

Yesterday and today  
... Somewhere for you, you ready?

Souls get lost in the turnstile  
Turning your smile into a frown, walking round in a circle  
Three-hundred and sixty degrees of weak MCs  
Heads on the wall from looks, I turn to trophies  
I throw these words down like a sike, just for spite  
A head check, I suspect deception in my section  
The centre of universe, consumed by all surviving, energising  
Soon draining the city of its pretty lights  
In a ditch that night the vagabond is on  
Inhabiting eternity, it seems that every new day is a dawn  
Of the desert, we scruples  
My soul got a virus, the soul of Osiris  
Accepted by amen, advance from the common  
Into protocol, for the tight type to ignore the hype  
The war of subordinate life  
Accepting me into your life is like receiving the light  
Is the light on? Is anyone home?  
There is my home for now (Home)

They reward us according to our merits  
Suspended energies hand glide across the cliff, notes as they're written  
Instincts barricade the brain with blankets like the beach  
[?] the sea with piss and greed, to each his own area  
[?] is the sun, evaporate into particles  
And gases turning articles of Earth  
And heaping trashy molasses piles of melting mass  
And the sun shoving through mobs of survivors  
Running in fear of the second revival, as bad as the first  
Would be devastating to remaining folk  
Overwhelming smoke into the lungs of shrunken city life  
Reduced to ash, a token flicks flashbacks  
Spirits floating on attack  
Too many for the one light shining  
Reminding deceased of God in all its splendour  
Our pretender, swim with a dead fish  
And ember, can you remember the hunt and the wish for Red October  
When they storm the White House  
To put the president's lights out  
An impeachment would suffice  
They had to turn him inside out

Devices of extreme edge turned his frame to executive head sculptures  
Democrossy...  
Democrossy? ('Cracy) Democracy  
I toss all these MCs in the ocean when they're over with

I stay missin' action from attraction  
I stick to the low pro' and stay high protocol  
Intact fellow crab, and 4-track for the mass of those who surface  
And leave not one print or tracks in the sand, covered land  
I have a purpose and a plan, so I left the polluted land  
Only to develop an antenna in testicles, and a third eye  
Due to a contaminated domicile  
And all of the wild development style

After style of communication  
Suddenly in the dimension of the tension  
Was sat in a hexagonal room in the corner with a cone  
Forced to recite standards of slander over a microphone  
I'll take a referral for refusal  
Head for the office, jump through the vortex  
Back to Los Angeles where the vandals is

Murs!  
Invite T.S. on your bitch-ass porch...

Now what if I said to you: I read a few of your rhymes and they was whack  
How would you react to that?  
Door number one says you will run  
Door number two says you might try and serve me in front of your crew  
And door number three (Hah), says you might actually try and sock me  
Put I got you covered on all options  
Should have been watching instead of jockin'  
When the lessons were given out  
This legendary lifestyle I'm livin' now  
"Live without fear", that's the motto  
Here is third, and I'm [?]  
Pop the trunk, pull the rhymes out if you ain't no punk  
Watch 'em all get crumpled like trash compactors  
Un-rational actors claimin' that they hardcore  
My backyard see more gangsters than you'll ever meet  
From Metal Brooke to Cloverdale  
The streets, these bitches are male, rock over well on beats  
While you stay over easy  
This shit ain't easy, believe me

Believe me!  
Mid-City, fo sheezy  
Hahaha  
Me, fo sheezy, bitch  
Off the heezy!  
Ayy, you know what, Eligh has just joined the bitch crew  
And I just want to dedicate that to all of you  
That are callin' my crew  
You can get the dick between the two  
(Murs, Murs, MUUUUUURSSSS!)