

Blank Paper

Murs

Blank paper makes me want to write
Silent moments, make me want to rhyme

Now give me any instrumental combined with a pencil, and a blank sheet I guarantee that I create the beat
For them fools out there thinking that the underground don't got no heat
I'll come with some shit to run your punk ass up off the street
Thinking you an MC, more like maricon coward get devoured over tracks, get a ll up in your ass with these 12 inches of wax
Relax no need to be tense, as I dangle your career from a cliff can you feel the suspense?
And the next episode is the one where you fall from the top of the rap game
Hit rock bottom then your head explodes upon impact, you should listen to Murs first then rap
And if you feel you can come as tight then recite, if not the next best reply is silence
Typical American youth addicted to violence, especially if its verbal I'll be quick to make shit pop like a hot kernel nocturnal traveler
Supreme freestyle battler, the written is like my secondary
Wreckin' adversaries in a legendary fashion, nigg*s all up in the cypher holding on to punchlines like rations
Got me laughin' at these dumb rhymers, while I'm spittin' paragraphs to overwhelm their one-liners
Tryin' to come at me with combat with some shit you wrote a few weeks back
Soundin' like you need me to proofread your raps, you could fuck around and end your whole career like that
Just some shit to think about the next time you get up the nerve
Before you have to walk around forever known as the nigg* Murs served...

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My strategy is deeper than the deepest blue ever known in history
Forget playin' chess your mental tactics can't even dream to conquer tic tac toe
Your one-dimensional flow stuck in a 3x3 matrix, I play tricks mentally
Go down your root canal dentally and prove that your flossing is eventually coming obsolete in the 21st century
Shingo2 rippin' the mic like it was meant to be
Fatally, attracting opponents cause I'm hacking alien components with my operating system
Diss'ed them intellectuals with my mere existence, I'm sending out the virus no use for resistance
It's just the rap that I reveal, trap you like veal, throw public fools into miniscule cubicles
Elacerate your head right down to the cuticle, rearrange you like rubic cubes and then I shoot to kill
Lyrically cause rap does not need anymore violence, In all humbleness E22 move in silence
With or without a license Shingo ginzu slicin', I jump over the high fence off reality and glide since
I got infinite artillery, you try to run shit behind my back like Hillary, your input is auxiliary
Plus your grounded, not under-grounded so take your fake-ass style and put it back where you found it!
Flows go beyond synonyms pseudonyms and acronyms
My lyrical game makes the lame have acrobatic limbs, like Taekwondo

John Doe can stay at the condo, in silent moments staring at the blank paper
!

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Yeah it's fresh mc's are finally starting to be rhyming, not 2x-
ing between mc and celebrity
Spending time and energy trying to look pretty, plus they can't even take on
e line of criti-cism
Add the word race now you got racism, eyes dissecting light and skin colors l
ike a prism
Finally escape this world full of mental prison, the word is with a capital
h, He Is Risen

(Murs freestyle)

If it ain't broke, don't try to remix it, And if your lyrics are wack, then
we'll give you a fix-it

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