

# Two Step (feat. King Fantastic)

Murs

I always knew life could be super short  
Ever since they busted out the super sport  
Brevity, levity, bitter I could never be  
Young for a nigga born in the late seventies  
Heavenly, my wife cause she loves me in spite  
Of all the crazy shit I be saying when we fight  
Shout a kite to my nigga locked up, now Reece home  
Making music for the kids, bitch we grown  
Put your phone down, look me in the eye  
Or you can talk that shit to another guy  
I swear to God I would kick you in the button fly  
And jump up and down on your skull 'til you fucking die  
Y'all probably want to dance so ignore me  
That club life ain't ever been for me  
You basic bitches just bore me  
If I got to buy you a drink you can't afford meGun shots on a good day  
No ski masks, that's the hood way  
Little kids wishing that they could play  
Looking for a hook or something Jay-Z would sayI got two shots left in my twenty-two two step  
Two shots left in my twenty-two two stepDeuce-deuce in my tennis shoe  
Hood nigga brought a burner to the interview  
Might catch a beef on the bus home  
Tell them gang-bang bullies get the fuck gone  
In my zone with a brand new playlist  
Walked right past my ex, didn't say shit  
Then I changed my mind like, "Ay bitch!"  
"Tell your new boyfriend he can't fake this!"  
Spent my last check on some new kicks  
The rest at the movies on my new chick  
I got fired on some bullshit  
Snitch, fuck-boy that I never should've fooled with  
And I ain't ever wrote a rÃ©sumÃ©  
But I had my cousin make me one yesterday  
I need more hours and some better pay  
Back when I was hustling that was something I would never sayGun shots on a good day  
No ski masks, that's the hood way  
Little kids wishing that they could play  
Looking for a hook or something Jay-Z would sayI got two shots left in my twenty-two two step  
Two shots left in my twenty-two two stepTen toes down nineteen seventy-nine

Southern California dummy repping heavy with mine  
These motherfucking actors are not to a factor  
Hilary Spinner is a cold black bastard  
No master, no father, I raise me crazy  
A nigga clean it up, when I had a couple babies  
Well maybe, just maybe, you can oh thank me  
Fresh out the county feeling crazy  
No, eight months feeling turnt, don't pay me  
I used to be a mess my nigga  
Only thing could kill me was stress my nigga  
Had to give that shit a rest my nigga  
I just did a couple years, none left my nigga  
I can't do another stretch my nigga  
So it's either shut it down, or it's death my nigga  
Gun shots on a good day  
No ski masks, that's the hood way  
Little kids wishing that they could play  
Looking for a hook or something Jay-Z would say  
I got two shots left in my twenty-two two step  
Two shots left in my twenty-two two step

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