

# The Battle

Murs

Your story would end before it begins  
I throw your demo CD on the floor of my Benz  
I got four girlfriends, one ex, and two main chicks  
Tripped cause they all fell in love, with the same dick  
The same Nick, who used to drop bars at lunch time  
Laughed his dumb ass to the bank with all these punchlines  
A frontline pressin out these ho niggaz  
Throwin up their gang signs and I'm like, "So, nigga!"  
A killer who ain't never had a fight in his whole life  
You niggaz ain't gettin at me, on no night  
Look at me man I swear I'm back on it  
If she bad but her titties sag, put some racks on it  
Gotta give a game a lift, with some gangsta shit  
Only backpack nigga used to hang with Crips  
Few of us made it out, makin major chips  
Now the only time I see 'em is on the Vegas Strip  
Did what we did, got out the hood ebcause we had to  
The homie in the three-piece suit, he might stab you  
I'm tattooed, so the hood forever with me  
Niggaz talkin all that shit, but they never come and get me  
Hablando, hablando, they talk they talk  
But when they come to my city, they can't walk where I walk  
I'm at King Taco with a fly Ecuadorian  
Exquisitely exotic, man I'm so California, damn!  
..And I miss Sean Price  
Body the beat out in Brooklyn, put that bitch on ice  
Been nasty with these nouns since Nick at Nite  
The homie Pat played the track, now it's Nick on 9th  
Government names, we in love with the game  
Y'all niggaz can't progress cause you fuckin with lames  
Homie, this Mid City, only thang that I bang  
From the Legends out to Strange, that ain't never gon' change  
I'm dolo, mobbin to the store off the Meadowbrook  
Tattoos showin and a nigga better never look!  
You paid them goons so that you can act hard  
I don't need security guards, I got God  
No weapons formed against me, I shall fear no man  
If it ain't the Wu-Tang, I shall fear no +Clan+/Klan  
I rip the white sheet off a redneck Republican  
It's Zulu shit, y'all don't wanna fuck with us again  
Just play the beat, let the motherfuckin record spin  
It's Murs & 9th Wonder and we back to fuck it up again  
So play the beat, let the motherfuckin record spin  
It's Murs & 9th Wonder and we back to fuck it up again