

## 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 bloo  
d 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 worshippin' cats who sining  
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 trinny  
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