

# ¿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