

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!)