

Murs & Slug, The Biggest Lie

(Murs)

The problem with me, is that I think too much
Relying on this pen and this ink too much
And I do too much, I'm always on tour
Accumulating points 'til I forgot about the score
And the problem with you, is you don't think at all
Your brains deadweight so you sink and you fall
You drink and you smoke 'til your motivations gone
And you know this is true, so you hate this song

(Slug)

The problem with me, is co-dependency
So afraid of the day that you wont remember me
Knee deep in anxiousness, needy like an infant
Escapism, beats rhymes alcohol and women
The problem with you, is you let your self stop believing
And now you're afraid of your own thoughts and feelings
Forgot how to share what I love most about you
Lost your voice, now no choice but to doubt you

(Murs)

Now the problem with the world, the lack of respect
For our earth, for our children, for the future we neglect
For the morals, for the values, for the god that we select
Millions die everyday without a cause to effect
The problem with the revolution, its never gonna happen
Through these marches, through this music, through these motherfuckers rappin
Through these communists, these socialists, or any other faction
Armchair activists, all talk, no action

(Slug)

The problem with the people that I stay surrounded with
They all wanna replace faith with a psychologist
Bring the evolution, whether thinkin its pollution
When they're swallowing the balance, and they're drinking the solution
The problem with the people that I wont stand next to
They don't hear the songs that we sing for the rescue
The keys of life, the basslines of sadness
So people that don't have, reach out and grab it

(Murs)

The problem with hip-hop... shit nothing at all
It's an artform that ranges and it changes it evolves
It's not always for the better, but be patient with it yall
For our time will come and the wicked will fall
The problem with this song, is it's not long enough to say
How fucked up it is that we living this way
Nothing is alright, but everything is okay
So we plan for tomorrow but we live for today

(Slug)

The problem with sex is self-respect, calibration
The orgasm services your validation
And the problem with love, is that it lives in a book now
The problem with drugs is that their too fucking good now
The problem with logic is theres too many loopholes
And the problem with truth is that its usually brutal
The problem is I can't trust most of what I see
So fuck it all the problems of life must be me