

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