

Fun-eral

Murs

Do me a favor (what?)
Get your weight up
Felt's in your city, we don't need any help
Do me a favor, run that
CES, Murs, Strange, we wrote the book for you young macks
Pardon me barbie get your weight up
Ryhmesayers, Strange, ain't shit funny
Do me a favor, run that
Slug, Ces, Murs, we wrote the book for you young macks

Rhymesayers, minors to the majors
Stomp around a bird cage full of papers
Point lasers at the neighbors
Ever since the clock got punched on my first day of labor
Ain't no shame in my game's wagers
Spectator on the side catch a mouth full of flavor
Wasted, tryna walk a line like equator
Fuck the po-po, we blow dro with the mayor
Do me a favor, raise up away from my space
Out my face, occupy a different acre
Leak like a strainer, poisoned by the waiter
Drown in the dirt, eat a fuck for a chaser
Pardon me Barbie, this ain't a party for you Kramer
Marking me the maker if I spark up the anger
Minneapple-bang, Twin Cities rap sanger
And I'm down with the strange cause I ain't no stranger

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We get the place jumping
They ask Ubi to say something
He spat and they got nothing but flames from him
Raised up in the ring, stuck in a state of perpetual busting 8s off of puffing that dank
A runaway train off of the track, rocket attack
Roadside bomb blast, y'all talking in back, what?
The blizzard black coffin is shut, human assassin
Sarcophagus and a tomb, due to get wrapped up
I'm doing the MAC strut, rose grew in the black mud
Rap guns, I hold two, move and I pap one
Flow's closed captioned, my text on the screen
Everything CES doing they affecting the scene
I'm repping with Dean, Killer City record machine
116 pounds anorexic to me, so get your weight up
I'm the ring with hands taped up
Shadowboxing until clear channel mandates us, what?

Pardon me Barbie, get your weight up
Ryhmesayers, Strange, ain't shit funny
Do me a favor, run that
Slug, CES, MURS, we wrote the book for you young macks

Fuck karma, I'm king, counter of chips, cash out

Here to stick, a couple of real chicks pass out
I ain't in it to win it, loser we don't need any help
Me and MURS, Ubiquitous finna slug em till it's felt
Pray they melt, in a fire of hell, they might as well
All these students Zach Morris, well they saved by the bell
Said I'm psycho, made me a cell outside of the jail
Yeah I might glow, all because of my ghost in it's shell
New millennium rap serpent, serving em with the venom
I'm the black mamba, you notice I'm murdering em
Then I'm up in them guts, pussy pardon me for the slaughter
Throw a hex on a bitch before I lead her to water
Oughta be, chained up in a cage, I'm in a rage
Eat a dick, bitch idiot, no this isn't a phase
Stay way away, postal I'll probably let it spray today
Racks to the third power, pussys have got to pay to play

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Do me a favor, run that
Rhymesayers, Strange, got nothing but flames

Rottenest of rascals, storming through your castle
Dead beat douchebag, certified asshole
Hassle at the door, he wouldn't let me in
So I left and came back with a few more friends
Party crashing, straight through the window
Back in the days that bouncer stole my Nintendo
Insufficient funds when they printing out my balance
Never sold my soul but I rented out my talents
What about the girls? Save something for the girls
For a chance to push your lips, I would promise you the world
Midtown crook from the [?] brooks
Broke the little ladys' heart with just one look
Before we got took we wrote the book for you young macks
Felt's in your city, tell your boyfriend to run that
Ante up, ante up, ain't shit funny
Got a Rhymesayers check, and I'm spending Strange money