

Regular Guy

Murphy Lee

Hello, hello
I'm Murphy Lee and I'm Zee Lee, yo
And I'ma muthasuckin' L U N A T I C, say what?
Yo and I'm here, 'cause I'm here
Yo, plus I'm here, cause I'm here
Yo, yo, I'm 'bout to tell you what I like
I'm with five individuals, they say we not original
We all started underground like Digital
Now the haters lookin' pitiful, we humble and un-spittable
But lyrical, we still sh-sh-shit on you
I got a number two, Nelly got her number too
We call a tip, girl, you prolly call it a switch-a-roo
We be at Amoco, D's on that cantaloupe
Wit my folk's pocket full of bread and toast
In my Timb's and coat, do it big in the winter time
Prolly full of Air Force Ones up outta Finish Line
And I call myself normal, casual or formal
I still be blank like a carnival
But y'all won't let me be or see
'Cuz I'm so D F that I'm considered a G
I be H I off J's, K's and L's
Um, M, N, to the O's, they can't tell
He's a regular guy
(I can't lie, girl)
I can't deny
(I can't deny neither)
You know he drives a yellow wagon when he's passin' by
(Yo, you see me rollin' in that thang?)
His pants is always saggin'
(Ah, say wha?)
Got money but never braggin'
(Ah, say wha?)
'Cause he's not that type
Party people I'ma tell you what he's like, he's a regular guy
You see I'm young with information, I don't play like Station
'Cuz it took education, dedication and patience
To get a record deal, fo' real, this ain't no fluke
To you, we like a fat dude playin' a flute
Like my granny do in the troop instead of the James Brown

Look at all these boys reppin' the same town
Come from the same moms and owe dues
Aunties and uncles, man, they went to the same school, yeah
St. Louis ain't that big
Ayyo, we stay on the hill and steal a 30 ball to get to the crib
And I can do it on a quarter tank, a quarter of dank
It's ya home, wake up and maybe go to the bank

And I think you people need to open up like mail
If you can't tell Skool Boy, normal as hell
So don't let the TVs confuse you
'Cuz if you didn't knew, now you knew
He's a regular guy
(Ya, I can't lie, girl)
I can't deny
(I can't deny neither)

You know he drives a yellow wagon when he's passin' by
(Yo, you see me rollin' in that thang?)
His pants is always saggin'
(Ah, say wha?)
Got money but never braggin'
(Ah, say wha?)
'Cause he's not that type
Party people I'ma tell you what he's like, he's a regular guy
(Yo, I'm just like you)

I ain't different from those that think I'm different
Still enjoy fat checks overtime, I'm just like you
I ain't changin' for nobody, mixin' up your talent wit yo hobby
End up wit no jobby
I guess you got personal problems
The bigger you are, they start openin' up ya personal closet
A Ram 150, man, still couldn't dodge it, dislodge it
Take advantage derry, live off ya profits
You right, I aint ya average lil' dude
We had the number one song when I was still in school
Shoot, I can say it though, I'm glad that we made it mo
No neva bein' in class, song pop up on the radio
And it's a beautiful thang
To turn street money to legal money and beautiful change
Yo, I gotta use my beautiful brain
And understand when I'm sprinklin', man, in my rain
He's a regular guy
(I can't lie, girl)
I can't deny
(Yo, I can't deny neither)

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(Yo, you see me rollin' in that thang?)
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(Ah, say wha?)
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(Ah, say wha?)
'Cause he's not that type
Party people I'ma tell you what he's like, he's a regular guy, oh

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