

¿Que Hora Es?

Murs

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Living Legends my crew
We rule the world, bitch
What? What?
What? What?

Respect this Mid City nigga to the utmost
An up close and personal view
At the world's most controversial crew
Reversin' the do's and don'ts, the industry's cans and won'ts
Take a chance and hope that you can come this fresh
You wouldn't walk around so hurt
If you didn't have your heart on your chest
So here, tuck it in, the pain: suck it in
Like the mother of two brothers born nine months apart
You looked up, you're fucked again
Learn from your mistakes
Discern which ones to take or burn within the midst of the baby
Not me, you see I started off breakin' out of the eyes of a snake
Stepped up to the plate with deadly intent
Murs guaranteed to make riders drop they pens like sprint
And remain, the nigga to be seen like a feminist scent

What?

Like the scent of a woman

It goes one at a time
Thankin' everybody down since we started our climb
It goes one at a time
Enlighten all these rappers who just can't rhyme
It goes one at a time
3:16, the year before 1979
It goes one at a time
Rockin' promo zip coder now below one-nine

I bust them raps you just couldn't, just wouldn't sound right
Comin' out them loose lips with somethin' this tight
This mic, and every one I bless is sacred
Place it in the Smithsonian
I write words like weed in that they only hit when in direct contact with he
at
But on the real, fuck a beat
My thoughts alone boil concrete
So that means, son, you standin' on shaky ground
Watch me take your whole block in a meltdown
Just for you tryna take my crown
Oh, you wasn't up on game, allow me to break it down
I have twenty-six-hundred styles but eight bit
Not tryna be on no hate shit
I came twice as hard and brought it back to the genesis
Only to be copied by my arch-nemesis
Who claimed he was super, I doubled up again
At 32, and he still couldn't see me, put it out on CD
And got major rotation
But the others seem to want more play on the stations
So they bit my latest edition
One even made a name for hisself, based on the way I rhyme

We started competition
I had him in submission but just to make sure
I hit him twice as hard and bought it back to 64

It goes one at a time
The Legends take the field while you ridin' around
It goes one at a time
These beadies that I'm smokin' 'til my strength decline
It goes one at a time
These boobies, that'll stop it 'cause they pay me no mind
It goes one at a time
Just the ones who ignored me 'til I started to rhyme

The extra extras on some shit, never get you the whole story
Neither or repeatin' the same questions, just like your name was N.O.R.E. (What? What?)
Make some so dope, the cleanest nigga on the mic
If there was no soap, give competition a shakes like your favourite MC
With no coke
Them niggas natural funny style like Chris Tucker with no jokes
Shady as a front page story with no quotes
There is no hope, you better off tryna cross a sea of quicksand
In a fuckin' rowboat
These niggas tryna be hard, couldn't be a G with ten notes
Me and my cohorts stay focused on success
Like a high school with no sport, violate niggas
Takin' a long tour, own his like a lamb with no courts
Your style about original as an album called "Born to Pimp" by a nigga named
Mo' Short, what?

It go one at a time
If you didn't quite catch it, go ahead, rewind
It goes one at a time
If you dud the last one better buy it this time

We go one, and one
And one, and one, and one to the two
Go one, two
Uhhh
What?
Take it back, take it back