

Cancun '08

Murs

Uh

It is kinda fun

Nigga, you made a funky lil' beat with your bitch ass, woohoo

Alright, here we go

She said she was bottle, God

Plus she looked like a model, God

Champagne room, told 'em put it on my card

I was off a couple of them bottles, I was goin' hard

She movin' like we on the dance floor

The DJ was playing that Camp Lo

This is it, this is it, this is it, what?

Throwin' luccini all on the big bud

I'm in here with my shit tucked

Only nigga with a baby nine in the strip club

Maybe not, but I still don't give a fuck

We in here deep, these niggas won't trip with us

I said we just don't give a fuck

My nigga in this bitch sippin' lean out a sippy cup

You do what you want when the price right

Money make these women feel safe like a night light

Exactly how it should be

Quit acting like you ain't never had no pussy

You wanna fuck? Go home to your wife

Nigga, don't fuck around and ruin my night

The afterparty, that's a motherfucker

Broad had body like a motherfucker

Everybody in they zone

If you ain't fucking or sucking it, take your ass home

Grown folk doin' grown shit

Balling out on some loced out tone shit

He was a Stone Crip, really from the hood

But when he went pop, they got him misunderstood

Look, seein' nine-five niggas hit the hoods with they chain tucked

We gon' bring it back, donkey punches to these bitches' back

Fuck that, I'm off that, might toot the whole thing

Now pretty bitches got pistols in they tote bags

Four-four mag'll make a fuckboy fall back

Slidin' with the homies, tall cat in a paper bag

Where you from? Where you sag? Where they know you at?

Talk a lot of shit so I roam with one

Daddy better chill before his mama loses a son

I know a gang of niggas but I don't fuck with none

'Cause I'm a dog ass bitch, I be burying bones

They been searching six months, still ain't found your bones

Cancún and margaritas were the getaway

I plead the Fifth, I don't know shit, man, I was on the getaway

The boys in blue blurpin', put that shit away, shit away

What gives a diamond more value than crack when both rocks?

The difference between guns and butter when both stocks?

How you put an end to the block when none of these roads stop?

Or how it feel to be on your last paid call when the phone drop?

Something fishy 'bout these niggas, they must be pescatarian

The pound shh when it spit, so I named it librarian

What type of bag would you like to be carried in
You fuckin' with teak or the mahogany for your casket we buryin'?
Lines between love and hate are apparently very thin
But we cross over back and forth 'cause that's the game that we playin' in
Pictures steal souls so be careful of whose camera you starin' in
When you find your dreams, hold onto its scenes, so that you cherish it, nigga
For you, I paint the bigger picture, but your vision tainted
By how we make our own paper like we crocheted
I'm not a gangster, just an intelligent street scholar
Far from mundane with my slang, but a nigga still speak proper, preach knowledge
Time is money and we eatin' it quick
Although it's funny how we waste both when neither exist
Send the kids back to school like the sleep didn't stick
Then break the lock off the door as if my key didn't fit
Listen, baby, I'm just reading the script, I'm tryna leave with a bitch
Squeezing her hips after leaving my tip
I hope these niggas don't creep on the kid on the way to the whip
Or I'm leaving fifty percent of the clip