

# Murray's Revenge

Murs

I'm a, hood legend, you should feel threatened  
Front I'ma show you what's good in a second  
The best in the business, I mean what is it?  
The dopest MC to walk talk it and live it

A wide bright screen with a blockbuster signature  
Every new line I speak should be in cinemas  
Champion sound, I win with words  
Like you finally talked your girl into sleepin' with a friend of hers

Oh yeah, I'm off on a good one  
Momma's so proud of what her boy from the hood done  
Got off the meat and I got my mind right, I  
Got out these streets, I got my grind like I  
Got on these beats, I gotta come tight it's  
Gotta be me, it's gotta be 9th

Your boy dropped some stuff and it was probably nice  
But they need a little help, and a lot of advice  
Quit while you're ahead, you ain't seein' no bread and  
Don't sleep on us, you can sleep when you're dead

And grateful, you didn't live life hateful  
Change for the better like the weather in April  
Food for the soul, go ahead and grab a plateful  
A heart full of hate, is a waste and disgraceful

Uhh, don't ingest, turn your stomach  
When a brother only wanna see another brother plummet  
Come wit'cha best and you can lose like the rest  
Straight shots when I shoot how we do on the West  
Yeah

You know who we might be, man myth or MC  
But Murs sums it up best now, wouldn't you agree?  
I, stuck to the plate like it's And1 and straight  
Sew the mic around your neck and then bounce it off your face

With grace, the ace in the hole, replacin' the old  
'Cause the new generation got a taste for some soul  
Hold on to opinions 'til I tell you to have one  
That mic wasn't hot until the spot 'til I grabbed one

Off the stand now it's off the hook  
And when the beat is this nuts, then I'm off the books  
Meaning, off the head, freestylin' makin' bread  
And I shoulda been in a movie but I made my own instead

Still pioneering with this independent hustle  
And your mic cord is much too short for you to tussle  
For the man that pro like 40-Water, poured in remembrance  
Of every hood soldier that died in ghetto tenements

Innocent 'til proven guilty  
Should I die don't look for the dude that killed me  
Look for a brighter tomorrow, and in spite of the sorrow  
Live every moment to the fullest so your life isn't hollow

And you can holla out my name from the top of the game  
And since you passed homey I promise I'll do the same  
For if a soul is avenged through the deeds of a friend  
Then success has always been the best form of revenge  
The end