

# Real Slow the Fast Way

## Living Legends

Creative differences... 2000 (and one)  
Everybody guess WHAT? (what?)

Double-L

One for the "Living" and the other for the "Legends"  
We the dopest out the west, and we don't give a fuck  
Who you like, who you don't  
What they write, what they wrote  
Cause we dope and they SUCK! Dick, balls, ass, what?  
Fuck out my face cause you talk too much (What?) {Repeated thru-  
out current rhyme}  
And you won't do much but throw a peace sign, kick a freestyle then be out (OUT!)  
I'm drunk and I don't play, and I will punch-you-in-the-mouth (MOUTH!)  
You know Murs, little brother to the Journeymen (who?)  
Laying blaze to the track 'till I'm burning it (Oh...)  
Who you think put the tour in the tournament? (who?)  
Run my 60-second intervals, one in mind, my pinnacle  
So once again, respect is permanent  
Heard of him? But I know they have, every mike I grab gets rocked well  
Never fuck a girl with a crotch-smell, just "Put it in Her Mouth" like Akinyele  
Still do it with class, don't drop, fail  
I'm a hot sale, and a "best buy", not the "bad dude" but the best guy (best guy!)  
And unless my, memory serves me incorrectly  
My shows still dope, my flow's on point, and bitches must respect me  
Not sexy, or cute  
But I got one verse that'll kill your whole group and you STILL won't shoot  
With a bodyguard-troop, and a bulletproof suit, trying to pull a deuce-deuce  
In the face of a cannon I'm standing and demanding my respect, now!

Hands up! Put your L's in the sky  
Take heaven on earth, give 'em hell 'till you die!  
Hands down! We the dopest underground  
With the beats and the rhymes, you don't wanna fuck around!

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Look, PROGRESSIVE is my nature, and I hate to bust your bubble  
But I'm faded, soldiers waited and I'm out looking for trouble  
Might rumble with your crew, but never fumble with my brew  
And if I stumble into you, now that's just something that I do!  
Might spit to your girl with a breath full of "Earl" in the morning I won't

mean it  
Might piss on your rug, pass out in your tub, next day I'll go and clean it  
I'm a GENIUS! When it comes to doing dumb-shit, homie trust me  
But never gettin' faded as that night the police cuffed me  
I'm lucky, in a bad way  
Like free cigarettes on a bad day  
Or a [?] in your ashtray, trying to do it "Real slow, the FAST WAY"  
I'm a class A asshole, a first-degree fool  
You might think it's not, but "Fuck you" I think it's cool  
I drool in my sleep cause I'm dreaming about a mil  
Not the kind you keep, the kind that keeps your pockets filled  
Not a lot of skill when it comes to "the game"  
But a sucker for a broad with a real tight frame  
And I won't feel sane 'till I hear her name  
So I walked up to her and I spilled my brain  
(Girl I'm looking at that tattoo on the small of your back  
Give me your number and one night and you'll be calling me back  
Won't you let me pick you up and you can fall in the 'Lac  
And take a trip between your hips, now what's the problem with that?)

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Put your ass on my dick and a glass your lips, let's get this party started  
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I'm a grind you from behind until I find you broken hearted  
And I'm in this thought of friendship with the benefits imparted  
I hope your not offended cause all men are not cold-hearted  
I'm an artist under influence, I'm INNOCENT, regardless!  
I'm an artist under influence, I'm innocent, regardless...  
{Various Murs chatter until end}