

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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So let me know where ya mind at? (what!)