

# The 8th Samurai

Murs

M.U.R.S a nigga known to rip a microphone  
Leave you enthralled in the zone  
Much too advanced to clone  
Master of this urban rhyme science  
Combined my legendary alliance  
9th wonder of the world right after the giant  
East Oakland California is where we conquer  
The formula to leave competitions silent  
See rarely pull that B in emcee  
Thought i'd give it to u straight  
At the one eight zero degree  
And I should be the man  
Receiving Platinum certificates  
Cause this shit will get heard a million times  
Rhymes so intricate heads will have to rewind  
Sometimes I feel like quitting  
Until I hear a nigga up there with a microphone  
bullshitin, I'm like that's koo shut the fuck up  
If he knew where i was sitting  
Got a dope Rhyme for everytime  
A beady touch my lip, an been added to the text  
For about five years so that makes  
Eighteen thousand two hundred fifty  
Dope rhymes just to hit your ear  
Precise Calculations nigga master the equation  
Cause mathematics and understanding  
Rules supreme, so i suggest your ass  
Get down with the winning team  
and in it seems to be 9  
Niggas know when to strike out like Doc Gutton  
Once they've met with my mind  
So wanting to reach and fuck up  
My herbs run average, I'll turn one savage  
Raise to let you know  
I got a grip of microphones  
You still at that Grabbing stage, to have it stage  
Hard to kick, like bet money underneath my feet  
Your shit hella weak, But so far from sticking me And these wack  
muthafuckers Don't mix  
Like music to drive by and way to funky  
So these nigga's get ate quick  
Couple punk muthafuckers got me thinking Freestyle battles ain't shit  
so my ass is trying to quit, but this rap game  
Got to many glitches  
For example Underground rap shows  
Not enough pussy and way to many bitches