

# 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