

I'm Innocent

Murs

Whatup son. It's Murson.
It seems like nobody's trying man.
There's kids dying in Sudan and nobody cares man,
At least I'm trying, man.
Don't ever let the fact that you can't be perfect,
Stop you from doing your best, Murs for President.

Unless we try the innocent'll die.
You can't close your eyes, keep living in a lie.
"Look, we not helpless. We not hopeless."
Said a prayer for the homie who locked up and wrote this.
He got to get out and change his ways,
While I'm looking for a way to explain these days.
It's trying time so I'm trying to rhyme,
But so many fascinated with this life of crime, hah.

Look, I'm dying to be different; down to die to make a difference.
Music for the movement with a message uplifting.
Went from set-trippin' to trips around the world.
Opportunities are oysters: you might find a pearl.
You can't be scared to take that chance
Cuz if you rather knock twice then youre late for the dance
You gotta move with urgency, assert with certainty,
Ask me if I'm set to serve, I say, "Certainly!"

Higher than the kite, I'm high off life.
At the height of my career a high priest on mikes.
I'm anti-thug and anti-drugs:
Brought peace to the party and got anti-love,
But haters so antiquated, I anticipated,
Accepted it internally, at night interpolated,
He chopped it up and laid it in a session and then he played it.
I wrote, recorded to it, now look what we created.

A hot mess...I'm hot off the press.
You yesterday's news; dude you just not fresh.
You cold coffee; you wet cigarettes.
I'm a shot of espresso and hot morning sex.
Early to rise and the last to fall;
The best thing for black youths is a basketball.
Word to Kurtis Blow, you gotta know the breaks.
And if you don't know your history, I know your fate.

Uh, look, been here a minute, be around a while longer.
Every rhyme invented, my style got stronger.
Grayskull Powers when I spray soul showers,
While you battle rap cats, just lay low cowards.
Oh, you mad cause I'm stylin' on you,
Love songs one minute, then I'm wil'in' on you.
That's the pain you gotta love and appreciate,
I'm a bad man, you silly girls need to get it straight.

Small guys, denying this is my world,
Your girlfriend call herself a dark-skinned, white girl.
Got a nice beat, Man come on,
He hear me in the sample before he even through the drum on.
Run-on sentence: I'm the best period.

He pull the track out, I'll black out I'm not hearing it.
Nada--nothing--the negative zone,
And if you can't do better, you should let it alone.

I want it more than you. I want it, I want it right now.
I'm wanted in 48 states for this thou.
It's sicker than a syringe that's streamlined with strychnine:
Vegan diet, healthy heart and soul with a sick mind.
Inclined to flip split minds when I spit rhymes.
So go ahead kick yours and hope I don't kick mine.
At 50-yd line against the wind through the uprights
While you just choke and can't win cuz you uptight.

Hah, he came to the game with two emcees,
Back when people said you can't make beats on PCs.
Internet haters, major labels be damned,
Soon produced the full-blown threat for the man.
Now his phone blowin' up, he can't hold it in his hand.
A few months back them fools didn't understand.
I was Mary J and Erica, Jean Grey, etc.
The name 9th Wonder and he crushing all competitors.

I cross-train, toss brain fuel on hot tracks,
Burn in intelligent infernos, you got that?
I speak clear like sample is in triplicates
Get every crooked cop in Los Angeles to handle this.
Insane, inspired, insider street analyst
Questioning authority who don't know what the answer is.
The voice is proof the choice of the youth
Forensic evidence say the boy is the truth.