My Own Parade

Â¡MAYDAY! & Murs

Momma always said, "I was her favorite mistake"
Poppa said, "I made it", and he's fuckin' amazed
My sister begging me to get her friends backstage
Got a key to the city, and a street in my name
(I think I need my own parade
I think I need my own parade)
The club that wouldn't let me in back in the days
Now the same motherfucker, where they beg me to play
They said I was a sinner, now they giving me praise
Got a key to the city, and a street in my name
I think I need my own parade
I think I need my own parade
It's MursDay baby and don't it sound so crazy?
Come on and hop up on the bandwagon
Grown men for the win no pants sagging
It's an All-Souls Processional
Ain't no question we true rap professionals
I gotta smash on the radio, feeling so perennial
Feet on the couch while we talking to arsenio
Vixen from the video, calling me Emilio
Burning up a dab while she say she cooking my cereal
MursDay killing this shit we need our parade
I'mma park this float out front and let the speakers play
We let the speakers play
Until the tweeters are leaking liters of senoritas
Sweet enough to ease the pain
Cause you know we gon' slay
You need a ticket just to kick it, with the sickness
I be sippin', stickin' meter maids
So get up and get off your damn barstool
MD's leading the march, the grand marshals
You seen us on Youtube with tubas fam
Ain't no questioning who's who or who's the man
Was hoping that you dudes would understand
Ain't no groupies just good dudes with true fans
You need a huge band when you have huge plans
To play your theme music and set the mood, damn
I think I need my own parade
I think I need my own parade

Spoils for the winners
Comps for the dinners
Drinks on the house
Toast to the heavy hitters
Got a tub full of Guinness
And some stars for my ninjas
A billion for my business
By the time a player finish
I'll be damn if I ain't in track to fill a trophy case
Hungered for success too long and now I gotta taste
And you can see my ego in orbit way out in outer space
Brand new Nikes on my feet with automatic lace
Most of the time I'm movin' Off The Wall
Type of dude to stop mid verse because I got a call (phone rings)
What's up girl?
Ya momma said it's time to come home to show her
How to put our new album up on her iPhone
And I clone billions of better vibes in my tone
Checks up in my mailbox, jack up in my time zone
Wrek comes expect domination
MursDay, we're like a never-ending necknomination
Stacking up the shots for the sport and the fashion
Now that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction
Made the top of the food chain
All without new chains
Bump in the budget
Cuz the shit we make is butane
Hits for all my hitters
Villas for all my Gorrillas
Dancing with only Shakiras
While our enemies all fear us
I'mma have the whole city offline and
Marching at my pace
Hang on every line that I rhyme like monkeys in a cage
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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