

Making Music

Murs

Yes, uh, me personally
I just start, just started driving. Congratulations
Thank you very much. This song is like
For them days you just cruisin', kickin' it with your boys
Clowin', whatever. Crenshaw, whatever your little street is, wh
atever
It's like this

It's like you sippin' bourbon slow
Swervin' low in your seat, nowhere to go
The windows low cause the heat, oh what you know?
There go your folks right up the street, you slow your roll
They all hop in, y'all go and eat, you shoot the breeze
On how the homie just got clowned by some B's
He spit his game, they shot him down and with ease
And now he's makin' up excuses, nigga please
This happens every time we out, now close your mouth
Always lyin' on some shit, what's that about?
We your boys, and we got love no matter what
Now put your seat belt on, sit back and shut up!
Oooh, turn that up that shit is knockin', that's my cut
Two 15's up in the trunk, we ain't no punk
Heard us comin' blocks away playin' slump
Thought it was an earthquake your heart sunk
Look here's some niggas in a Cutlass, what a punk
Throwin' up some gang signs, I just ignore it
And when the light turns green, I simply floor it
Left them suckers at the light feelin' dumb
Fightin' over fingers and thumbs, I ain't the one
Call me a buster or a mark if you choose it
But at least I'll be alive makin' music
I said but at least I'll be alive makin' music
Bitch, just cruisin'

"Baby, let's cruise, away from here"