

Zonin'

Murs

Motherfuckers always talkin' that-
Shut yo' bitch ass up, ohh!
One time, yeah
He-he
Knamsayin'?
Once again
(All you motherfuckers on the internet talkin' shit like I give a fuck)
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(You little piss-ass)
I hear you motherfuckers, what?
(Suck my demacompas)
What, what?

What, you thought I was a buster like ya are?
All the complaints and bitches
I'm from the block where they bang and niggas ball up they fist-ses
Just a small-time hustle, servin' tapes on the street
Ain't fuckin' with the pen, so I wave 'pon the beat
Hooked up with 40-deuce, now we droppin' straight heat
I am not one of these hip-hop enthusiasts
Out claimin' the culture, when it seems that you're losin' it
I'm makin' good music, for the niggas that I kick it with
The kind you scared to hang around, 'cause every time we out
On the town, they start shit!
Ayo, Eclipse, I know you feel me on this topic
So before I zone out, won't you go ahead and drop it

Maaaaaaan, you not a killer, just a drawn out shooter
I ain't know one hog, who'da ever own a computer
You'd have thought, I'd have a source 'bout it, go hard for supporters
But I can't hang with no busters who spend they days, and make orders
And nights, on the net, trapped, screamin' they futuristics out
Examine my raps, and mention that they too simplistic
You must have missed the bus, I bust for those who touch down on ground
Ab-above or below, I hear you holler under, but we know better than that (Ha
ha)
Who you think completed the tunnels for you rats to squeeze through?
Show your face, you'll get pummelled, on the wax we'll tease you
We ease you (Maaaan) down the road, blow yo' ass off blind
Put your computer into sleep mode (Sleep mode)
No secret code to figure out
You can catch me in the lab and we can have a discussion based on what I'm a
bout
My homie Murs'll hurt your feelings, crush your dreams
Wake up fool, this hip-hop ain't exactly what it seems

I'm zonin' (Yeah)
Microphonin', to my Mid-Town niggas down to check yo' chin
I'm zonin' (Bitch)
Microphonin', (Huh) to all my Living Legends rippin' shows off the hen' (Yea
h)
I'm zonin'
Microphonin', (Yeah) to all my hip-hop heads who always drop ten
(Yeah, you'd better fuckin' shut up)
I'm zonin'
Microphonin', to my people on the shore waitin' for the two-ten

Now, all you conscious rappers really need to check yo' selves
Disrespectin' other artists just to gain respect yo' selves
When Master P (Uhhh), probably done more for the community
Than yo' ass'll ever do, wrapped in yourself, write your cyphers
So yo' ass never knew
A lot of these thugs is actually better than you
So, nigga, raise your skills
And don't hate the next man or how he pays his bills
Since when did the music, become the major problem with our community anyway
?

I spit the real to my little homies each and every day
While yo' ass is turnin' up your Walkman, ignorin' and ashamed
Of what's around your way
I'd like to say: (Listen, listen)
All you hip-hop hippies, can suck my dick
'Cause what's your revolution without the chips?
Zip is what you get, so get off your high horses
And combine forces, that's the only way we'll make it
Divide and conquer was the rule, it's time that we break it

Break it, break it, break it, break it...
We gotta sit round and come together

I'm zonin' (Hey)
Microphonin', to all my righteous brothers speakin' revolution
I'm zonin' (Uh)
Microphonin', to my negative niggas that's livin' in sin
I'm zonin' (What?)
Microphonin', to my peoples liftin' weights in the yard, fuck the gym
I'm zonin' (Uhh)
Microphonin' (Yeah), to my B-Boys in the circles let's do it again
(Shut yo' can, nigga)

A gypsy to the heart, must stay on the move
Travellin' to Sunday, got me thinkin' next
To my homies Sarah Beck and Duncan
Can't forget Rowan and Saruze, don't violate parole, fool
And of course shorty with the book of short stories
Father Yakee, Yosee, and Tosee, and librole, and No I.D
Actually, it's down the street, at the homie's house
Convinced myself to leave, but that's my only doubt
Won't miss the plastic people, or bullshit rap personas
But what about the 'Dale and hangin' out on the corner?
Behind leavin' Lucies, Lisas, Martins
And startin' all over, adventurin' to the unknown
Once again, all alone
Runnin' from the enemy's stability, until I'm out of breath
It is the S, makin' change hard to accept
And change is one of life's few guarantees
Livin' life, in to win, Legendary MCs, I'm zonin'...

(Yeah, shut yo' bitch ass up)
What?

Just zonin' (Zonin')
Microphonin', 'nother night, another show, and I'm faded, faded in-

I'm zonin'
Microphonin'...
(Yeah, shut yo' bitch ass up)
What's up to the CMA, the bar, the album's tight
Aesop, the pack of wolves, you lie sideways, game
I invented that shit

I invented that, corny motherfucker
What's up, motherfuckers, we gon' do this shit, we gon' get our shit
Fuck all you motherfuckers hatin', think I don't hear you?
But I hear you
And you know where I'm at, holler at me, 427, bitch
Holler at me, you know where I'm at
All the time, Coperdale Ave., Mid Town, motherfucker
That's right, huh, just, just
I'm zonin', what? What? What?
At the bus stop, zonin', what? What?
Zonin'