

## 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, nig  
ga  
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 knowl  
edge  
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