

# Rap Above

Murs

I ain't shit  
I ain't never gon' be shit  
And you less of a man than me so soon as I decide that you ain't gon' be shit  
[\*cough\*] So be it

Ohh

Let me sit down with my grandfather, right (What up?)  
'Cause, you know, sittin' down with your family, hard, just make you feel like you ain't shit (Word, son, word)  
Feelin' like what I'm tryna do, follow my dreams (What, what, what)  
And he's just like:  
"You know, I'm a old man, I got dreams, but I couldn't have done them  
Yaknaimsayin? You a young man  
You know what I'm sayin'? You go ahead and do that shit, you got visions  
Make that shit happen, and I was like:

Old men dream dreams and young men have visions  
Or so I'm told, follow my plans with precision  
Collisions with misfortune, are met with the assurance  
And insurance, that I'll be provided the strength  
To deal with every occurrence and mishap  
This happens to be what I do best, although I do stress  
That it just isn't good enough, I wouldn't bluff  
To receive the praise and accolades, I really don't think I'm the freshest  
So this is the best that's ever made, I'd be a fool to say so  
Play cool and lay low  
I know what I deserve  
Niggas hatin' on my crew is workin' on my last nerve  
I remember when my mama used to say that shit  
Guess that means I'm gettin' old  
Wrote this on the balcony, off Bacardi gold  
That bat on the cat? Dude look like a M-note  
Aim to change the game drastically like the first kid on your block  
Who got a Nintendo  
Been so locked up in tryna run the label  
I ain't had time for creation  
Tryin' to keep the finance situation all stable  
But through it all, you know the music never suffered  
(I ain't shit)  
Only addin' to the fact that I'm a raw motherfucker, why

Why I rhyme above average, and I ain't shit  
From the streets of my tape  
I ain't shit  
Why I rhyme above average, and I ain't shit  
I ain't shit

Committed, Murs is, to bring you the dopest verses hip-hop ever permitted  
You wouldn't blow up with that bullshit you spit  
If I put a M-80 to your grill and lit it (Boom!)  
I shoot words acidic straight to the dome  
Burnin' brain cells as a nice way to tell yo' ass forget it  
It ain't my fault  
Pops hit it bare back, I came out raw dog  
Ready to loc' up on cats  
Who sit on the edge of my cypher and attempt to soak up

What they lack, like liver the Cognac, they's weak as they phoney rap  
Lonely acts of aggression, extract my perfection  
Makin' wax my profession, too relaxed to be stressin'  
Too exact to be guessin', only fact manifestin'  
If you're whack, here's the lesson: a dope MC  
Consists of talent, content, charisma and delivery  
Remember it, write it down, take a picture, I don't give a fuck  
Whatever it takes to commit it to memory  
'Cause your half-  
assed assembly of subject and predicate is killin' me (Killin' me)

Why I rhyme above average, and I ain't shit  
Word, man  
I ain't shit  
Why I rhyme above average, and I ain't shit

20 years old, still livin' with my moms, no car, no job  
Still smokin' beedies and a alcohol abuser  
So I guess you can say I'm an all-around loser  
If daddy wasn't shit, you ain't gon' be shit  
In quote, completely disgusted with my life  
I sat down and then wrote  
Just did a show, and of course we ripped  
Still, we only get like ten percent what that signed nigga get  
I'm feelin' like a sweat shop server, straight up  
'Cause we do ten times the work, and only get a small portion of the current  
rate  
What- seems to be the problem with this picture?  
Is videos and magazines really the elixir to the sickness that we seem to be  
on the path to?  
When will I stop eatin' fast food because I have to? Look at you  
"Oh, that's the nigga Murs from the Living Legends crew  
They think they run the underground"  
To, I be like: "that's that punk ass motherfucker that hate, on any rap crew  
Whenever they come to town, hell nah"

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