

The Extras

Murs

Alright

This is: "The Extras"

As Evany would say

This is the shit, that you didn't think you was gon' get

But we gon' hit you with the shit anyway

'Cause it's raw as fuck, it's that Mid-City shit, of course

Now, for those who ain't know

Eye-3, E, and T, plus me

This is how we doin' the MC, bitch

Now

And though I'm 5'11", I can make a nigga who's 7'8"

And wants to test his fate, greet defeat with open arms

So you should always be alarmed

'Cause I'm only doin' harm

Fracturing psyches and egos like bones

And with nothin' to lose, and even less to prove

I take my position, and embark upon my mission

Which is a character assassination, of [?] MCs

And those who claim to have mastered mathematics

And have an angle on degrees, but don't amount to shit

And the truth is: you counterfeit, and the masses are lovin' it

Got 'em lost on thoughtless chatter

So I'm forced to shatter

Your realm of reality

And in this class, you're tightened when we've finished fightin'

We'll see what's real, and what's imaginary

And if at the end of this rhyme, you choose to respond

You can reach me at www.fuckyou.com, bitch (Uh-oh)

Can you feel these vibrations from my throat

Violatin' your holy ghost

If you break bread with the Devil, conversation is only toast

Most souls don't know that they really live misled

'Cause they walk around town like a chicken with their head cut off

Lost, on a conveyor belt to a slaughterhouse

We full concentrated, grade-A beef niggas so stall it out

Or I'ma slit your throat with this quote, that's how it goes down

Yo, Brown sold that four cents a pound, what?

Now, you soft as burger buns

Take off your burner blunts

Dude stunt worse than Ike Turner does

Why did you chase these women in distress?

And why do men flex when women touch their chests?

You gotta think about it, that's how a tiger gets scars

A noose surround the neck with a wireless [?]

From beats and flows that swing low like sweet cherry

Gettin' raps that crack mo' ends than Mary and Barry

It don't stop poppin', like Bubalicious

You twisted up a dred and started kickin' Afrolistic

So say he hard like two picks with a seesaw

And if you bitch you get this dick mixed with these balls (Uh-oh)

Ayy, this is motherfuckin' Murs

Ayy, first? You know we got my nigga Big Texas

Mid City, Church of mine

Next, that was that nigga Evany

If you ain't know, now you know, bitch
Eye-3 on the beat
Murs, manifestin' under the ruler sting

Unsigned and hella hustlin', bustin' niggas eardrums
The fiscal combination, Gold, world domination
Achieve it, no problemation, you probably waitin'
On the sideline, intimidated, 'cause yo' cypher got penetrated
In this final realm of American gladiatin', eliminated
All due to the fact yo' ass is overrated like cannabis
Nigga, once again this is Los Angeles, got anything to say about it?
Doubt it, 'cause my crew, we all stay 'bout it
That's how we do that there, and niggas hate us on the regular
But we don't care, 'cause in the end they'll come around
Had to come with this hot shit, it's too much pressure underground
Erupt like volcanoes, clean my windpipes with Drano
So I can speak clearly
A lot of so-called "B-Boys" in the game, they fear me
The last level of Tetris, y'all niggas will never clear me
Signed, sincerely yours, Living Legends
We out to the next level, bitch, watch the closin' doors