

I Did It Like That

Murs

Uhh

Ha-ha! Yes! (What? No) Ho-Ho

Okay, alright (Shut up)

Huh, huh

Let's get down to Brass Tacks, and the rare-ass facts
I pimp my style and strut my soul, over rare-ass tracks
And like to tear ass, whack MC's a new *tihs*
And never been soft, pussy
Stood a pick of the litter, dealin' one hitter quitters
From a 1-4-5 frame, M-U-R-S
Fans scream my name
Fly game is what I spit since the beginning
Since the flow is never ending
It will ever be transcending these MCs out their [?]
Sentences of senselessness
You listen to my shit (Huh), then listen to theirs (Uh-huh)
Now you tell me what the difference is, I know my shit is tighter
'Cause this pen that I'm pitchin' is where my picture is
I write for detention kids and weight-work teens
'Cause I know what it means to be goin' through the struggle
Everybody knock your hustle, still you know you gotta bubble
Look, my moms said I couldn't, but now I make her proud
'Cause the proof is in the putting my name on the maps
I watch her sit back and smile, and she be sayin' my raps
Now I kick back and smile when she be sayin' my raps, it's like that

(Uh) I did it like this (Woo), I did it like that
I did it with a wiffleball bat, sooo
I did it like this, I did it like that
I did it with a wiffleball bat, sooo
I did it like this, I did it like that
I did it with a wiffleball bat, sooo
I did it like this, I did it like that
I did it-

Overjoyed with hallelujah when I write and give it to ya
Not tight, then I'ma boo ya
Bitin' tongue is for the losers from a crew of tape hustlin'
Stage rushin' motherfuckers, perform before us? (Hahaha)
We're gonna have to crush ya
Everybody know the slogan: "holdin' hogan Legend status"
When it comes to live rap entertainment we the baddest
Workin' out on these mics like a Nordic apparatus
If you wanna have at us, say you prayers and eat your Flintstones
My rhymes weigh a ton, known to crack thin bones
So hide out for safety in your own endzone (Huh)
Speakin' of which, let's get two points straight
Number one: shut up!
Number two:
Murs Rules the Universe, the Earth is just a paperweight
About to take a break now that I got my paper straight
Hit up Arizona, and I can't wait to skate
I mean I love my neighbourhood, but hate the state
Of mind niggas in (Uh-huh), that populate the place
Find us where the baddest bitches and we can't get it straight
I just can't relate

When niggas rather fight than throw some pussy on their face

Sooo

I did it like this, I did it like that
I did it with a wiffleball bat, sooo