# Zones

**Murs**

Yeah, that's how it goes, fuck what you know
Its a new era we the brand new pharaohs
Sippin' cuban crack from the honey at Valero
All these blunt objects got me sharp as an arrow
While my gypsy for a mama reads cards from the tarot
I'm a alchemist strategist, internet rap star
Saw ya bitch hanging backstage at my snack bar
Tank full of fuel now I'm ready to blast off
Unrolling linoleum on ya city's new asphalt
Tipping the scales on ya triple beam media machine
Getting this cream we the new A team
Got a Barakus for my shottas, Beretta in my opera's
Media trying and stop us, like we Janet dancing topless
Only option is killin' shit, this job ain't got benefits
Bury em all then destroy all the evidence
From Allapatah to the square at Tienanmen
Man we gone party like we long lost relatives

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Oh me, I've been known to press a firm line
Ain't nobody gave me shit, I had to earn mine
Rider for this motherfucking real shit
I get to rhyming off the top of the head and start to kill shit
Every word is like a hatchet to the skull bitch
Chop chop motherfucker stop the bullshit
Radio rappers always saying that they so rich
Rhyming bout the clothes that they wearing I swear it's ho shit
I'm on that real tracksuits and linoleum
Pause, write my name on the wall in Rust-Oleum
Out in Montana with a can of Montana
And I'm bombing freight trains bumping Hannah Montana
Real French shit on my faites du bruit
It's the 3 musketeers, no guest emcee
My Alexandre Dumas when I'm rhyming too raw
Rest in peace Ol' Dirty

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They call me Maximus Microphone dezonius
I'm on that rap shit until it's only us
My phono lust is soundtracked by sunshine and lady friends
Zoned out on beaches where the heat cannot be paid to end
How you think I'm smoking 'em dirty bars and blazing skins?
You are non-intrusive non-offensive you're a vapor pen
Time for us to gully up takeover the planet rock
Digging out the muddy fucks faking like they swaggin' jocks
Handle hot heating past boiling points
At the jam you the man that come and spoil the joints
We don't dig that it's solid rock
Pill popping junkie getting molly whopped
Otis Redding all your bars kick it off the fucking dock
Morse coded living legends
Ink it up cold with the snake and bat emblem
Tell everybody we been running past the big pendulum
And there's nothing that can stop us when our zones stepped in
I'll tell 'em

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