Simple

Murs

Contain rage on page engage in acts of lust
With the track in thrust
In fact the wack I crush and bust off a shot
Too intense to brush off
Continue to feel my presence as this track cuts off
An ongoin' scrimmage
With anger's mirror image
Much too graphic for the timid
Vivid depictions of me rippin' myself in half
And even I've felt the wrath
Of genius gone mad
On bad terms with my inner being
Seeing
I could be a little fresher
Force myself to study
Snatch the element of surprise from the dresser
Movin' on your fears, the aggressor
Can always stand to learn somethin'
Why sit around ignorant?
Mind state militant
Can quickly slip into belligerent acts of violent chats
Sittin' across the room silently mad doggin'
And simultaneously servin' you with silent raps
Time elapse
See the collapse of commerial rap songs
Perhaps I'm bein' too optimistic
But watch 'em make status quo
The well known misfit
Tremendous efforts
In attempts to heal the lever that we call society
Apply to me
Doesn't the phrase, "Everything is gonna be alright"
Don't lie to me
I try to be righteous in the hopes that there just might be a heaven
But I felt like Kurt
Create your own Nirvana and become a Living Legend, givin' seconds to work
And an eternity to enjoy the perks
A work off dirt
These nuts so there's more obligation, proceed fun
Pass that pink pack
I need one badly
Had me
Combat this track
No rhythm to be found so adapt
Live reel to reel and ADAT
Kill the feel to lay back
Why sit around idle?
While niggas is fightin' in the middle of the street
While Roy Jones defends his title
Suicidal tendencies
So be sendin' me your money
Only fuck with the pink pack, the strawberries taste funny
Use to hate crummy MC's, but now I see
Who am I to judge the next man's rappin' ability
Long as he has some friends to buy his shit willingly
Alright, his shit is wack, it ain't appealing to me
Hell naw, I'm tryin' to tell y'all

Keep your opinions to yourself
You don't like the shit
Don't pick it up off the shelf
It's just that simple

Punk ass hip hop motherfuckers. Always talkin' shit
Down to criticize and crita-analyze and...
Man fuck all that shit you can suck my dick. All you wack ass niggas
When we see you in the club, what's up... Fuck naw, suck my dick
Said the b-boy. Windmills and 1990's flare
Motherfuckers need to make good music and shut the fuck up
Bitch. Elusive producin'. Elusive producin'. Elusive producin'. In the house

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