

Like What

Murs

I say good God, grab the mic and get loose
Showin' just a little energy to get the crowd juiced
The music that we produce, not your everyday stuff
It's the songs that make it smooth when the road gets rough
Make you forget how to act when it's too laid back
Not just myself it's for the fans that I rhyme on these tracks
And never could I come wack, my support would be crushed
I gotta stop and make 'em feel their adrenaline rush
Don't need no video crutch, stand straight when I bust
And if you can't do the same then I suggest that you hush
Say we doin' too much, they just outta touch
We take the stage and keep it jumpin' like a game of Double Dutch
Or should I say hopscotch? 'Cause we go the whole nine
Don't gotta be complex for you to have a good time
Just elementary rhyme and a real dope beat
I want em dancin' when they hear this and a lot of empty seats
Don't just sit around, you know you wanna get down
Grab the finest girl in reach and ask her how this sound
One drink and a dance, don't think it's your chance?
How you makin' progress while you're scared to advance?
Follow through with your plans and of course be a man
Forget the pimpin' and the playin' and remember romance
I know it might sound weird, the term's been dead for years
But you only play yourself trying to impress your peers
I know it might sound weird, the term's been dead for years
But you only play yourself trying to impress your peers
(I said you only play yourself trying to impress your peers)

Mid City, y'all
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Livin' Legends, y'all
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Phoenix, y'all
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Tuscon
Like what, like what, like what, like what
The Cuf (Eclipse)
Like what, like what, like what, like what

Like what, like what, like what, like what
The Cuf, Cuf, Cuf
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Like huh (Gandolf)
Gandolf, 3MG, 3MG
Like what, like what, like what, like what

Like this I rarely come off weak
With Murs on rhymes, Gandolf on beats
We do this thing since way, way back
Karaoke and four tracks
L.A. and back I'm in the stud-
Toured the world with all my dudes
I know y'all heard it all before
Beer and drugs and fights and more
To some it might sound real appealin'
Slept on floors with bugs on ceilin'
Grouch, Arata, woe is me

We slept there bro, it smelled like pee
Johnson screamed, 'That's U-H-B!'
Reflect, I'm laughin' constantly
Subconsciously, I know we'll make it
Destiny, we took and shaped it
Heart and soul we took and taked it
Love hip-hop while others hate it
You know who, they never played it
But it's alright, my moms OK'd it
Nate OK'd it, it's all good
I get respect all through my hood
And ain't that what it's all about?
Stage and mic we turned 'em out

Mid City, y'all
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Mum's the Word, buddy
Like what, like what, like what, like what
CJ
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Like this, Tony Hawk Pro Skater, yes, yes
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Like this
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Shut up
Like what, like what, like what, like what
2Mex
Like what, like what, like what, like what
Like what, like what, like what, like what