

Six Shooters

Murs

Fuck everybody
Fuck everybody
Fuck everybody and that ain't gotta rhyme with nothing
That's just how I feel
Not the Mad Rapper, just a brother with no deal
Rocked all around the world on the strength of my skill
Japan, Australia and Europe know the deal
Gave it up for L.A. at every spot I chill
For y'all that don't know
Living Legends is the band on this six shot revolver
Not an automatic but it's guaranteed to jam to the start to the finish
A smile on my face when the Beat Junkies spin this
From 18th Street to the show lines on Venice
I love my city
L.A. fool what?
Talk bad about my town?
Dude, fucking shut up
'Fore I have to come through and
Psst, psst, psst; beat everybody up
Grab the microphone, I'll eat everybody up
Except for Ab Rude
Had to make a funny
Fuck battle raps, I'm 'bout the good times and money
My hood rhymes and honies
That's all that really counts
Breaking up MC's like I'm breaking up an ounce
Strictly for the prophet
A lyrical assassin
Love latina's always
Simply abbreviated, means I love L.A
Mid-City one time, now what the doctor gotta say?

Quick!
Summon your troops, here comes Oop
I rock the loops that makes the fly girls Shoop
Like Pepa and Salt, plus get loose like a leper
Kicking much caboose with the lecture
You might catch a bad two or three
Cause on the mic it's you or me
I've got a poetry degree from USC
Actually mine is South Central with a six shooter pistol
Here comes Siskel and Ebert and leave without Siskel
In this flick
I wiggle my nose like Bewitched
Blinker, blinker, blinker and extinct your whole outfit
All y'all
Street rhyme fight scenes recall
Mike Tyson beating down Mitch Green in a street brawl
Catch a hee-haw from a black rap Ryu
Mister Verbal Sunshine will ride through and fry you
Even if Don King's beside you or Trinidad
We can't lose Oop ooze from the pen and pad