3:16

Murs

Left me standin' here
On this lonely street to cry

This is a Living Legends, Justice League
Definitive Jux production
Brought to you by 9th Wonder and Murs

What up though, still givin' a fuck so
Open up your changer and get ready to dump those
Disc of the dudes that be soundin' the same
They get up on TV, steady clownin' for fame
Disrespectin' ancestors that was bound in them chains
But I'm around in the game
So things is bound to change
I'm tryin' to walk that thin line
Between intelligence and ignorance
Have a little fun while makin' music of significance
A nemesis to niggas just bumpin' they gums
I give a fuck where you from
It's where your heart at bitch
You gon' bite, little doggie, or just bark that shit?
A slave to the rhythm, 9th spark that whip
Cause my heart can't quit, I got something to say
Cause these niggas wanna act NWA
Niggaz wit artillery and nothin' to spray
Just some non-right assholes with nothin' to say

(That's right motherfuckers)
(Old salty-ass, sideways-ass motherfuckers)
(Y'all fucked up now, huh? Murs, get em)

I'm from where we leaving running and we hop outta cars
Jump out and beat you down in some new All-stars
No stars and stripes, just bars and pipes
And niggaz just start shootin', they too hard to fight
I'm scarred for life, and charge this mic with bars of fright
Dare any one of you frauds to bite
I'm raw as life with loss of wife and causin' strife
Spittin' sharp wit like I floss with knives
Not contrived or conceited, on your radio repeated

I'm elitist and I leave this Red Hot like Kiedis
I'm a Californicator and a street narrator
Steady runnin' rappers down until they meet their maker
Concrete caretaker to these weak imitators, they a
Screech to my Slater, piece of beef to a gator or the
Heat versus Lakers, I'ma speak to ya later
And let 9th take me out
With techniques and a fader

(What's wrong wit y'all man?)
(The fuck is y'all thinkin' bout?)
(Damn, them motherfuckers is lame man, get ya shit right man)

I'm from the home of Double K, nothin' but trouble gang
K-W-S's, L-T-S's, O-F-A's
And every other crew that used to rack cans and spray
And mob the R-U-D before the M-T-A
So don't hate what I say or talk down when I bust mine
Tryin' to make some green like the Culver city bus line
I'm unsigned and hyped, dump mines on site
This Living Legend gang what you punks rhymin' like
I combine with 9th, sickest with these beats
I mean so sick like he's forgettin' to eat
A hard man to take down like Michael Vick on his feet
And anybody chose me they was thinkin' defeat
I'ma spit with this heat until I get my credit
I'm a verbal martial artist like I'm signed to Shady Records
And you bitches best respect it or I will destroy you
Have your whole crew screamin' out "You're My Boy Blue!"

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