

# Morocco Mike

Murs

Ay it's like, me and this nigga Eclipse  
Been workin on this shit hella hard for hella days  
Y'know, knahmsayin? Been since like  
'95, both graduated and shit  
Shit changed a grip for me this year  
'95 was some shit, check it out

It was '95, the year of my graduation  
I was in, great anticipation of my date of release  
From this educational prison, moms made the decision  
To throw me from the residence  
It seems weed and hip-hop had taken precedence  
Over my responsibilities, but it was alright  
Because that day to day bullshit was killin me  
So willingly I left the home  
And set out on my own, shacked up with some crew Saga and Rhythm  
Didn't have to give 'em any rent  
So hella time was spent up late night, freestylin gettin high  
Not knowin how I would make it to school the next day  
From the Westside of L.A., I had to hit the 33  
And now I hear them fools from Red Dots is out to murder me  
So certainly stresss built  
Takin bus to night school every day, coulda got my ass kilt  
But I had to get my credits straight  
Plus the bus ride gave me time to meditate  
On how to set this shit straight  
So late one night, I called up moms then we reached an agreement  
Which only delayed, it didn't prevent what was bound to happen  
She said she wasn't trippin just as long as I got a gown and cap  
Then came graduation day, the only nigga to walk the stage  
With a zero point five four five GPA  
I hand her the diploma, and she still have shit to say  
And it's fuckin off my vibe, and the album's on it's way  
I couldn't prolong the day when Murs  
And the real world would collide  
The year was nine-five

The year was nine-five, I thought I wouldn't survive  
Livin in the city where it's a day to day struggle to survive  
The year was nine-five  
{"Daily survival tactics in L.A."}  
I struggled my way in the summer and now the album's almost done  
But now is when the crew starts to fall apart  
One by one, we disassembled, which sorta resembles my life  
Fallin apart, right before my eyes  
So I fantasized about havin a video, and bein on tour  
To keep my mind off my empty stomach, and sleepin on the floor  
Bein that I'm broke, I'm stealin groceries from the store  
And now it seems every battle I have turns to beef  
And me, broke with no heat  
I'm lookin over both shoulders whenever I hit the streets  
And just when I thought I escaped defeat  
I'm sittin with my homey and we smokin a beanie  
When this cop see me, and he decides to proceede  
A young black male with dreads, it gotta be weed  
So he comes over with the usual, disrespect  
But that's all I've come to expect

From a motherfucker with a badge and a God Complex  
Next he's askin questions, testin my patience  
Finds out I'm underage, now he's writin a citation  
Askin me to stand up to be frisked, I'm like "Man fuck this! "  
Then this bitch cop snatched me up from the back  
I turned around, to counter the attack  
But I'm surrounded by five cops who don't appreciate the reply  
So it's me they hogtie, and throw on the asphalt  
Steady talkin shit, standin over me like it's all my fault  
And now I got a court case to face  
And in the first place, I barely got enoughs to survive  
So when the court date arrived  
I damn sure don't got enough for a fuckin bus ride  
So they give me a warrant, failure to appear  
The next week I'm at the pier with my crew  
I seen this fool I battled a couple days back  
Hadn't seen him in a few, I stepped to him  
He's like, "Dude we need a rematch, you see my ego's been scratched"  
And when I tell him that shit ain't gon' happen  
His ese partner went and opened up his trap  
And tell me that the odds was uneven instead of leavin  
I turned around and put this motherfucker in his place  
And at the same time, his homey all up in my nigga T.S. face  
So I'm think we 'bout to squab; but then the cops mob  
And break it up, now they feelin like, they did they job  
But here they come, back up the street hella deep  
Talkin shit like we wasn't gon' trip  
So I took the first hit  
And now we squabbin in the middle of the streets  
The odds was 3-on-6, and we still held it down  
Except for the one so-called homey  
Who stood there, held the radio and looked around  
And it seems like forever that we fought  
But it eventually, came to a halt  
So then we hit the park, to discuss what happened  
I wake up the next day, these fools is talkin 'bout cappin me?  
Takin my life, over a fight, nah that couldn't be right  
Lost sight of where I'm livin, Los Angeles  
Where fools ain't givin a fuck, stuck in the same place  
With decisions to make  
Either I kill them, they kill me, or I make an escape  
So I took the money that my step-pops left me when he passed away  
And moved up to the Bay, only to find out  
Niggaz gon' have problems, wherever you stay  
And it's been a couple of years  
And some of these fools is still trippin to this day  
So I feel I can safely say  
That on this planet there ain't no place like L.A.  
(There ain't no place like L.A.)  
Mid-City fool, bitch!