

No Shots

Murs

Made a million off a logo with my thumb up
You just getting in the game, because you butt fuck
Whoa, no shots, noooo shots, no no (if I sing it's cool)

I feel like the messiah, a rebirth of creatures who bowing to the most high
They knees hurt from praying to the whats his face, begging to be blessed
Theres something above me, I'm just a god of what's left, cut the check
I was gone for a year off the fructose, contemplating putting fucking bullet
s in the suit coats, who knows
Go do it with a wizard, wave a magic wand turn summer into winter
I worship from warships, play PGA courses, hit the AVN awards because the po
rn chicks need more dick
I force fit, and put it in her body like a swordsmith, have her eating E pil
ls like corn chips
How do you defeat a motherfucker with some body armor, headshots turn him sw
eet and sour like an Arne Palmer
Dalai Lama holy as me, got it locked holding the key

No shots, noooo shots, no no

Ok, niggas squading up again, wipe the nail polish and lipstick from these b
roads and get in this
You talk it you don't live it, instead niggas flexin' on that sus shit, Rich
ard Simmons
[?] what you giving
Start with body blows, give the beat a headshot
Toss the Glock, flee the scene with red socks
Trap kill a nigga, that manilla nigga
Your boyfriend probably feeling better if I'm chilling with ya
Like coughing up phlegm from an unfiltered cig, I'm the illest spitta
A dutch or a swisher, you always want bigger
Turn it up nigga
9th Wonder, beats stomp like blunt guts nigga
This is most dope baby, what else could you want
Fuck with that bottom shelf, nah choose us
Mac showed me how to change my life in 2 months
Tell my girl take out life insurance because I do stunt (yeah I do stunt)

No shots, noooo shots, no no

Lets continue the [?], all of my partners ripped to this life locked behind
bars whenever we start a sentence
Crunch time we play the game like it's olympics
Niggas be flexin' in the booth, would've thought we was some gymnasts
And thats without warming up, just raising the bar
Most Dope, REMember Music, my clique be taking it far
Got ties with the upper skies, we practice aviation
All my peoples tryin' to reach billboards and new vacations
So start hatin' if you wanna it's nothing new to us
This extra shit they doin' in they pool it ain't cool to us
All them stunts, all them bunts wasn't out the park
Fake shit illuminate, once we pullin' out the dark
So keep your mask on nigga play your position
I brought some famish niggas with me to slay your condition
And stop acting like you niggas came with permission
One phone call could have the goonies turn this into friction

No shots, noooo shots, no no

I walk up in this bitch like I'm Kanye on a Friday
Then hit the highway, man you gotta leave your driveway
So I'm living every moment like it's fucking my day
And I need me a Beyoncé for my fiancé, okay
So please little nigga learn your lesson, before you count dollars you gotta
count your blessings
2pac said is there a ghetto in heaven, cause nowadays kids is getting fucked
by their reverend
So many people, you gotta make exceptions cause they'll look at you with som
e fuckin' misconception
Like Choo you do drugs, like Choo you shoot slugs
But nah Choo really in here with two sluts
We up, we in here to move bucks
I know niggas with K K K's like Ku Klux
Ain't no math test so choose up
And if you looking for true shit then choose us

These lightskin girls trying to ruin my life
Cause these straight legged dudes ain't doing 'em right
Yeah, me and my new Crenshaw cutie, pretty in the face but she need a little
booty
I got a brown chick that used to sell that white
I told her if she go to jail then she failed at life
I met her at Flog Gnaw, don't ask about paid dues
I put the west coast on my back, and then I made moves
Motherfuckers the must've forgot, now I'm back to rappin' like I gotta take
my spot
No shots cause I hate getting shot at
John Wilkes-Booth put a bullet through your top hat (no shots)
They tried to assassinate the God
But motherfucker [?] is the squad
So what's the odds of you coming up, can't fuck with Strange tuck ya chain if
you runnin' up (no shots)
Been at it for a decade plus, they only on they first tour, don't respect th
ey bus
Lil motherfuckers thinkin' they next up, you can't change these rules you go
t the game messed up
Such and such just bought a new house
Tell that little dude to holler when he twenty years out
Got gold on his neck and gold in his mouth, but he ain't ever went gold what
he talking about
That sounds can it don't make you dope
I got underground fans that will slit your throat
Play this for a chick and watch her panties get soaked
Now she nine months pregnant off some shit that I wrote
Oh, you make music for the stupidos, sing a nice hook but the game need a Ru
fio
And I ain't fuckin with them roofies bro, I'm just mackin' leave that to the
susios
Dirty dirty like my mouth for the south is
I wear the same vans with all of my outfits
Strange Music life yeah I'm really about this
And if you disagree then put your dick where my mouth is

No shots, noooo shots, no no