

# Murs, The Animal

(Verse 1: Phonte of Little Brother)

I heard your style and I beat you nigga  
Your whole album I sleep through nigga  
'Cuz 'Te's an avalanche so call an ambulance  
And tell 'em to pick up ya people nigga  
Don't call pharocon to squash it  
Better yet call the sheriff  
And the coroner's office  
Tell 'em there's a dead body  
In the corner of Lawson  
In Austin, I would proceed with caution  
These motherfucka's really think the 'Te done lost it  
He sold a couple records now they think he flossin'  
But I ain't stopped battling, I just stopped rattling  
Off rhymes for free 'cuz y'all were making me nauseous  
Understand fucka I'm gon win regardless  
I still got the hunger pains from my apartment  
When me and 9th were both splittin' cans of StarKist  
Arguing about who LP was the hardest  
And a hand full of CD's ready to burn  
Some real hip hop for your listening nerves  
A year later hooked up with a nigga named Murs  
Now everybody play our records for they women and churn  
Jay-Lee got the Eastcoast getting the loot  
Living Legends on the Westcoast, ready to shoot  
Get ourselves while they call up the troops  
Phonte Taylor made for the game y'all just following suits

(hook)

Aiyyo the animals, ready for war, destined for combat  
Play the CD or tape and then rewind that  
You want beef motherfucka nevermind that  
(And if he owe me money, bitch nigga betta find that)  
We animals, ready for war, destined for combat  
Play the CD or tape and then rewind that  
So let me know where ya mind at? (what!)

(Verse 2: Murs)

Murs 3:16 meets Foreign Exchange  
Keep ya ear to the speaker, quit ignoring the names  
Welcome to the next level, top floor in the game  
Felize done hooked up with a clubbed-out nigga so  
Skip the sidekick, I'm a nextel nigga  
If I hit ya on the chirp, with a verse you better roger that  
Picture word-perfect from the land where the Dodgers at  
Trying to get some money with some pussy on the side of that  
Never have to ask where my killas or my riders at  
But when fake gangstas try to find where them dollars at  
Go to any city where there's pretty ma's to holla at  
The illest in your state, one on the tour-date  
And more-great, than your grandfather's father  
'Te I know it gotta hurt a man they stand by the slaughter  
Oughta be locked away when I rock this way  
Get rocked on the airwaves but not for play  
If my heart should stop and I drop today  
I went against all odds and I got my way

(hook)

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