

Two Step

Murs

I always knew life could be super short
Ever since they busted out the super sport
Brevity, levity, bitter I could never be
Young for a nigga born in the late seventies
Heavenly, my wife cause she loves me in spite
Of all the crazy shit I be saying when we fight
Shout a kite to my nigga locked up, now Reece home
Making music for the kids, bitch we grown
Put your phone down, look me in the eye
Or you can talk that shit to another guy
I swear to God I would kick you in the button fly
And jump up and down on your skull 'til you fucking die
Y'all probably want to dance so ignore me
That club life ain't ever been for me
You basic bitches just bore me
If I got to buy you a drink you can't afford me

Gun shots on a good day
No ski masks, that's the hood way
Little kids wishing that they could play
Looking for a hook or something Jay-Z would say
I got two shots left in my .22 two step
Two shots left in my .22 two step
Two shots left in my .22 two step
Two shots left in my .22 two step

Deuce-deuce in my tennis shoe
Hood nigga brought a burner to the interview
Might catch a beef on the bus home
Tell them gang-bang bullies get the fuck gone
In my zone with a brand new playlist
Walked right past my ex, didn't say shit
Then I changed my mind like, "Ayye bitch!"
"Tell your new boyfriend he can't fake this!"
Spent my last check on some new kicks
The rest at the movies on my new chick
I got fired on some bullshit
Snitch, fuck-boy that I never should've fooled with
And I ain't ever wrote a résumé
But I had my cousin make me one yesterday
I need more hours and some better pay
Back when I was hustling that was something I would never say

Ten toes down nineteen seventy-nine
Southern California dummy repping heavy with mine
These motherfucking actors are not odd to a factor
Killer Reece is a cold black bastard
No master, no father, I raise me crazy
A nigga clean it up, when I had a couple babies
Well maybe, just maybe, you get the '08 me
Fresh out the county feeling crazy
No lizard, eight months feeling turnt, don't play me
I used to be a mess my nigga
Only thing could kill me was stress my nigga
Had to give that shit a rest my nigga
I just did a couple years, none left my nigga
I can't do another stretch my nigga

So it's either shut it down, or it's death my nigga