

# 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