

I took my backpack off
These motherfuckers really thought that i was soft
Threw a hook and I knocked out the first one
Now they screaming oh shit here Murs come
Should've known I been the realest since '95
All these perpetrators out here duplicating my vibe
Conscious hood shit I swear I was the first one
All up in these underground shows with my first gun
Listening to Wu-Tang
Tryna slang a new strain
Homies from the block trippin of they red and blue thing
Couldn't hang with the street life
Especially when the judges handing out three strikes
Started slanging them tapes y'all
Independent like T-La and 8 Ball
A westside nigga slangin that blue tape
Y'all niggas know where I'm from
Tell me who's fake

Midcity Midcity Midcity what
Any city any hood imma give it up
In my chucks
And some new dickies
Only regret I didn't bring the crew with me
I'm on my triple O.G. shit
Everybody know me bitch
I drop bombs keep the streets lit
Y'all niggas fuckin with the weak shit
Midcity Midcity Midcity what
Any city any hood imma give it up
In my chucks
And some new dickies
Only regret I didn't bring the crew with me

Took my backpack off
These motherfuckers really think that I'm soft
Ain't nothing soft about a marriage and a mortgage
Caught up in the course while you dealing with divorces
Forcing me into my grind mode
Did a lot of favors now I take whatever I'm owed
The old heads, say I'm reppin for the old school
The youth, them call me big bro it's so cool
Been walking that line between two worlds
When all I wanted is to be home with you girl
If you only knew the love I had
You'd wonder how you'd find the time to stay so fucking mad
It's the luck I had
And the love I made
I'm so fucking glad, it could've gone the other way
And if I would've stayed you never would appreciate me
You and these rap fans always underestimate me
Been here for years
A million dollars deep
Lost a lot of friends
Lost a lot of sleep
I'm on my triple O.G. shit
Everybody know me bitch

I drop bombs keep the streets lit
Y'all niggas fucking with the weak shit

Midcity Midcity Midcity what
Any city any hood imma give it up
In my chucks
And some new dickies
My only regret I didn't bring the crew with me
Now there ain't a lot of triple O.G.'s
Maybe not you
And probably not me
But where I'm from that's the confidence you gotta have
Or you just might end up in a body bag
Or in a jail in a cell no bail waiting
Or living with your momma playing on that playstation
Either way you're just wasting away
And real O.G.'s ain't got time to play