

The Strangest

Murs

I hope y'all motherfuckers glad I came
Strange Music won't ever be the same

"Ask-ask-ask-ask-why I'm the strangest"
"Better bang this"

What up though? It's Murs
This boom bap shit for all the Strangers
Let's go
Curtiss King on the beats
You know who that is on the hook

Straight out the underground into the mainstream
The California kid cliqued up with the Strange team
Swing like a couple hundred swords when I say things
Crowned in this rap Game of Thrones, I remain king
Fire breathing lyrics hotter than Khaleesi is, burn 'em
Now your favorite rapper's hotter than he think he is

The game ain't been the same since the icon left us
A stand up dude but ain't shit funny
When they say you ain't the greatest cause you ain't getting money
But back when I was broke I was dooper than most of 'em
Known to grab the microphone snap like I broke something
Rappers coming at me, gun's blazing won't smoke nothing
They need to turn them into journalists trying to quote something
Murder they careers, I'm America's most wanted
Sprinklin' their ashes on a blunt, yelling, "Smoke something."

A lot of rappers say they different but they sound the same
Run around bite each others style without an ounce of shame
Me, I've been Strange before the dreadlocks grew out
Dropped the major labels, shook the liquor, took a new route
Clones attack the radio, so I align with the rebels
Underground recording in the basement of the devil
But rhyme at God level, I'm superior yet similar
People say they peep the DNA and see my signature
Menace throwing mics, I treat rap like it's sacred
Young conscious brothers still trapped in The Matrix
Offer me the red or blue, I went and took the purple pill
Trippin it 'til Tech and Trav offered me the perfect deal
Now worth a mil, I work to kill for the snake and bat
Fans see the skill and beat is real, ain't no faking that
Take it back to '91, go platinum with the beads on
Back to resurrect this rap culture that they sleep on

We made! Mursday! the world favorite holiday
Thank you based God, namaste
Hallelujah, hope the lord is with you all the way
Hope you Have A Nice Life is what I'm trynna say
A million angels got my back, born from L.A
So you should really watch your mouth with what you trynna say
Since my last video I heard I'm kinda gay
I just ate my wife pussy, I'm OK
Nowadays everybody wanna share they song

Music ain't worth the megabytes that they shared it on
Rapping on the same track, them niggas went to Paris on
Get a couple clicks on Soundcloud and they swear they on
They ain't got the stamina to carry on
Can't sprint to the finish, it's a marathon
A year later, lookin' 'round like where they gone?
Disappear like panties on Nikki, when she wear a thong