Gotta Question for Ya

Living Legends

What would you do if we put it all together
In the form of living legends, on an album all together?
Would you buy it? Would you try it? Would you raise your hands high?
Would you recommend performance for something that's so enormous?
Why fight it? It's right about now, we taking over this
Why fight it? It's right about now, we showing who we is
The best of our abilities, a showcase of energy
Tucked into your memories for centuries and centuriesOnly a buck forty five and I talk a lot of shit
Oh, you still don't think I'm tight ask your girl she got my shit
And she's bumpin' number 6 like nobody's business
Got these fools confused like, man what is this?
I seen him at the open mic with a backpack
The next day he's on the block in some creased up khakis
See that's Murs' ability, supreme versatility
One verse to your dome watch it burst unwillinglySo you should think twice before ice grilling me
In the back of the club like you paralyzed from the neck down
But in your heart you know that you're feeling me
My crew be killing these crowds on the regular
My CDs ringing up loud at the register
Considered to be well endowed, if you measured the
Strength of my click by the length of my dick
We'd be larger than life plus a tenth of an inchWhat would you do if we put it all together
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Tucked into your memories for centuries and centuriesYa boy bull rushes the track when the percussion's fat
In fact the rhymes I recite might help you find the light
Or get ya lit, smoked, words provoke
Jokes to get their shit together whether your hot or not
Ya got ta get off ya ass man, stay ahead of the class
Aesop ready to blast off outa there, I'm gone
When the vibe is wrong I can't even fuck with that
Livin' like a fat cat, man I'm barely livin' off this rap musicY'all, no need to abuse it
No need to be a busta, just ta gain respect so
Get ya best flow outa ya back pack
I don't fuck with MCs comin' with wack rapsI'm running with the will to win as well as the discipline

Sprinting in this competition
I'm racing time, competitors as well as myself
Jogging with a stealth pace
Definitely one to place in this race catching up to men
Maneuver around them then drowned them in the dust
To win is a must powered by living legends
Sponsored by Heaven bound, my name is Scarab
I got a question for yaWhat would you do if we put it all together
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Tucked into your memories for centuries and centuriesP to the S to the C
By request to be fresh equals how I rap on sequence
With 16 bar verses and very little curses
And an aptitude for chorus that makes me quite important
At your service, I'm ready, kinda nervous but I'm ready
But first I gotta please me and I've mastered that believe me
It's easy! 5 finger romance with the mic hand
Stand back, I'll bust in your in face 'cuz I planned thatI ban rap artists who consider they selves the hardest
Regardless of the make up I always slice the cake up
Ya edible, icing, enticing to my eyesight
But everything that glitters ain't gold, you best to come tightWhat would you do if we put it all together
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Tucked into your memories for centuries and centuriesWell, I'm the good rhythmic, outstanding, underrated
Cool human naw that's kind of played, I'm underpaid
The best at my trade a little afraid
Been gypped too many times to believe in what you said
I prayed hard had my hopes up, guard down
Gained a yard lost a mile so I don't smile
Pile it on because I'm used to it
I like to format the song and spit the truth to itHe's the man on the mountain staff made of lightning, smoking
Writing poetry on a broken piece of oak, it's premonition
Self conversation on an amplified station
Radioactive finger strides all across the nation
I hide in complication yet it's simpler than this
Many rock microphones across the globe but not quite like this
In the nightlife many catch a case, catch a cold or catch a disease

But I'm married to the microphone, but I'm immune to weak MCs
So bitch pleaseWhat would you do if we put it all together
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