Murs Rules the World

Murs

What up though?

Guess what? MURS rules the world
Everything you touch and see
Not a portion of a smidgen
The whole fuckin' world is under my jurisdiction
No restrictions, my volition
From the way I rock the mic you might have had the suspicion that
MURS rules the world
My new composition aptly titled "Smackin' Rivals"
Rap revivals, tappin' spinals, snatchin' vinyl's cause it's spinnable
And packed with your essential
Hip hop minerals
A life time criminal
I have to do a show when the energy is minimal
And asshole cynical
Original with syllable
Analog to digital
Accumulate residuals
Stimulatin' visuals
And demonstrate within my flow that
MURS rules the world
Not just a catchy phrase, a way of life
Extreme confidence when I lay this mic
Audio orgasms when I deliver to heads
Like my 30 minute workout
Makin' women shiver in bed
Not livin' for bread or livin' for cheese
I'm givin' MC's somethin' to measure careers by
I tower Sears high
While you Grand Canyon low
I'm All American, you just a band standin' hoe
I man handle flow
Bitch slappin' drum kicks
Beatin' on every single snare like I'm crackin' drum sticks
It's done effortless like mackin' dumb chicks
I'm a let you know this son of a bitch named
MURS rules the world
And there will be no takin' over
Makin' douja off the books
That makes grown ups stop and look
Makin' Grover sing my hooks
Cause I'm just that type of nigga
Makin' models out of strippers
Makin' water out of liquor
The miracle man
Rule the spherical land
With imperial plans
All who hear it are fans
My material expands the conscious and hardcore
Everything you checkin' for
Plus a little bit more
I reckon I'm the sure shot
For hip hop consumers
What collection is complete without the world's rightful ruler?
Bud Light up in the cooler
When I'm chillin' in Tuscan on the southside

MURS the man with the mouth as big as all outside
Heard some shit by quiet niggas
I doubt they down to ride, cause I know many of 'em
And plenty of 'em pussy
I talk the talk and walk the walk
Rap to your motherfuckin' face and I dare you to push me
Cause MURS rules the world
Oh what you didn't know? It's kinda difficult to miss
The person who said ignorance is bliss wasn't listenin' to this
M-U-R-S
And I'm back with a vengeance like a sack on 4th and inches
A little more cocky and a tad bit pretentious
A lot more refined but I guess you'll get used to it
Like hittin' a pay phone with a quarter and dime
I'm a dedicate this album to everyone who cried when they killed Optimus Pri
me
Bang on every verse like I'm locked in the rhyme
I'm cockin' my mind
Ready to shoot the shit with any individual, group or clique
I guarantee they meet they fate
See I put out my own albums, so they can't recuperate
On the low you look for hooks like a fish pursuing bait
But I HATE
Verse chorus verse chorus verse
See I'm tryin' to innovate
But enough of that for later
Let's get one thing straight
Whether you tryin' to write a rhyme
On the net killin' time
Backstage snortin' lines
At work on the phone or at home with your girl
Just remember one thing
One thing bitch
MURS rules the world [echoes]

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