

# Murs SuperStar

Murs

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