

# You & I

Murs

Whuddup 'tho  
Check it out, it's the end of the beginning  
The end being of like 10 years ago when I first started rapping  
All I wanted to do was make shit  
Get it to people; see what they thought  
And see how they felt about it, get my props or whatever  
Now it's the end of that  
cause now I gotta do in-stores, photo shoots, interviews  
(You guys come over here!)  
Check the head with the fucking reps, man  
And now it's like, it's not about you and me anymore  
My job is to get it to the people, not the people who diss me  
But the people who are feeling me, give you the  
soundtrack for your life (For you)

Now when I came to the game I was wet behind the ears  
All I had was some raps that I wanted y'all to hear  
Straight low budget I was underground thuggin' it  
You think I gave a fuck about a publicist? (NO!)  
You think I gave a fuck if you dubbed this shit? (NO!)  
Now the industry is runnin' this underground shit (What?)  
The industry is runnin' this underground shit (Oh!)  
Now what that means is my crew wants a street team  
My crew wants a video so they can be seen  
And that was my dream since I was pre-teen  
But as I got older and the world got colder  
Reality swooped and put the dreams over  
Now I'm content with the mastery of words  
Realize the importance is just being heard  
By fans who love you and you love them  
And honestly it's love that moves this pen

It's about me!  
It's about you!

Now what I'm trying to say is fuck a middle man  
I just wanna make music and get it in your hands  
All the bullshit in between is senseless  
Just to get to you I gotta hop a few fences  
Interviews, record pools, managers, checker fools  
Lawyers, logos, contracts, promos, photos  
Conference, contracts, constant combat  
The psycho's cycle burnin' me out  
I just wanna rock the mic and turn the party out  
Earn a little clout with the butter in my mouth  
But all the politics and bullshit make me wanna shout  
[growling under his voice] (MOTHERFUCKER!!)  
So an unintelligible rebel with a flow  
So if y'all wanna step to my level then fa'sho  
Let's go, strap bombs, lap on, kick com  
Do what you wanna do 'cause it's all about you

Look, I don't do it for my wealth I do it for myself  
And the moment you pick this up off the shelf

See, you chose me and that means a lot  
Work hard for your money and this is what you bought  
Divine expert so far my best work  
Is yet to be seen, but I'm steppin' to the green  
With a putter in my hand spreadin' butter over bland  
Was just another fan, now I'm addin' to the plot  
Not thinking I'm the man 'cause I have what I got  
Knowing you can lose it all in just one shot  
But like I said I'm on the green staying down to earth  
L.A. is the set, MidTown's the turf  
But I'm speaking to the world when I pound this verse  
Right through this mic into your ears  
Took less than a second for me to get here  
So forget your fears, and peep this here

By the way, Chris Kinney get thicka for a nigga, c'mon