

Lemon Juice

Murs

You see what I'm sayin'?
Ooh, yeah she bad
I, I, I, I
You stuttering you ain't got nothing for her, that's all me
I'm just nervous that you gon' f*ck it up for me
I'm a give her some of this nerve cobbler if you keep playin'

Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
Hold up, homie, why you gotta get in my way?
You see me tryna holla at this little dime piece
Why you gotta put your lemon juice in my game?
Why you gotta squeeze that lemon juice in my game?
Hold up, homie, why you gotta get in my way?
Interception, offside, this is my play
Why you gotta put your lemon juice in my game?
Why you gotta squeeze that lemon juice in my game?

Now once upon a time when I was lookin' very fly
I saw a girl almost as dope as me, she caught my eye
But before I could walk over to this girl and say a thing
I was interrupted by this nerd Curtiss King

OK excuse me pretty lady, don't want to come at you crazy
But if he gave you his number, I think you need to erase it
Oh no, I'm not a hater like that man is not a shaver
But look at his Instagram, he wearin' Adventure Time leggings

Now if Curtiss was a jedi, his lightsaber would be clear
That means nonexistent like his f*ckin' rap career
Look his breath got your face melted, please make your choice
Do you want a Blake Shelton or a reject from a Royce?

Hold up, listen to his language, ain't he so damn offensive?
When I look inside your eyes, I see the loyalist missus
Do you really need a man to give you fourth and some inches?
Havin' your couch smellin' like spoiled oil and incense

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Forget you ever met him but you don't forget my number
He be forgettin' to forget, that's a goddamn conundrum
This nigga got a Scion but me, I got a Kia
How he gotta charge his car before we even come to see ya?

Why you yellin', hot yellow ass nigga, baby, please
Ain't you tired of these flakey emo Drake wannabees?
You piss coloured dish scrubbers, still livin' with your mother
How you got the nerve to diss a real motherf*cker?

Hold up, girl, I'm so cold I freeze a burn in a sauna
And Murs so old, he got a Walkman in his pocket
He probably even went to kindergarten with your mamas
Sweet Lord, I mean for real, is he even worth the problem?

Cool story, bro but let's state facts
Curtiss, you so light skinned, you probably hate blacks
I'm getting side tracked, baby, it's all about you
So is it him or it's me? Come on, what you wanna do?

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