

Murs & Slug, Your Mans and Them

(Murs)

Nah, that's that one dude that nobody ask to come through
No matter what he does it always comes off rude
Excuse my good etiquette,
But somebody better get this foo' out my face
Cause if don't nobody tell him shit
I'ma snatch the bitch and start to wrinkle up his school clothes
Imagine if I had to sink my fist into this foo's nose
There goes another story, straight to the rumour mill
Murs is acting up again, somebody tell this dude to chill

(Slug)

Hey dog, say dog, what's up with your guy?
At the bar acting hard he's a magnet for a busted eye
I know you vouch for him, I vouch for you
But if they slap the bout it bout it out his mouth
What you gonna do?
He passed his limitations, testing people's patience
An L.A. minute away from dramatization
If his confidence expands I don't know if we should back him up
Consequence lands upon the man child that's acting up

(Chorus: Murs & Slug)

Hold up, see that pool of vomit that your standing in?
Yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?
Do you hear the squad cars, do you hear the ambulance?
Yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?
Talked all that shit when he was drunk, now he panickin'
Yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?
Some still can't handle the act of balance
And yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?

(Slug)

Hey man I saw your ex-wifey at the bar last night
And I don't know if you don't know you better have don't act right
She's on her own pace, masterpiece painted face
Makes me wonder how them fuck me boots stay laced
I wouldn't watch her as far as I can cost her
Stag a drunk sex toy all that she can offer
You oughtta stop her before she finds the hard way
Grows another scar, or finds herself in harm's way

(Murs)

Hey foo', you talk to your little sister?
I seen her at the club with the wrong group of misters
6' 4" gang signs, guns up in they waistline
I know that's how you used to do it
Back in the day, fine
But she don't need to grow up with the same type of hard-heads
Think she a blood cause her boyfriend's car red
Actin' like she hard, miss big bad slap a bitch
Think they got her back but to them she just some ass and tits

(Chorus: Murs & Slug)

Hold up, see that pool of vomit that your standing in?
Yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?
Do you hear the squad cars, do you hear the ambulance?
Yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?
Talked all that shit when he was drunk, now he panickin'
Yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?
Some still can't handle the act of balance
And yea that's your mans and them, what's up with your mans and them?