

# Starting Lineup

Murs

Check, check, check

1, 2, 1, 2

Long ass intro

Broke bread with more rappers than anybody else  
Cause I know the struggle trying to do it by yourself  
Paid Dues really made a difference  
Mixed the boom bap with some pиру and crippin'  
Your favorite rapper got my sauce on em  
I can name names but I ain't tryna boss on em  
My name ringing like Bill Russell  
Stop selling weed in the 90's but I still hustle  
Selling units never radio  
Touring selling merch  
They thought that I was crazy bro  
Now they doing the same thing  
Blue shoelaces but I say I don't gangbang  
A real Dodgers fan that's the end of the convo  
At Compton Vegan eating Jack & Mac Cheese combo  
No beef in the streets, no beef in my body  
I'm just focused on my paper and peace and being godly  
Ugh

Been through a lot of shit but still learning though  
Came a long way from mixing whoopty with the k roll  
Made a couple dollars watched close homies change on me  
We hit the road in that minivan  
Box of CD's trying to run it up to 20 grand  
And I still got that same grind  
You on the couch with ole girl telling the same lies  
In 1 day I might switch whips 3 times  
Some days I need love sometimes not  
Still I fill a grand nash out to bend the block  
My goals way bigger than this so I'm still rockin'  
Numbers  
L.A. 2 da Bay

Look, if I had a dollar for every shadow of a doubt  
I give you some bands and you could buy you some clout  
If I had a dollar for every time that you hated  
I give you a million and you can finally say you made it  
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Okay look, hoppin' out that push fast, cars approach don't look past  
That school and man around you get to taking off your book bag  
Every girl I brought around my mama, she told me look fast  
But she was just my pistol holder it ain't what it look as  
Yo-Yo and Ice Cube, Four Four and I'm stoop  
In '99 it's gold chains and FUBU in the coup  
Pants leg rolled up and guess the ladies love me too  
On my ish no cap and the babies love me too  
The niggas selling in the 80's love me too  
Break a brick down and they pay me when they through  
I got that nigga's back that tried to play me as a youth okay

I got that nigga's back who tried to save me as a youth  
Look, life's like Dukes Of Hazzard, it's the Daisies versus the Dukes  
Fighting or we shoot  
What you wanna do  
Pick the first one I'll shake your hand when we through  
Look, okay, look... still ain't listening to a bitch outside of Siri  
I just dropped my lil bro some dough he need some commissary  
He will be at home by end of year that's what his momma tell me  
Lookin' for a change he need his body right and his mind healthy