

The Shutters

Murs

It's this shit that don't gotta make no sense

Yeah, let the haters hate
Got a death wish, probably live 'til I'm 88
Grey dreadlocks and can't see straight
Won't spit a hot 16 but got a mean 8
Clean slate, new label, new chain still
Your favorite rapper ODing on his pain pills
You motherfuckers can't eat what you can't kill
Seventh level of heaven where the saints chill
Spilling holy water filling up the gutter lane
Blasphemy you calling out the God by any other name
I'm Clubber Lang with a Hogan 'stache
I'm Mr. Pink making moves with the stolen cash
Buy the bar in South Dakota then I dip out
Rolling with a fly native chick, she pull my dick out
Sippin on a thick stout, shitting on the IPAs
My niggas know I lived the dream even if I die today

When raps come off the brain
It's like I'm on promethazine
Never leaning though because I'm gon to
Bring the pain like Method Man
Working out up in the rain
Since back then with kool aid stains
But these kool aid stain these days is very hard to clean
Brothers is getting slain so I'm dying to live
Over here trying to complain about the flaws in my gift
You know my raps are present, the old sold is very pleasant
Saying Time Is Money? Well Honey my time is well spent
No Rollie but I feel like I'm straight ballin
Feel like I'm on top, impossible for me to fall in
But listen you know anything can happen at this moment
From the souls that get took'n from the hearts that get broken
To the night into the morning you know I got to shine
If you can't read these lines you better read between the lines
Mama taught me men should not gossip but count profit
Your gift makes your stocks high just like sock stockings

The last prophet, young [?] insane knowledge
Never went to college my lineage is the logic
Street-driven, far from a dreamer I strap my team up
Never let these crackers attack you blanco suprema
B.A.D is the name, searching for fame? No
Nat Turner gang, you Jamie Fox in Django
Strictly for the movie [?] in fact, yeah they studied me
My sports got a lot of dress grabbing on them double Ds
Walk the streets of LA where they tell them lies of money getting
Money getting yeah but most the money gotten's funny gotten
Hating at a high mars at a low, watch him
I ain't voting for none of these motherfucking Mayors down in Gotham
I still get fresher than most, teaching the young
Your history ain't shit, what you learn at school got you dumb
Other than science and math, some of that is tainted, ain't it?
We lost our native language and most of it had been painted
On walls and pyramid halls, in scrolls that still exist
Way older than that [?] shit, ain't that a bitch?

Maxin out on my power, I'm tryna line up with stars
Yeah, I could have did some gang bang shit, but that ain't god
Most of my killers need help and knowledge of self to stop em
Before they ride around with that chopper and police chop em
Our destiny is king and Queen, literally
Ain't no shit you just say on some black power synergy
Little wall lucky, peep the scene and I'ma warn ya
Before these faggots swarm ya, I be in your corner
Yeah they like Harry and Tubman moving the crowd
Now watch 'em sellout that bourgeois nigga, say I'm too loud