habits
Murs/Slug is the group but "Felt" is the fabric
Known for reekin havoc on tracks automatic
We will not fall off, dagnabit
Steppin to the wax plate with a 900 average
Makin rappers run home, a Barry Bond habit
So savage, so sick, plus the stage show rips

I got the hardcore and the teenage chicks
All love Slug but who loves ugly?
I heard God does, shameless plug
But I don't give a fuck
Cause if his album does well then you'll pick this up

(Slug)

At best I'll give you credit to protest
Now let it rest and take your place on the bench
Put that arrogance back in that bottle
When these fools gonna use some common sense?
Easy to find but hard to catch
Regardless I still play my part in this mess
Far from the nest but home is the heart
Blesseth be the S, should've known from the start
I'm not tryin to be rude
But I sincerely wanna fuck the taste out of your mouth
Can you - wait, wait, I got sidetracked again
So I'ma chill and pass it off to my friend
And he says

(Murs)

Slug, I got your back cause that's what I'm here for
(Slug)
All they did was front so we snuck through the rear door
(Murs)
Bailin through the middle of it all feelin good
(Slug)
And the fellas yell what, girls screamin like they should
(Murs)
Now all the beautiful people in the house close your mouth
(Slug)
Let the ugly shout, show em what it's all about
(Murs)
So don't try to turn it out, forget the guns and the knives
(Slug)
We're gonna be alright, we're gonna be just fine
And it goes

(CHORUS)