

2 Original

Murs

Yo, you got that, duke?
Underground
Yo, haha
Underground
2 Original
Underground
You fakin' ass niggas
From Mid-City blocks
Underground, underground
2 original, check this shit out
Underground
2 original! Motherfuckin' straight
Underground, underground
Mid-City, nigga, Mid-City, nigga
Mid-City, check it out
Underground

I'm a weapon of mass destruction on the mic
And far as my prototype, like a swat team, my vocals slice
Un-original, meltin' brains, my main frame's to leave mental frames and blood stains
Internally, my poet style bust externally
Eternity holdin' down my [?], city, West bound, my town
In a scandalous-ass, wickedest plantation
Us underground niggas is cleanin' up the sanitations
You hip-hop heads is facin' all bullshit
More [?], to help provide [?] enterprise
And commercialise false living
Having you worshipping cats who sinning
But this is a new beginning, a new experience of peace winnin' (Yeah)
We doin' underground big thangs, and all this shit gon' change (What?)
Catch that feelin', mane
(Aww, fuck! Straight up)
Nigga, you goin' down the motherfuckin' sack...

Underground
Nigga, 2 original
2 motherfuckin' original
Underground
Motherfuckers comin' at you, 2, straight from the
Underground, underground
Underground, underground, fuck that, yeah

Wannabee original (Yeah, what), thoughts torn from my subliminal
Look down over beats, can't help but be unique
Raised in these Mid-City streets
Now I heard some bitches say
That the East Side is dingy, and the West Side is trinnny
But this is straight-up Mid-City
Can't nare nigga bend me, now I'm
Straighter than most, but that don't mean you can play me close
'Cause I will have done my crimes, but never done no times
Now I run my rhymes one of a kind, until I clock out
Angry niggas that mastered the artistry of a knockout
Playin' Nintendo 64 until my brain rot out
But still these concepts remain (What?) well thought-out
Brought out the best in these bitch niggas, so call me a pimp

Style OG, like my nigga Troy Limp (Simp)
In it for a minute while these other niggas just temp
So when yo' bitch ass is gettin' laid off, I just be gettin' layed
Say what?
I flash a rhyme that make yo' bitch put 'em on a glass like lay-ups (Hahaha)
Stay up, out my face and you won't get dissed
'Cause before I give yo' ass a rhyme I'd rather give you my bitch
Than let you breathe on this microphone
You couldn't swing on my shit if it was in the strike zone
Y'all niggas still tryna see L.A. (What?), but we can't be seen (Hell no)
'Cause we be duckin' 5-0 helicopters, tryna escape the crime scene
Between, Murs jump in the ring, turn in to steam, bitch
We out like this, Mid-City gang (What?)

Underground
2 original motherfuckers
Underground, underground
Comin' at you from a- you know that shit
Mid-City life
Underground, underground
Stop
Underground
Straight up

Underground, underground
Underground, underground
Underground