

# High Noon

Murs

I can't hear myself, Rue, oh  
I can't hear myself over all those waves on your head  
And then when you nod your head, it make it worse, nigga  
Oh shit, yo

Two of the best emcees standing, cold branding  
These All-Star checks I'm spending, I'm Diddy dancing  
Without the shiny suits, though, your new favorite duo  
Had a Gucci on the floor, I left the Versace for Reuno  
And who knows the next time you'll see niggas connect rhymes?  
You'll have to birth the second coming like 9th on the bassline  
Turn to shoot, no seconds left, don't have to look, you know it's wet  
When I'm on my LA shit like Bronny beatin' on his chest  
Mamba shit, all kind of shit, my bars be like Obama lit  
I rhyme with no recognizance, the flow is stream of consciousness  
From continent to continent, combining vowels with consonants  
We crushing competition that be claiming they can conquer this  
Yeah, I'm doing more sets like Alanis did  
Mama said, "If you don't use nothin' else, use your common sense"  
It last longer if you talkin' on some honest shit (True)  
That's the kind of flow that's gon' make you more than iconic, bitch

The sun shine and I'm getting to the paper  
I'm on the grind and I'm tryna get my cake up  
Ayy, all day I'm feelin' gangster  
Ayy, all day I'm feelin' gangster  
I wake up and I gotta thank my maker  
I got a shot but I'd rather take the layup  
Ayy, all day I'm feelin' gangster  
Ayy, all day I'm feelin' gangster  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Yeah, high noon on these niggas  
It's like I might as well be from the moon on these niggas  
It's in a whole different world like shrooms on these niggas  
No mask, but I'm gassin' like DOOM on these niggas, yeah  
Now all the white kids can sing along  
But don't forget the privilege and the baggage that you bring along, yeah  
It's one time for the culture  
I'm only tryna teach you, I'm not tryin' to insult you  
Poor righteous teacher, five percent of the masses  
I remember reading Doctor York books in them classes  
Somewhat smarter than the average black kid when I rap, kid  
Rhyming while applying friend science like I'm Astrid  
Yeah, from the curb but I'm still a nerd  
Without a master, still a master of the written word  
Don't get it twisted, I'm still getting to the money  
Young, black, and gangster, steady spittin' at you dummies

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Yeah, I feel like Big Meech  
Birdman hands, look like big geese  
Put up the sneakers for some field cleats  
I been tryna run the game with sixteen  
No Bad Boy, but Diddy got a big team  
How many jeans? Five, but still ride the big wings  
Rap went commercial, while y'all livin' on commercial dreams  
Thirty seconds or less, while my life for the big screen  
Long format, Shaq on the back of a Yao Ming  
I'm like Larry Hoover maneuvering to some Al Green  
Gangster worldwide and underground, that's danger  
I'm tryna get the bag, lady, without havin' to sing it  
I ain't no Crip, no Blood, don't twist my fingers  
I rep two-five, I got two sides like pill  
If you talkin' 'bout us, just know you gon' meet Quill  
I can do it like the legends or do it like lil' Lils  
Middle child syndrome, I got into rap kill  
I could take a layup, but I'd rather shoot it like Pill Curry  
I call that gangster, nigga, been in no hurry  
Since I came in the game, last bar is a freestyle  
Motherfucker, you ain't know that rap been the golden child, hah

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