

Don't Blow It (feat. City Spud)

Murphy Lee

Collect call originates
From a correctional facility in Missouri
And may be recorded or monitored[City Spud]
Yo nigga, this City
Answer the phone next time
You probably gonna call right back but
Alrht, one[Murphy Lee]
(Don't blow it)
City spud said what up
And to give you this message(Don't blow it) [Repeat: x2]
Ali said peace
And learn today's lesson(Don't blow it) [Repeat: x2]
Kyjuan said them
New Jordans comin' out(Don't blow it) [Repeat: x2]
And Nelly said there's
Goin' be a party down south[Chorus: x4]
For the nigga mention my name
I let him know the deal
City nigga, the same nigga
You thought was a lame nigga[Verse 1: Murphy Lee]
Now Murphy Lee is really ready
Fully prepared and well done
I told you that I'd give you my all if I sell none
Expected to sell plenty
Lotta more than Kenny
Big as "Coming To America" since I came and sent it
They saw he got his own money
"That boy got his own money!"
So please don't try to take nothin' from me
I'm talkin' consequences, all my conses see quince
Will literally take yo face off for the tiniest reason
I'm eas-un, eas-un on down down down down down
Makin' my rounds, I'm like a new Santa in town
Clown, calm down
I got issues like magazines
I'll leave you washed up, cut and cooked like Mama greens
You only cook every once in a while like lima beans
Me, I'm there all the time behind the scenes
Livin' my little dream (Uh-oh!)

Smokin' on Cali green (Uh-oh!)
 Me, Mike Veen, federal in tinted limousines dirty[Chorus: x4][Verse 2: Murphy Lee]
 Come on derry be for real
 I can let you know the deal like a salesman
 I could get you out of these bars like a jail bail man
 But nah, I'm a rapper I'ma put you in bars
 Judge Murphy recommend then niggas put em in charge
 You practice lookin' hard and you missin' preseason
 So when it's game time you on the side cheerleadin'
 I'll have you breathing in and out like Ali
 Haters like Marley, he hot like tamales
 I'm the same dirty
 That came wit them boys in the Range dirty
 And it's strange how we 16 mil in they change dirty
 Exchange the Range for the six fo' that sit low
 Haters sick though, mad 'cause they didn't like us from the get-go
 I tip-toe through beats, complete style unique
 16's in the hallway, probably take you a week
 I critique my lifestyle, I change my game 'cause of fame
 It's a shame to see results in you mentioning in my name[Chorus: x4][Verse 3: Murphy Lee]
 Many many many many
 Many mention Murphy Lee name like I'm a reference
 I'ma make yo ass S.A.T. is you try to test me
 I hang where the best be, never been on jet skis
 Been to D.C. and LA like Tyrone Nesby
 Though, most definitely I'm worldwide like Pepsi
 And I take care of my whole household like Jeffrey
 So why you haters wish to mention my name, man?
 Can't understand I'm just doin' my thing
 Yo I change for nay-nada nudda mothersucker
 I'll sell music instead of drugs, fans instead of cluckers
 Ya dig? I'm original like a black man wit a gig
 And not eatin' pig is why I had to split ya wig
 But they might, and he might
 You know they watchin' the person who watchin' the person
 Jockin' my Johnny Cochran you cornball
 All of em stick like a corn dog
 48 bars I'm on why'all, I warned why'all[Chorus: x4]

Songwriters

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